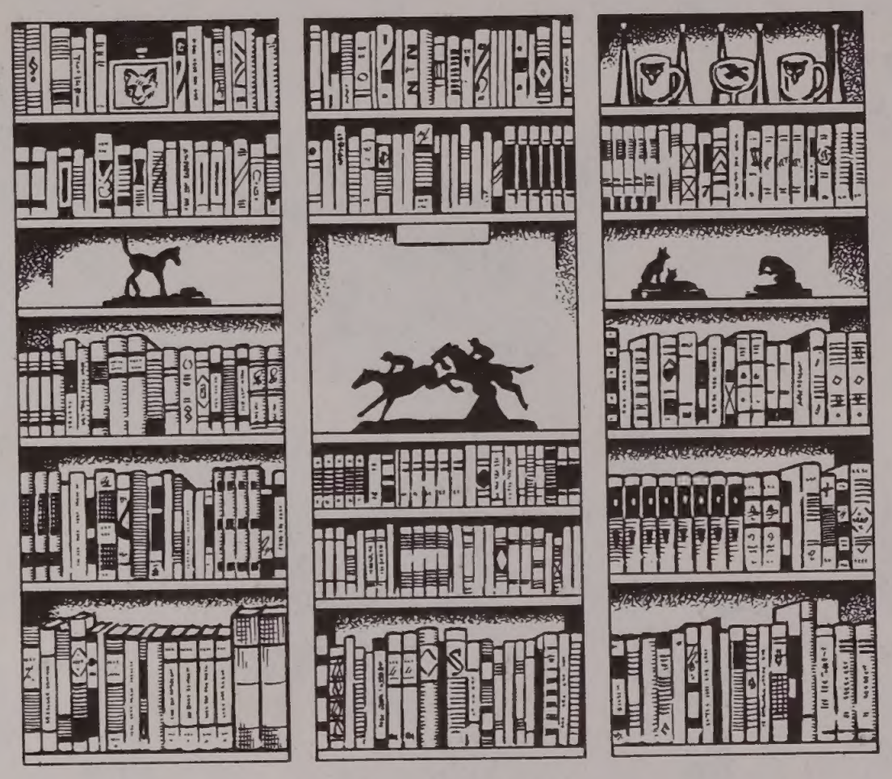

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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

THE

Complete Angler

OR THE

CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION

BEING A DISCOURSE OF RIVERS FISH PONDS

FISH AND FISHING WRITTEN BY

IZAAK WALTON

AND

INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO ANGLE FOR A TROUT OR

GRAYLING IN A CLEAR STREAM BY

CHARLES COTTON

WITH ORIGINAL MEMOIRS AND NOTES BY

SIR HARRIS NICOLAS

K.C.M.G.

LONDON

WILLIAM PICKERING

1836

C. Whittingham, Tooks Court, Chancery Lane.

The Fourth Day.

CHAP. V. TO CHAP. VI.

PISCATOR AND VENATOR.

PISCATOR. GOOD morrow, good hostess, I see my brother Peter is still in bed. Come, give my scholar and me[a] a morning-drink, and a bit of meat to breakfast: and be sure to get a dish of meat or two against supper, for we shall come home as hungry as hawks. Come, scholar, let's be going.

VENATOR.[b] Well now, good master, as we walk towards the river, give me direction, according to your promise, how I shall fish for a Trout.

PISCATOR. My honest scholar, I will take this very convenient opportunity to do it.

The Trout is usually caught with a worm, or a minnow, which some call a penk, or with a fly, *viz.* either a natural or an artificial fly: concerning which three, I will give you some observations and directions.

VARIATION.] [a] and me a cup of ale, and be sure you get us a good dish of meat, &c.—1*st Edit.*

[b] *Viator.* Good master, as we walk towards the water, will you be pleased to make the way seem shorter by telling me first the nature of the Trout, and then how to catch him.

And, first, for worms. Of these there be very many sorts: some breed only in the earth, as the earth-worm; others of, or amongst plants, as the dug-worm; and others breed either out of excrements, or in the bodies of living creatures, as in the horns of sheep or deer; or some of dead flesh, as the maggot or gentle, and others.

Now these be most of them particularly good for particular fishes. But for the Trout, the dew-worm, which some also call the lob-worm, and the brandling, are the chief; and especially the first for a great Trout, and the latter for a less. There be also of lob-worms, some called squirrel-tails, a worm that has a red head, a streak down the back, and a broad tail, which are noted to be the best, because they are the toughest and most lively, and live longest in the water; for you are to know that a dead worm is but a dead bait, and like to catch nothing, compared to a lively, quick, stirring worm. And for a brandling, he is usually found in an old dunghill, or some very rotten place near to it, but most usually in cow-dung, or hog's-dung, rather than horse-dung, which is somewhat too hot and dry for that worm. But the best of them are to be found in the bark of the tanners, which they cast up in heaps after they have used it about their leather.

There are also divers other kinds of worms, which, for colour and shape, alter even as the ground out of which they are got; as the marsh-worm, the tag-tail, the flag-worm, the dock-worm, the oak-worm, the gilt-tail, the twachel or lob-worm,[1] which of all others is the most ex-

NOTE.] [1] To avoid confusion, it may be necessary to remark, that the same kind of worm is, in different places, known by different names: thus the marsh and the meadow-worm are the same; the lob-worm or twachel is called the dew-worm, and the garden-worm; and the dock-worm is, in some places, called the flag-worm. The tag-tail is found in *March* and *April*, in marled lands or meadows, after a shower of rain; or in a morning, when the weather is calm, and not cold. To find oak-worms, beat on an oak-tree that grows over a high-way or bare place; and they will fall. To find the dock or flag-worm, go to an old pond or pit, and pull up some of the flags; shake the roots, and

cellent bait for a salmon, and too many to name, even as many sorts as some think there be of several herbs or shrubs, or of several kinds of birds in the air:[c] of which I shall say no more, but tell you, that what worms soever you fish with, are the better for being well scoured, that is, long kept before they be used:[d] and in case you have not been so provident, then the way to cleanse and scour them quickly, is, to put them all night in water, if they be lob-worms, and then put them into your bag with fennel. But you must not put your brandlings above an hour in water, and then put them into fennel, for sudden use: but if you have time, and purpose to keep them long, then they be best preserved in an earthen pot, with good store of moss, which is to be fresh every three or four days in summer, and every week or eight days in winter;[e] or, at least, the moss taken from them, and clean washed, and wrung betwixt your hands till it be dry, and then put it to them again. And when your worms, especially the brandling, begins to be sick and lose of his bigness, then you may recover him, by putting a little milk or cream, about a spoonful in a day, into them, by drops on the moss; and if there be added to the cream an egg beaten and boiled in it, then it will both fatten and preserve them long.[2] And note, that when the knot, which is near to

VARIATION.] [c] even as many sorts as some think there be of several kinds of birds in the air.—1*st Edit.*

[d] are the better for being long kept before they be used.—1*st*, 2*nd*, 3*rd, and* 4*th Edit.*

[e] with good store of moss, which is to be fresh every week or eight days.—1*st Edit.*

NOTE *continued.*]
amongst the fibres that grow from them you will find little husks, or cases, of a reddish or yellowish colour; open these, and take thence a little worm, pale and yellow, or white, like a gentle, but longer and slenderer, with rows of feet down his belly, and a red head: this is an excellent bait for Grayling, Tench, Bream, Carp, Roach and Dace. H.

[2] Observe that the lob, marsh, and red-worms, will bear more scouring than any others, are better for long keeping, and that when

the middle of the brandling, begins to swell, then he is sick; and, if he be not well looked to, is near dying. And for moss, you are to note, that there be divers kinds of it,[3] which I could name to you, but I will only tell you that that which is likest a buck's-horn is the best, except it be soft white moss, which grows on some heaths, and is hard to be found. And note, that in a very dry time, when you are put to an extremity for worms, walnut-tree leaves squeezed into water, or salt in water, to make it bitter or salt, and then that water poured on the ground where you shall see worms are used to rise in the night, will make them to appear above ground presently.[4] And you may take notice, some say that camphire put into your bag with your moss and worms gives them a strong and so tempting a smell, that the fish fare the worse and you the better for it.

NOTE *continued.*]
changing their moss, particular care should be taken to remove those which are dead or wounded, as they soon become putrid and infect the others. H.

[3] Naturalists reckon above two hundred. H.

[4] This practice was one of the common sports of school-boys, at the time Erasmus wrote his *Colloquies*. In that entitled *Venatio*, or *Hunting*, a company of them go abroad into the fields, and one named Laurence proposes fishing; but having no worms, Bartholus objects the want of them, till Laurence tells him how he may get some. The dialogue is very natural and descriptive. "*Lau.* I should like to go a fishing; I have a neat hook. *Barth.* But where will you get baits? *Lau.* There are earth-worms every where to be had. *Barth.* So there are, if they would but creep out of the ground to you. *Lau.* I will make a great many thousands jump out presently. *Barth.* How? by witchcraft? *Lau.* You shall see the art. Fill this bucket with water: break these green shells of walnuts to pieces, and put them into it; wet the ground with the water. Now mind a little. Do you see them coming out? *Barth.* I see a miracle; I believe the armed men started out of the earth after this manner, from the serpent's teeth that were sown."

The above exclamation is clearly an allusion to the fable in the second book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses;* where Cadmus, by scattering the serpent's teeth on the ground, causes armed men to spring out of it. H.

And now, I shall shew you how to bait your hook with a worm so as shall prevent you from much trouble, and the loss of many a hook, too, when you fish for a Trout with a running line;[5] that is to say, when you fish for him by hand at the ground. I will direct you in this as plainly as I can, that you may not mistake.

Suppose it be a big lob-worm: put your hook into him somewhat above the middle, and out again a little below the middle: having so done, draw your worm above the arming of your hook; but note, that, at the entering of your hook, it must not be at the head-end of the worm, but at the tail end of him, that the point of your hook may come out toward the head-end; and, having drawn him above the arming of your hook, then put the point of your hook again into the very head of the worm, till it come near to the place where the point of the hook first came out, and then draw back that part of the worm that was above the shank or arming of your hook, and so fish with it. And if you mean to fish with two worms, then put the second on before you turn back the hook's-head of the first worm. You cannot lose above two or three worms before you attain to what I direct you; and having attained it, you will find it very useful, and thank me for it: for you will run on the ground without tangling.

Now for the Minnow or Penk: he is not easily found and caught till March, or in April, for then he appears first in the river; nature having taught him to shelter and hide himself, in the winter, in ditches that be near to

NOTE.] [5] The *running-line*, so called because it runs along the ground, is usually made of strong silk; but many prefer hair, thus fitted up. About ten inches from the end, fasten a small cleft shot; then make a hole through a pistol or musket bullet, according to the swiftness of the stream you fish in; and put the line through it, and draw the bullet down to the shot: to the end of your line fasten an Indian grass, or silkworm-gut, with a large hook. Or you may, instead of a bullet, fix four large shot, at the distance of eight inches from the hook. This line is used for Trout, Grayling, and Salmon-smelts; and is proper only for streams and rapid waters.

the river; and there both to hide, and keep himself warm, in the mud, or in the weeds,[f] which rot not so soon as in a running river, in which place if he were in winter, the distempered floods that are usually in that season would suffer him to take no rest, but carry him headlong to mills and weirs, to his confusion. And of these Minnows: first, you are to know, that the biggest size is not the best; and next, that the middle size and the whitest are the best; and then you are to know, that your minnow must be so put on your hook, that it must turn round when 'tis drawn against the stream; and, that it may turn nimbly, you must put it on a big-sized hook, as I shall now direct you, which is thus: Put your hook in at his mouth, and out at his gill; then, having drawn your hook two or three inches beyond or through his gill, put it again into his mouth, and the point and beard out at his tail; and then tie the hook and his tail about, very neatly, with a white thread, which will make it the apter to turn quick in the water: that done, pull back that part of your line which was slack when you did put your hook into the minnow the second time; I say, pull that part of your line back, so that it shall fasten the head, so that the body of the minnow shall be almost straight on your hook: this done, try how it will turn, by drawing it cross the water or against a stream; and if it do not turn nimbly, then turn the tail a little to the right or left hand, and try again, till it turn quick; for if not, you are in danger to catch nothing: for know, that it is impossible that it should turn too quick. And you are yet to know, that in case you want a minnow, then a small loach, or a stickle-bag, or any other small fish that will turn quick, will serve as well. And you are yet to know that you may salt them, and by

VARIATION.] [f] For the Minnow or Penke, he is easily found and caught in April, for then he appears in the rivers: but nature hath taught him to shelter and hide himself in the winter in ditches that be near to the river, and there both to hide and keep himself warm in the weeds, &c.—1*st and* 2*nd Edit.*

that means keep them ready and fit for use three or four days, or longer; and that, of salt, bay-salt is the best.

And here let me tell you, what many old anglers know right well, that at some times, and in some waters, a minnow is not to be got; and therefore, let me tell you, I have, which I will shew to you, an artificial minnow, that will catch a Trout as well as an artificial fly: and it was made by a handsome woman that had a fine hand, and a live minnow lying by her: the mould or body of the minnow was cloth, and wrought upon, or over it, thus, with a needle; the back of it with very sad French green silk, and paler green silk towards the belly, shadowed as perfectly as you can imagine, just as you see a minnow: the belly was wrought also with a needle, and it was, a part of it, white silk; and another part of it with silver thread: the tail and fins were of a quill, which was shaven thin: the eyes were of two little black beads: and the head was so shadowed, and all of it so curiously wrought, and so exactly dissembled, that it would beguile any sharp-sighted Trout in a swift stream. And this minnow I will now shew you, look, here it is, and, if you like it, lend it you, to have two or three made by it; for they be easily carried about an angler, and be of excellent use: for note, that a large Trout will come as fiercely at a minnow as the highest-mettled hawk doth seize on a partridge, or a greyhound on a hare. I have been told that one hundred and sixty minnows have been found in a Trout's belly: either the Trout had devoured so many, or the miller that gave it a friend of mine had forced them down his throat after he had taken him.

Now for Flies; which is the third bait wherewith Trouts are usually taken. You are to know, that there are so many sorts of flies as there be of fruits: I will name you but some of them; as the dun-fly, the stone-fly, the red-fly, the moor-fly, the tawny-fly, the shell-fly, the cloudy or blackish-fly, the flag-fly, the vine-fly: there be of flies, caterpillars, and canker-flies, and bear-flies; and

indeed too many either for me to name, or for you to remember. And their breeding is so various and wonderful, that I might easily amaze myself, and tire you in a relation of them.

And, yet, I will exercise your promised patience by saying a little of the caterpillar, or the palmer-fly or worm; that by them you may guess what a work it were, in a discourse, but to run over those very many flies, worms, and little living creatures, with which the sun and summer adorn and beautify the river-banks and meadows, both for the recreation and contemplation of us anglers; pleasures which, I think, myself enjoy more than any other man that is not of my profession.

Pliny holds an opinion, that many have their birth, or being, from a dew that in the spring falls upon the leaves of trees; and that some kinds of them are from a dew left upon herbs or flowers; and others, from a dew left upon coleworts or cabbages: all which kinds of dews being thickened and condensed, are by the sun's generative heat, most of them, hatched, and in three days made living creatures:[6] and these of several shapes and colours; some being hard and tough, some smooth and soft; some are horned in their head, some in their tail, some have none; some have hair, some none: some have sixteen feet, some less, and some have none: but, as our Topsel hath with great diligence observed,[7] those which have none, move upon the earth, or upon broad leaves, their motion being not unlike to the waves of the sea. Some of them he also observes to be bred of the eggs of other caterpillars, and that those in their time turn to be butterflies; and again, that their eggs turn the following

NOTE.] [6] The doctrine of spontaneous or equivocal generation is now universally exploded; and all the *phænomena* that seem to support it are accounted for on other principles. See Derham's *Phys. Theol.* Chap. 15, and the authorities there cited; Mr. Ray's *Wisdom of God manifested in the works of the Creation*, 298. and Franc. Redi, *De Gen. Insect.* H.

[7] In his History of Serpents.

year to be caterpillars.[8] And some affirm, that every plant has its particular fly or caterpillar, which it breeds and feeds. I have seen, and may therefore affirm it, a green caterpillar, or worm, as big as a small peascod, which had fourteen legs; eight on the belly, four under the neck, and two near the tail. It was found on a hedge of privet; and was taken thence, and put into a large box, and a little branch or two of privet put to it, on which I saw it feed as sharply as a dog gnaws a bone: it lived thus, five or six days, and thrived, and changed the colour two or three times, but by some neglect in the keeper of it, it then died, and did not turn to a fly: but if it had lived, it had doubtless turned to one of those flies that some call Flies of prey, which those that walk by the rivers may, in summer, see fasten on smaller flies, and, I think, make them their food. And 'tis observable, that as there be these flies of prey, which be very large; so there be others, very little, created, I think, only to feed them, and breed out of I know not what; whose life, they say, nature intended not to exceed an hour;[9] and yet that life is thus made shorter by other flies, or accident.

'Tis endless to tell you what the curious searchers into nature's productions have observed of these worms and flies: but yet I shall tell you what Aldrovandus,[1] our Topsel, and others, say of the Palmer-worm, or Caterpillar:[g] that whereas others content themselves to feed on

VARIATION.] [g] but yet I shall tell you what our Topsel says of the Canker, or Palmer-worm, or Caterpillar.—1*st Edit.*

NOTE.] [8] Whoever is desirous of knowing more of Caterpillars, and of the several flies produced by them, may consult Joannes Goedartius *De Insectis*, with the *Appendix* of Dr. Lister, *Lond.* 8vo. 1685. H.

[9] That there are creatures "whose life nature intended not to exceed an hour," is, I believe, not so well agreed, as that there are some whose existence is determined in five or six.

[1] *Ulysses Aldrovandus*, an eminent physician and naturalist of *Bologna;* he wrote one hundred and twenty books on several subjects, and a treatise *De Piscibus*, published at Franckfort, 1640. H.

particular herbs or leaves; for most think, those very leaves that gave them life and shape, give them a particular feeding and nourishment, and that upon them they usually abide; yet he observes, that this is called a pilgrim, or palmer-worm, for his very wandering life, and various food; not contenting himself, as other do, with any one certain place for his abode, nor any certain kind of herb or flower for his feeding, but will boldly and disorderly wander up and down, and not endure to be kept to a diet, or fixt to a particular place.

Nay, the very colours of caterpillars are, as one has observed, very elegant and beautiful. I shall, for a taste of the rest, describe one of them; which I will, some time the next month, shew you feeding on a willow-tree; and you shall find him punctually to answer this very description: his lips and mouth somewhat yellow; his eyes black as jet; his forehead purple; his feet and hinder parts green; his tail two-forked and black; the whole body stained with a kind of red spots, which run along the neck and shoulder-blade, not unlike the form of St. Andrew's cross, or the letter X, made thus cross-wise, and a white line drawn down his back to his tail; all which add much beauty to his whole body. And it is to me observable, that at a fixed age this caterpillar gives over to eat, and towards winter comes to be covered over with a strange shell or crust, called an aurelia; and so lives a kind of dead life, without eating all the winter.[2] And as others of several kinds turn to be several kinds of flies and vermin, the Spring following; so this caterpillar then turns to be a painted butterfly.

Come, come, my scholar, you see the river stops our morning walk: and I will also here stop my discourse: only as we sit down under this honeysuckle hedge, whilst I look a line to fit the rod that our brother Peter hath lent

NOTE.] [2] View Sir Fra. Bacon's Exper. 728 and 90, in his Natural History.

you, I shall, for a little confirmation of what I have said, repeat the observation of Du Bartas :[h]

God, not contented to each kind to give
And to infuse the virtue generative,
Made, by his wisdom, many creatures breed
Of lifeless bodies, without Venus' deed.

So, the cold humour breeds the Salamander,
Who, in effect, like to her birth's commander,
With child with hundred winters, with her touch
Quencheth the fire, tho' glowing ne'er so much.

So of the fire, in burning furnace, springs
The fly Pyrausta with the flaming wings:
Without the fire, it dies: within it, joys,
Living in that which each thing else destroys.

So, slow Boôtes underneath him sees,[3]
In th' icy isles, those goslings hatch'd of trees;
Whose fruitful leaves, falling into the water,
Are turn'd, they say, to living fowls soon after.

So, rotten sides of broken ships do change
To barnacles. O transformation strange!
'Twas first a green tree; then, a gallant hull;
Lately a mushroom; now, a flying gull.[4]

VENATOR. O my good master, this morning-walk has been spent to my great pleasure and wonder: but, I pray, when shall I have your direction how to make artificial flies, like to those that the Trout loves best; and, also, how to use them?

PISCATOR. My honest scholar, it is now past five of the clock: we will fish till nine; and then go to breakfast. Go you to yonder sycamore-tree, and hide your bottle of drink under the hollow root of it; for about that time, and in that place, we will make a brave breakfast with a piece of powdered beef, and a radish or two, that I have in my fish-bag: we shall, I warrant you, make a good,

VARIATION.] [h] the Lord Bartas.—1*st Edit.*

NOTE.] [3] View Gerh. Herbal and Camden.

[4] These verses occur in the sixth day of the first week of Du Bartas, by Sylvester, ed. 1608, 4to. p. 182.

honest, wholesome hungry breakfast. And I will then give you direction for the making and using of your flies: and in the mean time, there is your rod and line; and my advice is, that you fish as you see me do, and let's try which can catch the first fish.

VENATOR. I thank you, master. I will observe and practise your direction as far as I am able.

PISCATOR. Look you, scholar; you see I have hold of a good fish: I now see it is a Trout. I pray, put that net under him; and touch not my line, for if you do, then we break all. Well done, scholar: I thank you.

Now for another. Trust me, I have another bite. Come, scholar, come lay down your rod, and help me to land this as you did the other. So now we shall be sure to have a good dish of fish for supper.

VENATOR. I am glad of that: but I have no fortune: sure, master, yours is a better rod and better tackling.

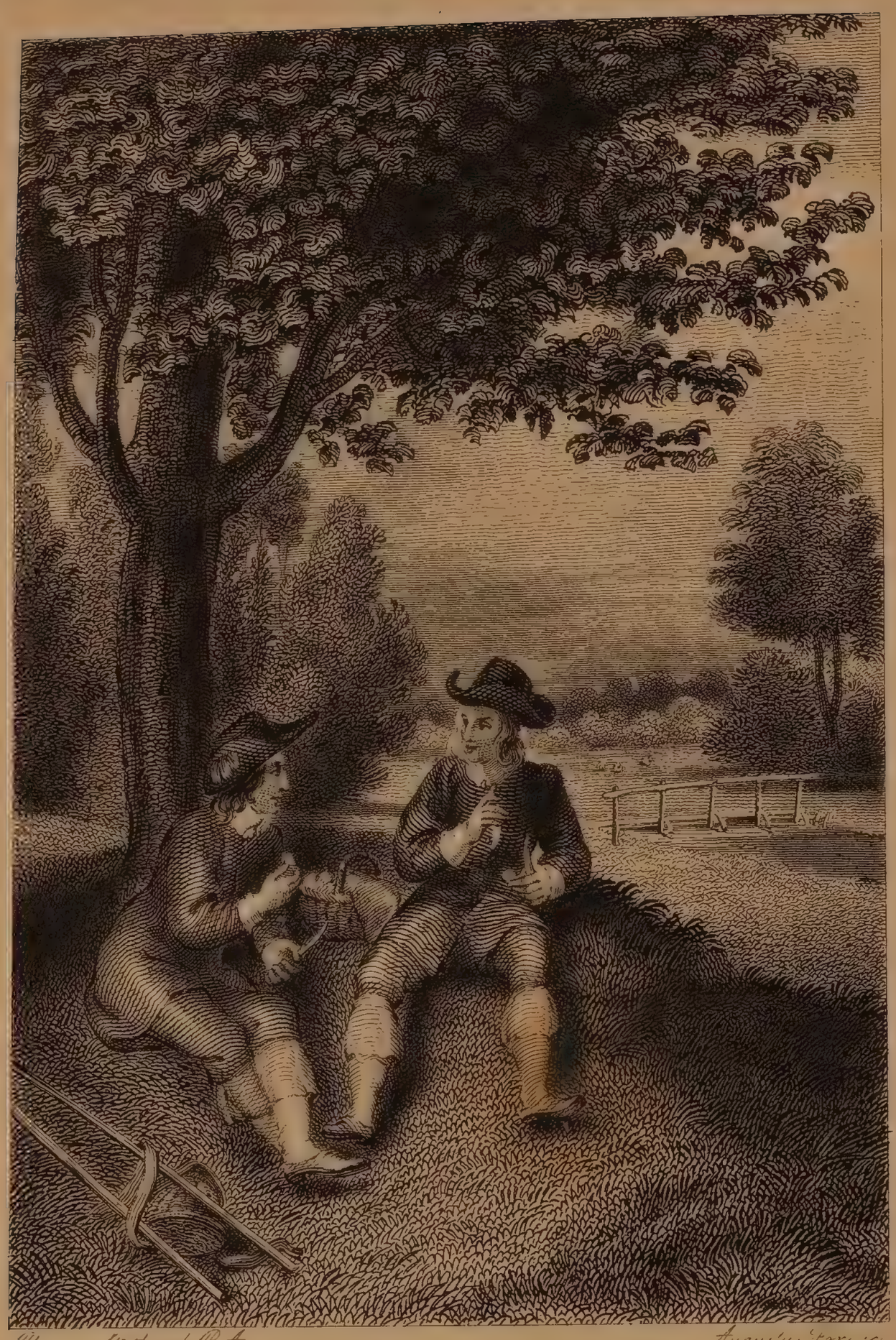
PISCATOR. Nay, then, take mine; and I will fish with yours. Look you, scholar, I have another. Come, do as you did before. And now I have a bite at another. Oh me! he has broke all: there's half a line and a good hook lost.

VENATOR. Ay, and a good Trout too.

PISCATOR. Nay, the Trout is not lost; for pray take notice, no man can lose what he never had.

VENATOR. Master, I can neither catch with the first nor second angle: I have no fortune.

PISCATOR. Look you, scholar, I have yet another. And now, having caught three brace of Trouts, I will tell you a short tale as we walk towards our breakfast. A scholar, a preacher I should say, that was to preach to procure the approbation of a parish that he might be their lecturer, had got from his fellow pupil the copy of a sermon that was first preached with great commendation by him that composed it: and though the borrower of it preached it, word for word, as it was at first, yet it was utterly disliked as it was preached by the second to his congregation, which the sermon-borrower complained of to the lender of



Thomas Stothard R.A. — Augustus Fox sc.

THE SYCAMORE TREE.

"Let's say grace and fall to breakfast. What say you, Scholar, to the providence of an old angler? does not this meat taste well? and was not this place well chosen?"

William Pickering, Chancery Lane. L.

it: and was thus answered: "I lent you, indeed, my fiddle, but not my fiddle-stick; for you are to know, that every one cannot make musick with my words, which are fitted for my own mouth." And so, my scholar, you are to know, that as the ill pronunciation or ill accenting of words in a sermon spoils it, so the ill carriage of your line, or not fishing even to a foot in a right place, makes you lose your labour: and you are to know, that though you have my fiddle, that is, my very rod and tacklings with which you see I catch fish, yet you have not my fiddle-stick, that is, you yet have not skill to know how to carry your hand and line, nor how to guide it to a right place: and this must be taught you; for you are to remember, I told you Angling is an art, either by practice or a long observation, or both. But take this for a rule, When you fish for a Trout with a worm, let your line have so much, and not more lead than will fit the stream in which you fish; that is to say, more in a great troublesome stream than in a smaller that is quieter; as near as may be, so much as will sink the bait to the bottom, and keep it still in motion, and not more.

But now, let's say grace, and fall to breakfast. What say you, scholar, to the providence of an old angler? Does not this meat taste well? and was not this place well chosen to eat it? for this sycamore-tree will shade us from the sun's heat.

VENATOR. All excellent good; and my stomach excellent good, too. And I now remember, and find that true which devout Lessius[5] says, "that poor men, and those that fast often, have much more pleasure in eating than

NOTE.] [5] *Leonard Lessius*, a very learned jesuit, professor of divinity in the college of Jesuits at Louvain: he was born at Antwerp, 1554; and became very famous for his skill in divinity, civil law, mathematicks, physick, and history: he wrote several theological tracts, and a book entitled, *Hygiasticon, seu vera ratio valetudinis bonæ, & vitæ ad extremam senectutem conservandæ.* From this tract of Lessius, it is probable the passage in the text is cited. He died 1623. H.

rich men, and gluttons, that always feed before their stomachs are empty of their last meat and call for more; for by that means they rob themselves of that pleasure that hunger brings to poor men." And I do seriously approve of that saying of yours, "that you had rather be a civil, well-governed, well-grounded, temperate, poor angler, than a drunken lord:" but I hope there is none such. However, I am certain of this, that I have been at many very costly dinners that have not afforded me half the content that this has done; for which I thank God and you.

And now, good master, proceed to your promised direction for making and ordering my artificial fly.

PISCATOR. My honest scholar, I will do it; for it is a debt due unto you by my promise. And because you shall not think yourself more engaged to me than indeed you really are, I will freely give you such directions as were lately given to me by an ingenious brother of the angle, an honest man, and a most excellent fly-fisher.[i]

You are to note, that there are twelve kinds of artificial made Flies, to angle with upon the top of the water. Note, by the way, that the fittest season of using these is in a blustering windy day, when the waters are so troubled that the natural fly cannot be seen, or rest upon them. The first is the dun-fly, in March: the body is made of dun wool; the wings, of the partridge's feathers. The second is another dun-fly: the body, of black wool; and the wings made of the black drake's feathers, and of the

VARIATION.] [i] And because you shall not think yourself more engaged to me than indeed you really are, therefore I will tell you freely, I find Mr. Thomas Barker, a gentleman that has spent much time and money in Angling, deal so judiciously and freely in a little book of his of Angling with a fly for a Trout, that I will give you his very directions, without much variation.—1*st Edit.* Then follow Barker's instructions, differing little from them as printed in a subsequent part of the text. The "excellent fly-fisher" to whom Walton alludes, was Leonard Mascall, from whose "Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line, &c. 4to. Lond. 1600," the ensuing list of flies is copied verbatim.

feathers under his tail. The third is the stone-fly, in April: the body is made of black wool; made yellow under the wings and under the tail, and so made with wings of the drake. The fourth is the ruddy-fly, in the beginning of May: the body made of red wool, wrapt about with black silk; and the feathers are the wings of the drake; with the feathers of a red capon also, which hang dangling on his sides next to the tail. The fifth is the yellow or greenish fly, in May likewise: the body made of yellow wool; and the wings made of the red cock's hackle or tail. The sixth is the black-fly, in May also: the body made of black wool, and lapt about with the herle of a peacock's tail: the wings are made of the wings of a brown capon, with his blue feathers in his head. The seventh is the sad yellow-fly in June: the body is made of black wool, with a yellow list on either side; and the wings taken off the wings of a buzzard, bound with black braked hemp. The eighth is the moorish-fly; made, with the body, of duskish wool; and the wings made of the blackish mail of the drake. The ninth is the tawny-fly, good until the middle of June: the body made of tawny wool; the wings made contrary one against the other, made of the whitish mail of the wild drake. The tenth is the wasp-fly in July: the body made of black wool, lapt about with yellow silk; the wings made of the feathers of the drake, or of the buzzard. The eleventh is the shell-fly, good in mid-July: the body made of greenish wool, lapt about with the herle of a peacock's tail: and the wings made of the wings of the buzzard. The twelfth is the dark drake-fly, good in August: the body made with black wool, lapt about with black silk; his wings are made with the mail of the black drake, with a black head. Thus have you a jury of flies, likely to betray and condemn all the Trouts in the river.

I shall next give you some other directions for fly-

fishing, such as are given by Mr. Thomas Barker,[5] a gentleman that hath spent much time in fishing: but I shall do it with a little variation.

First, let your rod be light, and very gentle: I take the best to be of two pieces. And let not your line

NOTE.] [5] A notice of Barker will be found in the Memoir of Walton. The following extract occurs in his "Art of Angling:"

—— "My Lord sent to me, at sun-going-down, to provide him a good dish of Trouts against the next morning, by six o'clock. I went to the door to see how the wanes of the air were like to prove. I returned answer, that I doubted not, God willing, but to be provided at the time appointed. I went presently to the river, and it proved very dark: I threw out a line of three silks and three hairs twisted, for the uppermost part; and a line of two hairs and two silks twisted, for the lower part—with a good large hook. I baited my hook with two lob-worms, the four ends hanging as meet as I could guess them in the dark. I fell to angle. It proved very dark, so that I had good sport; angling with the lob-worms as I do with the flies, on the top of the water: You shall hear the fish rise at the top of the water; then, you must loose a slack line down to the bottom, as nigh as you can guess; then hold your line straight, feeling the fish bite; give time, there is no doubt of losing the fish, for there is not one amongst twenty but doth gorge the bait: the least stroke you can strike fastens the hook, and makes the fish sure, letting the fish take a turn or two; you may take him up with your hands. The night began to alter and grow somewhat lighter; I took off the lob-worms, and set to my rod a white palmer-fly made of a large hook; I had good sport for the time, until it grew lighter; so I took off the white palmer, and set to a red palmer, made of a large hook; I had good sport until it grew very light; then I took off the red palmer, and set to a black palmer; I had good sport, and made up the dish of fish. So I put up my tackles, and was with my lord at his time appointed for the service.

"These three flies, with the help of the lob-worms, serve to angle all the year for the night; observing the times—as I have shewed you—in this night-work; the white fly for darkness, the red fly in medio, and the black fly for lightness. This is the true experience for angling in the night; which is the surest angling of all, and killeth the greatest Trouts. Your lines may be strong, but must not be longer than your rod."

Upon this passage, Mr. Daniel observes: "Night fishing with a fly is best from May to the end of August; but the largest fish are caught in the latter month. Trout will take in the dark nights of any of the subsequent months, provided they be soft and calm."

Field Sports, II. 290.

exceed, especially for three or four links next to the hook, I say, not exceed three or four hairs at the most; though you may fish a little stronger above, in the upper part of your line: but if you can attain to angle with one hair, you shall have more rises, and catch more fish. Now you must be sure not to cumber yourself with too long a line, as most do. And before you begin to angle, cast to have the wind on your back; and the sun, if it shines, to be before you; and to fish down the stream; and carry the point or top of your rod downward, by which means the shadow of yourself, and rod too, will be the least offensive to the fish; for the sight of any shade amazes the fish, and spoils your sport, of which you must take great care.

In the middle of March, till which time a man should not in honesty catch a Trout; or in April, if the weather be dark, or a little windy or cloudy; the best fishing is with the palmer-worm, of which I last spoke to you; but of these there be divers kinds, or at least of divers colours: these and the May-fly are the ground of all fly-angling: which are to be thus made:

First, you must arm your hook with the line, in the inside of it: then take your scissors, and cut so much of a brown mallard's feather as, in your own reason, will make the wings of it, you having, withal, regard to the bigness or littleness of your hook: then lay the outmost part of your feather next to your hook; then the point of your feather next the shank of your hook, and, having so done, whip it three or four times about the hook with the same silk with which your hook was armed; and having made the silk fast, take the hackle of a cock or capon's neck, or a plover's top, which is usually better: take off the one side of the feather, and then take the hackle, silk or crewel, gold or silver thread; make these fast at the bent of the hook, that is to say, below your arming; then you must take the hackle, the silver or gold thread, and work it up to the wings, shifting or still removing your finger

as you turn the silk about the hook, and still looking, at every stop or turn, that your gold, or what materials soever you make your fly of, do lie right and neatly; and if you find they do so, then when you have made the head, make all fast: and then work your hackle up to the head, and make that fast: and then, with a needle, or pin, divide the wing into two; and then, with the arming silk, whip it about cross-ways betwixt the wings: and then with your thumb you must turn the point of the feather towards the bent of the hook; and then work three or four times about the shank of the hook; and then view the proportion; and if all be neat, and to your liking, fasten.

I confess, no direction can be given to make a man of a dull capacity able to make a fly well: and yet I know this, with a little practice, will help an ingenious angler in a good degree. But to see a fly made by an artist in that kind,[k] is the best teaching to make it. And, then, an ingenious angler may walk by the river, and mark what flies fall on the water that day; and catch one of them, if he sees the Trouts leap at a fly of that kind: and then having always hooks ready-hung with him, and having a bag also always with him, with bear's hair, or the hair of a brown or sad-coloured heifer, hackles of a cock or capon, several coloured silk and crewel to make the body of the fly, the feathers of a drake's head, black or brown sheep's wool, or hog's wool, or hair, thread of gold and of silver; silk of several colours, especially sad-coloured, to make the fly's head: and there be also other coloured feathers, both of little birds and of speckled fowl:[6] I say,

VARIATION.] [k] by another.—1*st Edit.*

NOTE.] [6] The Author not having particularly enumerated the Materials necessary for Fly-making, it will not be improper to do it here. For *Dubbing*, you must be provided with bear's hair of divers colours; as grey, dun, light and dark coloured, bright brown and that which shines; also camel's hair, dark, light, and of a colour between both: badger's hair, or fur: spaniel's hair from behind the ear, light and

having those with him in a bag,[7] and trying to make a fly, though he miss at first, yet shall he at last hit it better, even to such a perfection as none can well teach him.

NOTE *continued.*]
dark brown, blackish, and black: hog's down, plucked from under the throat, and other soft places, and of these colours, black, red, whitish, and sandy; other colours you may get dyed at a dyer's: seal's fur is to be had at the trunk-maker's; get this also dyed of the colours of cow's and calf's hair, in all the different shades, from light to the darkest brown; you will then never need cow's or calf's hair, both which are harsh, and will never work kindly, nor lie handsomely: get also mohairs, black, blue, purple, white, violet, yellow, and orange: camlets, both hair and worsted, blue, yellow, dun, light and dark brown, red, violet, purple, black, horse-flesh, pink, and orange colours. Some recommend the hair of abortive colts and calves; but seal's fur, dyed as above, is much better.

Turkey carpet will furnish excellent dubbing: untwist the yarn, and pick out the wool, separating the different colours.

Some use for dubbing, barge-sail; but these sails are made of sheep's wool, which soaks in the water, and soon becomes very heavy: however, get of this as many different shades as you can: and have seal's fur and hog-wool dyed to match them; which, being more turgid, stiff, and light, are, in most cases, to be preferred to worsted, crewels, and other kinds of wool: hog-wool is best for large, and seal's fur for small flies.

Get also furs of the squirrel, particularly from his tail; fox-cub, from the tail where it is downy and of an ash-colour; an old fox; an old otter; otter-cub; badger; fulimart, or filmert; from the neck of a hare where it is of the colour of withered fern; and, above all, the yellow fur of the martern, from off the gills or spots under the jaws. These, and almost every other kind of fur, are got at the furrier's.

Hackles, the long slender feathers on the neck and near the tail of a cock, are very useful in fly-making; be careful that they are not too rank, which they are when the fibres are more than half an inch long; be provided with these of the following colours, red, dun, yellowish, white, orange, and black; and whenever you meet with a cock of the game breed, whose hackles are of a strong brown-red, never fail to procure some: but observe, that the feathers of a cock chicken, and of the

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[7] The use of a Bag is attended with many inconveniences; to prevent which, the Angler is recommended either to make a parchment book, according to the directions given in Daniel's Rural Sports, vol. ii. p. 295, or to procure a similar one at a fishing tackle maker's.

And if he hit to make his fly right, and have the luck to hit, also, where there is store of Trouts, a dark day, and a right wind, he will catch such store of them, as will en-

NOTE *continued.*]
Bantam cock are too downy and weak to stand erect after they are once wet.

Feathers are absolutely necessary for the wings and other parts of flies: get therefore feathers from the wild mallard, or drake; from the partridge, especially those red ones in the tail; from a cock-pheasant's breast and tail; from the wings of a blackbird, a brown hen, a starling, a jay, a land-rail, a throstle, a fieldfare, and a water-coot; from the crown of the pewit, plover or lap-wing; green and copper-coloured peacock's, and black ostrich, herle; also from a heron's neck and wings. And remember that, in most instances, where the drake's or wild mallard's feather is hereafter in the text directed, that from a starling's wing will do much better, as being of a finer grain, and less spungy.

Be provided with marking-silk of all colours; fine, but very strong flaw-silk; gold and silver flatted wire, or twist; a sharp knife; hooks of all sizes; hog's bristles for loops to your flies; shoemaker's wax; a large needle to raise your dubbing, when flatted with working; and a small, but sharp pair of scissors.

Remember, with all your dubbing to mix bear's hair and hog's wool, which are stiff, and not apt to imbibe the water, as fine furs and most other kinds of dubbing do; remember also, that martern's fur is the best yellow you can use.

On the subject of flies, it is only necessary to add, in addition to what Walton has said, that colour is more attractive than form, and that an ill made fly of a right colour is often more killing than the neatest of a colour not frequently seen on the water. In clear rivers small flies will be found best, but if the river be discoloured, or the weather cloudy, they may be used larger. The flies should be made on the finest gut, and the hooks not too large and heavy. Hackles of different colours, the bodies of each varied in tint, are perhaps best, for a hackle always falls light on the water, and does not create suspicion.

"He who attends to the catalogue of flies published in most fishing books, will find himself perplexed and confounded; and will frequently see a homely fisherman with a hazel wand, and an extra fly or two in reserve twisted round the band of his hat, filling his hamper, whilst he, so fastidious in his choice, is selecting from his book of ready-made London flies, one for the month, nay, even the hour of the day!! A man may as well attempt to learn the Chinese characters and language, as fish by books enthralled and entangled with a multiplicity of flies. I am much mistaken if he does not soon find from experience, that these flies are like quack medicines—made to sell."—*Sporting Mag. Oct.* 1823.

courage him to grow more and more in love with the art of fly-making.

VENATOR. But, my loving master, if any wind will not serve, then I wish I were in Lapland, to buy a good wind of one of the honest witches, that sell so many winds there, and so cheap.

PISCATOR. Marry, scholar, but I would not be there, nor indeed from under this tree; for look how it begins to rain, and by the clouds, if I mistake not, we shall presently have a smoking shower, and therefore sit close; this sycamore-tree will shelter us: and I will tell you, as they shall come into my mind, more observations of fly-fishing for a Trout.

But first for the wind: you are to take notice that of the winds the south wind is said to be best. One observes, that

——— when the wind is south,
It blows your bait into a fish's mouth.

Next to that, the west wind is believed to be the best: and having told you that the east wind is the worst, I need not tell you which wind is the best in the third degree: and yet, as Solomon observes, that "he that considers the wind shall never sow;" so he that busies his head too much about them, if the weather be not made extreme cold by an east wind, shall be a little superstitious: for as it is observed by some, that "there is no good horse of a bad colour;" so I have observed, that if it be a cloudy day, and not extreme cold, let the wind sit in what corner it will and do its worst, I heed it not. And yet take this for a rule, that I would willingly fish, standing on the lee-shore: and you are to take notice, that the fish lies or swims nearer the bottom, and in deeper water, in winter than in summer; and also nearer the bottom in any cold day, and then gets nearest the lee-side of the water.

But I promised to tell you more of the Fly-fishing for a

Trout; which I may have time enough to do, for you see it rains May butter. First for a May-fly: you may make his body with greenish coloured crewel, or willowish colour; darkening it in most places with waxed silk; or ribbed with black hair; or, some of them, ribbed with silver thread; and such wings, for the colour, as you see the fly to have at that season, nay, at that very day on the water. Or you may make the Oak-fly: with an orange, tawny, and black ground; and the brown of a mallard's feather for the wings.[8] And you are to know, that these two are most excellent flies, that is, the May-fly and the Oak-fly.

And let me again tell you, that you keep as far from the water as you can possibly, whether you fish with a fly or worm; and fish down the stream. And when you fish with a fly, if it be possible, let no part of your line touch the water,[9] but your fly only; and be still moving your fly upon the water, or casting it into the water, you yourself being also always moving down the stream.

Mr. Barker commends[1] several sorts of the palmer-

NOTE.] [8] Some dub the Oak-fly, with black wool, and Isabella-coloured mohair, and bright brownish bear's hair, warped on with yellow silk, but the head of an ash-colour; others dub it with an orange, tawny, and black ground; others with blackish wool and gold-twist; the wings of the brown of a mallard's feather. Bowlker, in his *Art of Angling*, p. 63, says, "The body may be made of a bittern's feather, and the wings of the feather of a woodcock's wing. H.

9 This is impossible, unless you dib with the artificial as with the natural fly, which is never practised.

1 A brother of the angle must always be sped
With three black palmers, and also two red;
And all made with hackles. In a cloudy day,
Or in windy weather, angle you may:

But morning and evening, if the day be bright:
And the chief point of all is to keep out of sight.
"In the month of May, none but the May-fly,
For every month, one," is a pitiful lye.

flies; not only those ribbed with silver and gold, but others that have their bodies all made of black; or some with red, and a red hackle. You may also make the Hawthorn-fly: which is all black, and not big but very small, the smaller the better. Or the oak-fly, the body of which is orange colour and black crewel, with a brown wing. Or a fly made with a peacock's feather is excellent in a bright day: you must be sure you want not in your magazine-bag the peacock's feather; and grounds of such wool and crewel as will make the grasshopper. And note, that usually the smallest flies are the best; and note also, that the light fly does usually make most sport in a dark day, and the darkest and least fly in a bright or clear day: and lastly note, that you are to repair upon any occasion to your magazine-bag; and upon any occasion, vary and make them lighter or sadder, according to your fancy, or the day.

And now I shall tell you, that the fishing with a natural-fly is excellent, and affords much pleasure. They may be found thus: the May-fly, usually in and about that month, near to the river side, especially against rain: the Oak-fly, on the butt or body of an oak or ash, from the beginning of May to the end of August; it is a brownish fly and easy to be so found, and stands usually

NOTE *continued.*]

The black Hawthorn-fly must be very small:
And the sandy hog's hair is, sure, best of all
(For the mallard-wing May-fly, and peacock's train,
Will look like the flesh-fly) to kill Trout amain.

The Oak-fly is good, if it have a brown wing.
So is the grasshopper, that in July doth sing:
With a green body make him, on a middle-siz'd hook.
But when you have catcht fish, then play the good cook.

Once more, my good brother, I'll speak in thy ear:
Hog's, red cow's, and bear's wool, to float best appear:
And so doth your fur, if rightly it fall:
But always remember, Make two, and make all. H.

with his head downward, that is to say, towards the root of the tree:[2] the small black-fly, or Hawthorn-fly, is to be had on any hawthorn bush after the leaves be come forth. With these and a short line, as I shewed to angle for a Chub, you may dape or dop, and also with a grasshopper, behind a tree, or in any deep hole; still making it to move on the top of the water as if it were alive, and still keeping yourself out of sight, you shall certainly have sport if there be Trouts; yea, in a hot day, but especially in the evening of a hot day, you will have sport.[3]

Note.] [2] The Oak-fly is known also by the names of the Ash-fly and the Woodcock-fly; and in Shropshire it is called the Cannon or Down-hill-fly.

[3] The following observations on Daping and Fly-fishing, by a writer contemporary with Walton, are preserved in the Sloane MS. 1032, and although evidently not intended for publication, are so judicious that their insertion may be excused: "You must have a quick eye. In the evening of a hot day, or in a hot calm day and the still deep is to be preferred, though on the side of a stream when the water is clearing after great rains or a flood is very proper. Observe to keep out of sight: keep your fly moving. In dibbing for roach, dace, or chub, I must not let my motion be swift: when I see any of them coming towards the bait, I must make two or three short removes, and then let it glide gently with the stream, if possible towards the fish. If it be slow or standing water, I must keep it moving with my hand, not just upon him, but sideways and sloping by him: when a pretty good gale stirs the water it is best. If the fish will not rise at top, I will try a little lower. When the wind furls the water and few flies appear on it or over, I think it a good time for daping. If the sun shines I'll get under a tree, that neither my body nor my rod may shine in the water. If I find not that they will rise at top I will sink the fly even to midwater. Before the flies are naturally in season, I will go to the bushes and trees that are adjacent to the river or pond, and observe what are flying near over it, or on the water, and the fly that swarms there most is in season. Some open the first fish they take and look in its stomach; but my conjecture is, that it must either be partly consumed, or so discoloured that it cannot well be known; and again, fish will take such food at one time that they will not at another which they altogether dislike; therefore I think it is insignificant. In casting I'll do it with a little circling about my head by waving the rod, or else the fly may with too smart a jerk be apt to snap off, and so I must stay a quarter of an hour it may be to get another. In casting I will observe always to do it before me that it may fall on the water and no part of

And now, scholar, my direction for fly-fishing is ended with this shower, for it has done raining. And now look about you, and see how pleasantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth smells as sweetly too. Come let me tell you what holy Mr. Herbert says[4] of such days and flowers as these, and then we will thank God that we enjoy them, and walk to the river and sit down quietly, and try to catch the other brace of Trouts.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shews you have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives,
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

VENATOR. I thank you, good master, for your good direction for fly-fishing, and for the sweet enjoyment of the pleasant day, which is so far spent without offence to God or man: and I thank you for the sweet close of your

NOTE *continued.*]
the line shall dash to scare the fish; and if I can without making any circling in the water, I will. If the wind be high I will let some of the line be in the water to keep the fly from being blown out. I will stand if I possibly can with the sun in my face and the wind to my back. In still or slow water I'll cast my fly almost across and draw it towards me gently a little way."

[4] The Temple. Sacred Poems, &c. p. 80, Edit. 1633.

discourse with Mr. Herbert's verses; who, I have heard, loved angling; and I do the rather believe it, because he had a spirit suitable to anglers, and to those primitive Christians that you love, and have so much commended.

PISCATOR. Well, my loving scholar, and I am pleased to know that you are so well pleased with my direction and discourse.[1]

And since you like these verses of Mr. Herbert's so well, let me tell you what a reverend and learned divine that professes to imitate him, and has indeed done so most excellently, hath writ of our book of Common Prayer; which I know you will like the better, because he is a friend of mine, and I am sure no enemy to angling.[5]

What! Pray'r by th' book? and Common? Yes; Why not?
The spirit of grace
And supplication
Is not left free alone
For time and place,
But manner too: to read, or speak, by rote,
Is all alike to him that prays,
In's[m] heart, what with his mouth he says.

VARIATION.] [1] and I hope you will be pleased too if you find a trout at one of our angles which we left in the water to fish for itself, &c.—1*st Edit.*

[m] With's

NOTE.] [5] This passage goes very near to unfold the name of the author of the *Synagogue*, a collection of poems, suppletory to that of Mr. George Herbert entitled the *Temple*. For we see "Ch. Harvie" subscribed to the ensuing eulogium on the *Common Prayer*, which is also to be found in the *Synagogue*. And I find in the *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. I. 267. a *Christopher Harvey*; a Master of Arts, Vicar of Clifton in Warwickshire; born in 1597, and who lived to 1663, and perhaps after. Further, the second copy of commendatory verses, prefixed to this book, has the subscription "Ch. "Harvie, M. A." The presumption therefore is very strong, that both were written by the Christopher Harvey above mentioned. At the end of the *Synagogue* are some verses subscribed "Iz. Wa." H. Anthony Wood says *The Synagogue* was written by *Thomas* Harvey. *Athen. Oxon.* by Bliss.

They that in private, by themselves alone,
Do pray, may take
What liberty they please,
In chusing of the ways
Wherein to make
Their soul's most intimate affections known
To him that sees in secret, when
Th' are most conceal'd from other men.

But he, that unto others leads the way
In public prayer,
Should do it so,[n]
As all, that hear, may know
They need not fear
To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and say
Amen; not[o] doubt they were betray'd
To blaspheme, when they meant to have pray'd.[p]

Devotion will add life unto the letter:
And why should not
That, which authority
Prescribes, esteemed be
Advantage got?
If th' prayer be good, the commoner the better,
Prayer in the Church's words, as well
As sense, of all prayers bears the bell.[6]

CH. HARVIE.

And now, scholar, I think it will be time to repair to our angle-rods, which we left in the water to fish for themselves; and you shall choose which shall be yours; and it is an even lay, one of them catches.

And, let me tell you, this kind of fishing with a dead rod, and laying night-hooks, are like putting money to use; for they both work for the owners when they do nothing but sleep, or eat, or rejoice, as you know we have done this last hour, and sat as quietly and as free from

VARIATION.] [n] Should choose to do it so,
[o] nor
[p] To blaspheme, when they should have pray'd.

NOTE.] [6] These verses were written at or near the time when the *Liturgy* was abolished by an ordinance of parliament, and while it was agitating, as a theological question, whether, of the two, *preconceived* or *extemporary* prayer be most agreeable to the sense of Scripture? H.

cares under this sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Melibœus did under their broad beech-tree. No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler;[q] for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip-banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler[7] said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;" and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.

I'll tell you, scholar; when I sat last on this primrose-bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the emperor did of the city of Florence: "That they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holy-days." As I then sat on this very grass, I turned my present thoughts into verse: 'twas a Wish, which I'll repeat to you:[8]

VARIATION.] [q] No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the angler's, unless it be the beggar's life in summer; for then only they take no care, but are as happy as we anglers.—1*st Edit.*

NOTE.] [7] The person here mentioned I take to be Dr. *William Butler*, an eminent physician of our author's time, styled by Fuller, in his *Worthies, Suffolk*, 67, the Æsculapius of the age: he invented a medical drink, called "Dr. Butler's Ale," which, if not now, was a very few years ago sold at certain houses in London which had his head for a sign. One of these was in Ivy Lane, and another in an alley leading from Coleman Street to Basinghall Street. He was a great humorist; a circumstance in his character which, joined to his reputation for skill in his profession, might contribute to render him popular. H. Dr. Butler was born at Ipswich about 1535, and educated at Clare Hall, Cambridge. He died Jan. 29, 1618, and was buried at St. Mary's Church, Cambridge.

[8] It cannot be doubted that the following beautiful stanzas which occur for the first time in the *third* edition, were written by Walton. The allusion to "Kenna," which probably referred to the maiden name of his wife "Ken," is not to be found in the *third*, or *fourth*

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I in these flowery meads would be:
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my Angle would rejoice:
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love:

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty: please my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers:
Here, hear my Kenna sing[9]* a song;
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

[* Like Hermit Poor.

NOTE *continued.*]
edition, in both of which the word "Chlora" is substituted for it, which, with the substitution of one vowel for another, formed the anagram of his first wife's name—Rachel.

9 "*Like Hermit poor.*"

The following is the song to which Walton alludes. It occurs in a Collection of Poems entitled the "Phœnix Nest," published in 1593.†

Like to a Hermite poore, in place obscure,[1]
I meane to spend my daies of endles doubt,
To waile such woes as time cannot recure,
Where none[2] but Love shall ever finde me out.

My foode shall be of care and sorow made,
My drinke nought else but teares falne from mine eies;
And for my light, in such obscured shade,
The flames shall[3] serve, which[4] from my hart arise.

A gowne of graie[5] my bodie shall attire,
My staffe of broken hope whereon Ile staie;[6]
Of[7] late repentance, linckt with long desire,
The couch is fram'de whereon my limbes Ile lay;[8]
And at my gate Dispaire shall linger still,
To let in Death, when Love and Fortune will.

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† Another copy of this Sonnet, but with the following variations, occurs in the Harleian MS. 6019, f. 139, in the writing of the time of James the First.

1 Like Hermit poor in pensive place obscure,
2 nought 3 may 4 that 5 grief
6 And broken hope shall be my strength and stay;
7 And
8 Shall be the couch whereon my limbs I'll lay:

Or a leverock build her nest:
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
Thus, free from law-suits and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice:

NOTE *continued.*]

The same ideas occur in a poem printed five years earlier, which is probably from the Italian, a language to which the poets of that day were much indebted; it is entitled, *Scillaes Metamorphosis: Enterlaced with the vnfortunate love of Glaùcus, &c.* by Thomas Lodge, 1589, 4to.

I will become a Hermit now, and doo my penance straight,
For all the errors of mine eyes with foolish rashness fil'd:
My hermitage shall placed be where mellancholies waight,
And none but love alone shall knowe the bower I meane to build.

My daylie diet shall be care, made calme by no delight:
My dolefull drinke my drierie teares, amidst the darksome place,
The fire that burnes my heedless heart shall stand in stead of light,
And shall consume my wearie life mine errors to deface.

My gowne shall be of spreding gray to clad my limmes withall;
My late repent vpon my browe shall plainly written be,
My tedious griefe and great remorse that doth my soul enthrall,
Shall serue to plead my wearie paines and pensiue miserie.
Of faintfull hope shall be my staffe and daylie when I pray,
My mistris picture plac't by loue shall witnes what I say.

"Like Hermit Poor" was set to musick by Mr. Nicholas Laneare, an eminent master of Walton's time, whose portrait is yet to be seen in the Musick School at Oxford; and is printed with the notes, in a collection intitled *Select musical Ayres and Dialogues*, folio, 1653. It was also set by Sig. Alfonso Ferabosco, and published in a collection of his airs, in folio, 1609.

This song appears to have been a great favourite for some years after the Restoration, and very popular while ballad-musick remained in fashion. That accurate observer, Pepys, tells us in his Diary, Feb. 12, 1666-7 [vol. ii. p. 14], that "he [T. Killigrew] hath ever endeavoured in the late King's time and in this to introduce good musique, but he never could do it, there never having been any musique here better than ballads." Adding "'Hermit poore' and 'Chiuy Chase' was all the musique we had." The three first words of it were become a phrase. The Hon. Roger North, in his *Life of the lord-keeper Guildford*, page 212, 4to. edit. speaking of Sir Job Charleton, then chief-justice of Chester, says, he wanted to speak with the

Or, with my Bryan,[1] and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford-brook;[2]
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set:
There bid good morning to next day;
There meditate my time away,
And Angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

When I had ended this composure, I left this place, and saw a brother of the angle sit under that honeysuckle hedge, one that will prove worth your acquaintance. I sat down by him, and presently we met with an accidental piece of merriment, which I will relate to you, for it rains still.[r]

VARIATION.] [r] And now let me tell you, my honest scholar, what an accidental piece of merriment chanced last summer, as I and a brother of the angle, which will prove worth your acquaintance, sat under this honeysuckle hedge.—*2nd Edit.*

NOTE *continued.*]
King; and went to Whitehall, where, returning from his walk in St. James's park, he must pass; and there he sat him down, "like hermit poor." Among the poems of Phineas Fletcher, hereafter mentioned, is a metaphrase of the xlii[nd] Psalm; which, it is said, may be sung to the tune of "*Like hermit poor.*" There is also an allusion to this song in *Hudibras*, Part I. Canto ii. line 1169.

"That done, they ope the trap-door gate,
And let Crowdero down thereat;
Crowdero making doleful face,
'*Like hermit poor in pensive place.*'"

It was also printed in the Academy of Compliments, 1650. In the *Tixall poetry*, 1813, edited by Mr. Clifford, from a manuscript collection nearly contemporary with Walton, it forms, by an arbitrary disposition of the words, a little irregular ode, entitled *Despair*. Eu. H.

[1] It has been conjectured that this is the name of his favourite dog. H.

[2] Shawford-brook is the name of that part of the river Sow that runs through the land which Walton bequeathed to the corporation of Stafford to find coals for the poor: the right of fishery attaches to the little estate. Shawford, or Shallow-ford, is a liberty in the parish of St. Mary Stafford, though five miles distant from the town. The messuage there described in Walton's Will is now divided into two tenements. It is a poor cottage, thatched, and old. Shawford-brook winds beautifully through a narrow vale, and deserved Walton's commendation. E.

On the other side of this very hedge sat a gang of gypsies; and near to them sat a gang of beggars. The gypsies were then to divide all the money that had been got that week, either by stealing linen or poultry, or by fortune-telling or legerdemain, or, indeed, by any other sleights and secrets belonging to their mysterious government. And the sum that was got that week proved to be but twenty and some odd shillings. The odd money was agreed to be distributed amongst the poor of their own corporation: and for the remaining twenty shillings, that was to be divided unto four gentlemen gypsies, according to their several degrees in their commonwealth. And the first or chiefest gypsy was, by consent, to have a third part of the twenty shillings; which all men know is 6*s*. 8*d*. The second was to have a fourth part of the 20*s*. which all men know to be 5*s*. The third was to have a fifth part of the 20*s*. which all men know to be 4*s*. The fourth and last gypsy was to have a sixth part of the 20*s*. which all men know to be 3*s*. 4*d*.

As for example,

3 times 6*s*. 8*d*. are	20*s*.
And so is 4 times 5*s*.	20*s*.
And so is 5 times 4*s*.	20*s*.
And so is 6 times 3*s*. 4*d*.	20*s*.

And yet he that divided the money was so very a gypsy, that though he gave to every one these said sums, yet he kept one shilling of it for himself.

As, for example,

s.	*d*.
6	8
5	0
4	0
3	4
19	0

make but.....

But now you shall know, that when the four gypsies saw that he had got one shilling by dividing the money, though not one of them knew any reason to demand more, yet, like lords and courtiers, every gypsy envied him that

was the gainer; and wrangled with him; and every one said the remaining shilling belonged to him: and so they fell to so high a contest about it, as none that knows the faithfulness of one gypsy to another will easily believe; only we that have lived these last twenty years are certain that money has been able to do much mischief. However, the gypsies were too wise to go to law, and did therefore choose their choice friends Rook and Shark, and our late English Gusman,[3] to be their arbitrators and umpires. And so they left this honeysuckle hedge; and went to tell fortunes and cheat, and get more money and lodging in the next village.

When these were gone, we heard as high a contention amongst the beggars, whether it was easiest to rip a cloak, or to unrip a cloak? One beggar affirmed it was all one: but that was denied, by asking her, If doing and undoing were all one? Then another said, 'twas easiest to unrip a cloak; for that was to let it alone: but she was answered, by asking her, how she unript it if she let it alone? and she confest herself mistaken. These and twenty such like questions were proposed and answered, with as much beggarly logick and earnestness as was ever heard to proceed

NOTE.] [3] The *English Gusman* occurs in Walton's *second* edition, 1655: and his allusion is to a Work which had appeared three years before; "*The English Gusman;* or, the History of that unparalleled Thief, James Hind, written by G. F. (George Fidge) 4to. Lond. 1652." Hind appears to have been "the grandest thief" of his age. He was the son of a saddler at Chipping Norton, in Oxfordshire; and was apprenticed to a butcher. From some of the single sheets which were printed during the great Rebellion, he appears to have attached himself to the Royal Cause; and was actively engaged in the battles both of Worcester and Warrington. In 1651 he was arrested by order of the Parliament, having taken shelter, under the name of Brown, at "one Denzy's, a barber, over against Saint Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street." This latter circumstance might probably introduce him to Walton's notice, who livid in the neighbourhood. *Our late* English Gusman seems to intimate that Hind was dead in 1655: though from none of the publications of the time does the date of his death appear. E.

from the mouth of the most pertinacious schismatick; and sometimes all the beggars, whose number was neither more nor less than the poets' nine muses, talked all together about this ripping and unripping; and so loud, that not one heard what the other said:[s] but, at last, one beggar craved audience; and told them that old father Clause, whom Ben Jonson, in his Beggar's Bush,[4] created King of their corporation, was to lodge at an ale-house, called "Catch-her-by-the-way," not far from Waltham Cross, and in the high road towards London; and he therefore desired them to spend no more time about that and such like questions, but refer all to father Clause at night, for he was an upright judge, and in the mean time draw cuts, what song should be next sung, and who should sing it. They all agreed to the motion; and the lot fell to her that was the youngest, and veriest virgin of the company. And she sung Frank Davison's[5] song, which he made

VARIATION.] [s] talked all together and none heard what the other said.—*2nd Edit.*

NOTE.] [4] The Comedy of *The Royal Merchant*, or *Beggar's Bush*, was written by Fletcher, and not by Ben Jonson. It was licensed in 1622, and first printed in the folio of 1647; with the title of *The Beggar's Bush* only. *Collier's Hist. of Dramatic Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 436.

[5] Francis Davison was the eldest son of Secretary Davison, the victim of the mean and cowardly device of Queen Elizabeth to remove from herself the odium of the murder of Mary Queen of Scots. He was born about the year 1575, and was intended for the bar, but abandoned that pursuit for Poesy. In 1602, he published the *Poetical Rhapsody*, which went through four editions, 1602, 1608, 1611, and 1621, and has been twice reprinted, in which miscellany he inserted the "Beggar's Song;" but there are reasons for believing that it was not written by him, but by a Poet whose initials were "A. W." One or two facts tend however to identify Davison with A. W., and the question is investigated in the reprint of the *Rhapsody* in 1826, vol. i. p. cxxv. Between 1655, when the second edition of the Angler appeared, and 1602 when the *Rhapsody* was first published, fifty-three years had elapsed, so that Walton probably referred to the edition of 1611. The song is there entitled, "A Song in praise of a Beggar's Life."

forty years ago;[t] and all the others of the company joined to sing the burthen with her. The ditty was this; but first the burthen:

Bright shines the sun; play Beggars, play;
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

What noise of viols is so sweet,
As when our merry clappers ring?
What mirth doth want where Beggars meet?
A Beggar's life is for a King.
Eat, drink, and play; sleep when we list;
Go where we will, so stocks be mist.
Bright shines the sun; play Beggars, play;
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

The world is ours, and ours alone;
For we alone have world at will;
We purchase not; all is our own;
Both fields and streets we Beggars fill.
Nor care to get, nor fear to keep[v]
Did ever break a Beggar's sleep.[v]
Play Beggars, play, play Beggars, play;
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

A hundred head of black and white
Upon our gowns securely feed;
If any dare his master[u] bite,
He dies therefore, as sure as creed.

VARIATION.] [t] In the *first* edition the song is thus introduced after the passage, "No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the angler's, unless it be the beggar's life in summer, for then only they take no care, but are as happy as we anglers.

Viator. Indeed, master, and so they be, as is witnessed by the beggar's song, made long since by Frank Davison, a good poet, who was not a beggar, though he were a good poet.

Piscator. Can you sing it, scholar?

Viator. Sit down a little, good master, and I will try."

In the *second* edition, however, it occurs as in the text.

[v] These two lines have been supplied from the *Rhapsody*, because it is evident from the song itself, that they were accidentally omitted, and because it is accurately given in every other instance, with the exception of one line.

[u] Walton has printed this line

"And yet if any dare us bite."

These two variations occur in every edition of the Angler.

Thus Beggars lord it as they please;
And only Beggars live at ease.
Bright shines the sun, play Beggars, play;
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

[w] VENATOR. I thank you, good master, for this piece of merriment, and this song, which was well humoured by the maker, and well remembered by you.

PISCATOR. But, I pray, forget not the catch which you promised to make against night; for our countryman, honest Coridon, will expect your catch, and my song, which I must be forced to patch up, for it is so long since I learnt it, that I have forgot a part of it. But, come, now it hath done raining, let's stretch our legs a little in a gentle walk to the river, and try what interest our angles will pay us for lending them so long to be used by the Trouts; lent them indeed, like usurers, for our profit and their destruction.

VENATOR. Oh me! look you, master, a fish! a fish! Oh, alas, master, I have lost her.

PISCATOR. Ay marry, Sir, that was a good fish indeed: if I had had the luck to have taken up that rod, then 'tis twenty to one he should not have broke my line by running to the rod's end, as you suffered him. I would have held him within the bent of my rod, unless he had been fellow to the great Trout that is near an ell long, which was of such a length and depth, that he had his picture drawn, and now is to be seen at mine host Rickabie's, at the George in Ware,[x] and it may be, by giving that very great Trout[6] the rod, that is, by casting it to

VARIATION.] [w] *Piscator*. I thank you, good Scholar, this song was well humoured by the maker, and well remembered and sung by you; and I pray forget not the catch, &c.—1*st Edit*.

[x] I would have held him, unless he had been fellow to the great Trout that is near an ell long, which had his picture drawn, and now is to be seen, &c.—1*st Edit*.

NOTE.] [6] In the reign of Charles the Second a Trout was taken in the river Kennet near Newbury, with a casting net, which measured forty-five inches in length. Gainsford, in "The Glory of England," 4to. Lond. 1619, p. 147, mentions one taken near Tyrone, forty-six inches

NOTE *continued.*]

long, "the portraiture of which worthy Sir Josias Bodley hath depicted in plano." The largest Trout known to have been caught with a minnow, in the South of England, was taken in 1755, by Mr. Howell of Cateaton Street, at Hambledon Lock (between Maidenhead and Henley), the weight of which was sixteen pounds. In 1794, Mr. Daniel, the author of "Rural Sports," killed a Trout near Richmond Bridge, that weighed ten pounds and a half; and in the following year, a Mr. Jons speared, at Cook's Ferry in the river Lea, a Trout weighing fifteen pounds. An instance of the longevity of the Trout is cited in the Sporting Magazine for September, 1826: "Fifty-three years ago Mr. William Mossop of Board Hall, near Broughton in Furness, placed a small trout in a well in the orchard belonging to his family, where it has ever since remained until last week, when it died for want of water, the severe drought having dried up the spring by which the well was supplied. This fish would receive from Mr. M.'s hands snails, worms, and bread, and always seemed pleased at the presence of its feeder, frequently moving its tail and fins with the greatest rapidity, and approaching the surface of the water. Trout were several times put into the well, which were as constantly devoured by the solitary inmate, who had increased in size, and weighed at his death about two pounds."

him into the water, I might have caught him at the long run, for so I use always to do when I meet with an overgrown fish; and you will learn to do so too, hereafter, for I tell you, scholar, fishing is an art, or, at least, it is an art to catch fish.

VENATOR. But, master, I have heard that the great Trout you speak of is a Salmon.

PISCATOR. Trust me, scholar, I know not what to say to it. There are many country people that believe hares change sexes every year: and there be very many learned men think so too, for in their dissecting them they find many reasons to incline them to that belief.[7] And to make the wonder seem yet less, that hares change sexes, note that Dr. Mer. Casaubon affirms, in his book "Of credible and incredible things," that Gasper Peucerus, a learned physician,[8] tells us of a people that once a year turn wolves, partly in shape, and partly in conditions. And so, whether this were a Salmon when he came into fresh water, and his not returning into the sea hath altered him to another colour or kind, I am not able to say; but I am certain he hath all the signs of being a Trout, both for his shape, colour, and spots; and yet many think he is not.

VENATOR. But, master, will this Trout which I had hold of die? for it is like he hath the hook in his belly.

NOTE.] [7] This belief was not confined to "country people" or to "learned men;" but sportsmen of the highest reputation entertained the same opinion: thus Twety, Master of the Game to King Edward the Second, in a treatise on "The craft of venery," written for that monarch's use, says, "Now we will begyne at the hare. And wherefore at the hare rather then at eny other best, For why? it is the most merveylous beste that is in this lond. And wherfore? For as miche as he berithe grese and crotyth and zongith and so dothe no beste in this land but he, and sume tyme he is male and sume female, And for that cause a man may not blowe meene of hym, as men don of other bestes, but he is enchased." MS. penes G. Baker, Esq. of Northampton. Another copy of the Treatise occurs in the Cotton MS. Vesp. F. xii.

[8] And mathematician, born at Lusatia, in 1525; he married the daughter of Melancthon, wrote many books on various subjects, and died in 1602, aged 78. H.

PISCATOR. I will tell you, scholar, that unless the hook be fast in his very gorge, 'tis more than probable he will live, and a little time, with the help of the water, will rust the hook, and it will in time wear away, as the gravel doth in the horse-hoof, which only leaves a false quarter.

And now, scholar, let's go to my rod. Look you, scholar, I have a fish too, but it proves a logger-headed Chub: and this is not much amiss, for this will pleasure some poor body, as we go to our lodging to meet our brother Peter and honest Coridon. Come, now bait your hook again, and lay it into the water, for it rains again; and we will even retire to the Sycamore-tree, and there I will give you more directions concerning fishing, for I would fain make you an artist.

VENATOR. Yes, good master, I pray let it be so.

PISCATOR. Well, scholar, now we are sate down and are at ease, I shall tell you a little more of Trout-fishing, before I speak of the Salmon, which I purpose shall be next, and then of the Pike or Luce.

You are to know, there is night as well as day-fishing for a Trout; and that, in the night, the best Trouts come out of their holes.[y] And the manner of taking them is on the top of the water with a great lob or garden-worm, or rather two, which you are to fish with in a place where the waters run somewhat quietly, for in a stream the bait will not be so well discerned. I say, in a quiet or dead place, near to some swift, there draw your bait over the top of the water, to and fro, and if there be a good Trout in the hole, he will take it, especially if the night be dark, for then he is bold, and lies near the top of the water, watching the motion of any frog or water-rat, or mouse, that swims betwixt him and the sky; these he hunts after, if he sees the water but wrinkle or move in one of these dead holes, where these great old Trouts usually lie, near

VARIATION.] [y] and that then the best are out of their holds.—*1st and 2nd Edit.* "Holds," a word far preferable to "holes," is used in the first four editions.

to their holds: for you are to note, that the great old Trout is both subtle and fearful, and lies close all day, and does not usually stir out of his hold, but lies in it as close in the day as the timorous hare does in her form; for the chief feeding of either is seldom in the day, but usually in the night, and then the great Trout feeds very boldly. [z]

And you must fish for him with a strong line, and not a little hook; and let him have time to gorge your hook, for he does not usually forsake it, as he oft will in the day-fishing. And if the night be not dark, then fish so with an artificial fly of a light colour, and at the snap: nay, he will sometimes rise at a dead mouse, or a piece of cloth, or any thing that seems to swim across the water, or to be in motion. This is a choice way, but I have not oft used it, because it is void of the pleasures that such days as these, that we two now enjoy, afford an angler.

And you are to know, that in Hampshire, which I think exceeds all England for swift, shallow, clear, pleasant brooks, and store of Trouts, they used to catch Trouts in the night, by the light of a torch or straw, which, when they have discovered, they strike with a Trout-spear, or other ways. This kind of way they catch very many: but I would not believe it till I was an eye-witness of it, nor do I like it now I have seen it.

Venator. But, master, do not Trouts see us in the night?

Piscator. Yes, and hear, and smell too, both then and in the day-time: for Gesner observes, the Otter smells a fish forty furlongs off him in the water: and that it may be true, seems to be affirmed by Sir Francis Bacon, in the eighth century of his Natural History, who there proves that waters may be the medium of sounds, by demonstrating it thus; "That if you knock two stones together very deep under the water, those that stand on a bank

Variation.] [z] if the night be dark; for then he lies boldly near the top of the water, watching the motion of any frog or water-mouse, or rat betwixt him and the sky, which he hunts for, &c.—1*st Edit.*

near to that place may hear the noise without any diminution of it by the water." He also offers the like experiment concerning the letting an anchor fall, by a very long cable or rope, on a rock, or the sand, within the sea. And this being so well observed and demonstrated as it is by that learned man, has made me to believe that Eels unbed themselves and stir at the noise of thunder, and not only, as some think, by the motion or stirring of the earth which is occasioned by that thunder.

And this reason of Sir Francis Bacon,[9] has made me crave pardon of one that I laughed at for affirming that he knew Carps come to a certain place, in a pond, to be fed at the ringing of a bell or the beating of a drum. And, however, it shall be a rule for me to make as little noise as I can when I am fishing, until Sir Francis Bacon be confuted, which I shall give any man leave to do.[a1]

And lest you may think him singular in this opinion, I will tell you, this seems to be believed by our learned Doctor Hakewill, who in his Apology of God's power and providence,[2] quotes Pliny to report that one of the em-

VARIATION.] [a] In the *first* edition, Walton adds here, "and so leave off this philosophical discourse, for a discourse of fishing;" and continues, "of which my next shall be to tell you, it is certain, that certain fields," &c. as in a subsequent part of the text with the exception of the passage from St. James, which was inserted in the *third* edition.

NOTE.] [9] Exper. 792.

[1] That fish hear, is confirmed by the authority of late writers: Swammerdam asserts it, and adds, that "they have a wonderful labyrinth of the ear for that purpose." See Swammerdam, *Of Insects*, edit. London, 1758, p. 50. A clergyman, a friend of mine, assures me, that at the abbey of St. Bernard, near Antwerp, he saw Carp come at the whistling of the feeder. H.

[2] "f. 360." This book, which was published in folio, 1635, and is full of excellent learning and good sense, contains an examination and censure of that common error which philosophers have fallen into, "that there is in nature a perpetual and universal decay;" the contrary whereof, after an extensive view of the history of the physical and moral world, and a judicious and impartial comparison of former ages with that wherein the author lived, is with great force of argument demonstrated. The reader may, in this book, meet with a relation of that instance of Lord Cromwell's gratitude to Sig. Frescobaldi, a

perors had particular fish-ponds, and, in them, several fish that appeared and came when they were called by their particular names.[3] And St. James tells us,[4] that all things in the sea have been tamed by mankind. And Pliny tells us,[5] that Antonia, the wife of Drusus, had a Lamprey at whose gills she hung jewels or ear-rings; and that others have been so tender-hearted as to shed tears at the death of fishes which they have kept and loved. And these observations, which will to most hearers seem wonderful, seem to have a further confirmation from Martial,[6] who writes thus:

Piscator, fuge; ne nocens, &c.

Angler! would'st thou be guiltless? then forbear;
For these are sacred fishes that swim here,
Who know their sovereign, and will lick his hand,
Than which none's greater in the world's command:
Nay more, they've names, and, when they called are,
Do to their several owner's call repair.

All the further use that I shall make of this shall be, to advise anglers to be patient, and forbear swearing, lest they be heard, and catch no fish.[7]

NOTE *continued.*]
Florentine merchant, which is given, in a dramatic form, in the *History of Thomas Lord Cromwell*, published as Shakespeare's by some of the earlier editors of his works. H. See Le Neve's *Fasti*. Lloyd's *Memoirs*, p. 540. Wood's *Hist. and Antiq. Oxon.* l. ii. p. 204. *Athen. Oxon.* l. ii. 64. Dr. Hakewill was rector of Exeter College, Oxford: and had the living of Heanton, near Barnstaple, in Devonshire, where he died in the beginning of April, 1649. E.

[3] Mons. Bernier, in his *History of Indostan*, reports the like of the Great Mogul. H.

[4] Chap. iii. 7. [5] Lib. ix. 35.

[6] Lib. iv. Epigr. 30. The verses cited are as follow:

" Piscator, fuge; ne nocens recedas,
Sacris piscibus hæ natantur undæ;
Qui nôrunt dominum, manumque lambunt
Illam, quâ nihil est, in orbe, majus:
Quid, quod nomen habent; et ad magistri
Vocem quisque sui venit citatus."

[7] This saying occurs in *Sicelides a Piscatory* [by Phineas Fletcher],

And so I shall proceed next to tell you, it is certain that certain fields near Leominster, a town in Herefordshire, are observed to make the sheep that graze upon them more fat than the next, and also to bear finer wool; that is to say, that that year in which they feed in such a particular pasture, they shall yield finer wool than they did that year before they came to feed in it; and coarser, again, if they shall return to their former pasture; and, again, return to a finer wool, being fed in the fine wool ground: which I tell you, that you may the better believe that I am certain, if I catch a Trout in one meadow, he shall be white and faint, and very like to be lousy; and, as certainly, if I catch a Trout in the next meadow, he shall be strong, and red, and lusty, and much better meat. Trust me, scholar, I have caught many a Trout in a particular meadow, that the very shape and the enamelled colour of him hath been such as hath joyed me to look on him:[8] and I have then, with much pleasure, concluded with Solomon, 'Every thing is beautiful in his season.'[b9]

VARIATION.] [b] I have with Solomon concluded, &c.—1*st Edit.*

NOTE *continued.*]
as it hath been acted in King's College in Cambridge. Lond. 1631, 4to.

'Nay if you sweare, we shall catch no fish.'

[8] 'Tis delightful the trout to ensnare,
To gaze on his spots, like the cheek of the fair,
And sigh when their brilliancy sinks in decay,
As bright as the rainbow, yet fleet as its ray. *Anon.*

[9] The Trout delights in rivers, and brooks, with gravelly bottoms, and swift streams. His haunts are eddies, behind stones, logs, or banks that project forward into the river, and against which the stream drives; shallows between two streams; or, towards the latter end of the summer, mill-tails and old weirs. His hold is usually in the deep, under the hollow of a bank, or the root of a tree. The Trout spawns about the beginning of November, and does not recover till the beginning of March. In addition to what Walton has said on the subject of Trout-fishing, the following directions and observations may be inserted. When you fish for Trout or Salmon, a *winch* screwed on the butt of the rod will be very useful: upon the rod whip a number of small rings of about an eighth of an inch diameter, at first about three feet distant from each other, but diminishing gradually in their

I should, by promise, speak next of the Salmon; but I will, by your favour, say a little of the Umber or Grayling; which is so like a Trout for his shape and feeding, that I desire I may exercise your patience with a short discourse of him; and then, the next shall be of the Salmon.[c]

VARIATION.] [c] It is now time to tell you next, according to promise, some observations of the Salmon: but first I will tell you there is a fish called by some an Umber, and by some a Grayling, a choice fish, esteemed by many to be equally good with the Trout: it is a fish that

NOTE *continued.*]
distances towards the top. When you have struck a fish that may endanger your tackle, let the line run, wind him up as he tires, and take him out with a landing net. In angling for Trout, whether with a fly or at the ground, you need make but three or four trials in a place; and, if unsuccessful, you may conclude there are none there; the same rule applies to Perch in a running stream.

Chap. VI. The Umber or Grayling.

PISCATOR. The Umber and Grayling are thought by some to differ as the Herring and Pilchard do. But though they may do so in other nations, I think those in England differ nothing but in their names. Aldrovandus says, they be of a Trout kind; and Gesner says, that in his country, which is Switzerland, he is accounted the choicest of all fish. And in Italy, he is, in the month of May, so highly valued, that he is sold there at a much higher rate than any other fish. The French, which call the Chub Un Villain, call the Umber of the lake Leman, Un Umble Chevalier; and they value the Umber or Grayling so highly, that they say he feeds on gold; and say, that many have been caught out of their famous river of Loire, out of whose bellies grains of gold have been often taken. And some think that he feeds on water-thyme, and smells of it at his first taking out of the water; and they may think so with as good reason as we do that our Smelts smell like violets at their being first caught, which I think is a truth. Aldrovandus says, the Salmon, the Grayling, and Trout, and all fish that live in clear and sharp streams, are made by their mother Nature of such exact shape and pleasant colours purposely to invite us to a joy and contentedness in feasting with her. Whether this is a truth or not, is not my purpose to dispute: but 'tis certain, all that write of the Umber declare him to be very medicinable. And Gesner says, that the fat of an Umber or Grayling, being set, with a little honey, a day or two in the sun, in a little glass, is very excellent against redness or swarthiness, or

VARIATION *continued.*]
is usually about eighteen inches long, he lives in such streams as the Trout does: and is indeed taken with the same bait as a Trout is, for he will bite both at the minnow, the worm, and the fly both natural and artificial: of this fish there be many in Trent, and in the river that runs by Salisbury, and in some lesser brooks: but he is not so general a fish as the Trout is; of which two fishes I will now take my leave, and come to my promised Observations on the Salmon, and a little advice for the catching him.—1*st Edit.*

any thing that breeds in the eyes. Salvian[1] takes him to be called Umber from his swift swimming, or gliding out of sight more like a shadow or a ghost than a fish. Much more might be said both of his smell and taste: but I shall only tell you that St. Ambrose, the glorious bishop of Milan, who lived when the church kept fasting-days, calls him the flower-fish, or flower of fishes; and that he was so far in love with him, that he would not let him pass without the honour of a long discourse; but I must; and pass on to tell you how to take this dainty fish.

First note, that he grows not to the bigness of a Trout; for the biggest of them do not usually exceed eighteen

Note.] [1] Hippolito Salviani, an Italian physician of the sixteenth century: he wrote a treatise *De Piscibus, cum eorum figuris*, and died at Rome, 1572, aged 59. H.

inches.[2] He lives in such rivers as the Trout does; and is usually taken with the same baits as the Trout is, and after the same manner; for he will bite both at the minnow, or worm, or fly, though he bites not often at the minnow, and is very gamesome at the fly; and much simpler, and therefore bolder than a Trout; for he will rise twenty times at a fly, if you miss him, and yet rise again. He has been taken with a fly made of the red feathers of a paroquet, a strange outlandish bird; and he will rise at a fly not unlike a gnat, or a small moth, or, indeed, at most flies that are not too big. He is a fish that lurks close all Winter, but is very pleasant and jolly after mid-April, and in May, and in the hot months. He is of a very fine shape, his flesh is white, his teeth, those little ones that he has, are in his throat, yet he has so tender a mouth, that he is oftener lost after an angler has hooked him than any other fish. Though there be many of these fishes in the delicate river Dove, and in Trent, and some other smaller rivers, as that which runs by Salisbury, yet he is not so general a fish as the Trout, nor to me so good to eat or to angle for.[3] And so I shall

NOTE.] [2] Pennant notices as a rarity, a Grayling taken near Ludlow, above half a yard long, and weighing four pounds six ounces. Another was killed near Shrewsbury which weighed full five pounds.

[3] Notwithstanding Walton's assertion, experienced anglers affirm that although the Grayling may, yet he very rarely does, take the minnow. He will take gentles very eagerly. When you fish for him with a fly, you can hardly use one too small. The Grayling is found in great plenty in many rivers in the north, particularly the *Humber*. And in the *Wye*, which runs through Herefordshire and Monmouthshire into the *Severn*, have been taken, with an artificial fly, very large ones; as also great numbers of a small, but excellent fish, of the Trout kind, called a Last-spring. They are not easily to be got at without a boat, or wading; for which reason, those of that country use a thing they call a Corracle, or truckle: in some places it is called a coble, from the Latin *corbula*, a little basket: it is a basket, shaped like the half of a walnut-shell, but shallower in proportion, and covered on the outside with a horse's-hide; it has a bench in the middle, and will just hold one person, and is so light, that the countrymen will hang it on their heads like a hood, and so travel, with a small paddle which serves for

take my leave of him: and now come to some observations of the Salmon, and how to catch him.

Chap. VII. The Salmon.

PISCATOR. The Salmon is accounted the King of fresh-water fish; and is ever bred in rivers relating to the sea, yet so high, or far from it, as admits of no tincture of salt, or brackishness. He is said to breed or cast his spawn, in most rivers, in the month of August:[4] some say, that then they dig a hole or grave in a safe place in the gravel, and there place their eggs or spawn, after the melter has done his natural office, and then hide it most cunningly, and cover it over with gravel and stones; and then leave it to their Creator's protection, who, by a gentle heat which he infuses into that cold element, makes it brood, and beget life in the spawn, and to become Samlets early in the spring next following.[d]

The Salmons having spent their appointed time, and done this natural duty in the fresh waters, they then haste to the sea before winter, both the melter and spawner: but if they be stopt by floodgates or weirs, or lost in the fresh waters, then those so left behind by degrees grow sick and lean, and unseasonable, and kipper, that is to say, have bony gristles grow out of their lower chaps, not unlike a hawk's beak, which hinders their feeding; and, in time, such fish so left behind pine away and die. 'Tis observed, that he may live thus one year from the sea; but he then grows insipid and tasteless, and loses both his blood and strength, and pines and dies the second year. And 'tis noted, that those little Salmons

VARIATION.] [d] protection, by whose power the spawn becomes Samlets the next spring following.—*2nd Edit.*

NOTE *continued.*]
a stick, till they come to a river; and then they launch it, and step in. There is great difficulty in getting into one of these truckles, for the instant you touch it with your foot it flies from you: and when you are in, the least inclination of the body oversets it. H.

[4] Their usual time of spawning is about the beginning of September, but it is said that those in the Severn spawn in May. H.

called Skeggers, which abound in many rivers relating to the sea, are bred by such sick Salmons that might not go to the sea, and that though they abound, yet they never thrive to any considerable bigness.[e]

But if the old Salmon gets to the sea, then that gristle which shews him to be kipper, wears away, or is cast off, as the eagle is said to cast his bill, and he recovers his strength, and comes next summer to the same river, if it be possible, to enjoy the former pleasures that there possest him ;[5] for, as one has wittily observed, he has, like some persons of honour and riches which have both their winter and summer-houses, the fresh rivers for summer, and the salt water for winter, to spend his life in ; which is not, as Sir Francis Bacon hath observed in his 'History of Life and Death,' above ten years. And it is to be observed, that though the Salmon does grow big in the sea,

VARIATION.] [e] The observations on Salmon fishing, as printed in the *first* edition, vary considerably from those subsequently published. They commence thus : "The Salmon is ever bred in the fresh rivers, and in most rivers about the month of August, and never grows big but in the sea; and there to an incredible bigness in a very short time; to which place they covet to swim, by the instinct of nature about a set time: but if they be stopped by mills, floodgates, or weirs, or be by accident lost in the fresh water, when the others go, which is usually by flocks or shoals, then they thrive not.

"And the old Salmon, both the Melter and Spawner, strive also to get into the sea before winter: but being stopped that course, or lost, grow sick in fresh waters, and by degrees unseasonable and kipper, that is, to have a bony gristle to grow, not unlike a hawk's beak, on one of his chaps, which hinders him from feeding, and then he pines and dies.

"But if he goes to sea, then that gristle," &c. as in text.

NOTE.] [5] The migration of the Salmon and divers other sorts of fishes is analogous to that of Birds : and Mr. Ray confirms Walton's assertion, by saying, that "Salmon will yearly ascend up a river four or five hundred miles, only to cast their spawn, and secure it in banks of sand till the young be hatched and excluded; and then return to sea again." *Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of the Creation*, p. 130. It may not be improper here to take notice, that in this, and several other parts of the book, the facts related by the author do most remarkably coincide with latter discoveries of the most diligent and sagacious naturalists. H.

yet he grows not fat but in fresh rivers; and it is observed, that the farther they get from the sea, they be both the fatter and better.

Next, I shall tell you, that though they make very hard shift to get out of the fresh rivers into the sea, yet they will make harder shift to get out of the salt into the fresh rivers, to spawn, or possess the pleasures that they have formerly found in them: to which end, they will force themselves through floodgates, or over weirs, or hedges, or stops in the water, even to a height beyond common belief. Gesner speaks of such places as are known to be above eight feet high above water. And our Camden mentions, in his 'Britannia,' the like wonder to be in Pembrokeshire, where the river Tivy falls into the sea; and that the fall is so downright, and so high, that the people stand and wonder at the strength and sleight by which they see the Salmon use to get out of the sea into the said river; and the manner and height of the place is so notable, that it is known, far, by the name of the Salmon-leap. Concerning which, take this also out of Michael Drayton,[6] my honest old friend; as he tells it you, in his 'Polyolbion:'[f]

VARIATION.] [f] Concerning which, take this also out of honest Michael Draiton.—*2nd Edit.*

The whole of the preceding paragraph is in the *first* edition much condensed. It runs thus: "And it is to be observed, that, to the end they may get far from the sea, either to spawn or to possess the pleasure that they then and there find, they will force themselves over the tops of weirs or hedges, or stops in the water, by taking their tails into their mouths and leaping over those places, even to a height beyond common belief: and sometimes by forcing themselves against the stream through sluices and floodgates beyond common credit."

NOTE.] [6] A celebrated poet, who was born in Warwickshire, 1563. Among his works, which are very numerous, is the *Polyolbion*, a chorographical description of the rivers, mountains, forests, castles, &c. in this island. Though this poem has great merit, it is rendered much more valuable by the learned notes of Mr. *Selden*. Drayton died in 1631, and lies buried among the poets in Westminster Abbey. Bishop Warburton, in the *Preface* to his *Shakespeare*, speaking of this poem, says it was written by *one Drayton;* a mode of expression

And when the salmon seeks a fresher stream to find;
(Which hither from the sea comes, yearly, by his kind,)
As he towards season grows; and stems the watry tract
Where *Tivy*, falling down, makes an high cataract,
Forc'd by the rising rocks that there her course oppose,
As tho' within her bounds they meant her to inclose;
Here, when the labouring fish does at the foot arrive,
And finds that by his strength he does but vainly strive;
His tail takes in his mouth, and, bending like a bow
That's to full compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw,
Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand
That bended end to end, and started from man's hand,
Far off itself doth cast; so does the Salmon vault:
And if, at first, he fail, his second summersault
He instantly essays, and, from his nimble ring
Still yerking, never leaves until himself he fling
Above the opposing stream.——

This Michaël Drayton tells you, of this leap or summersault of the Salmon.

NOTE *continued.*]
very common with great men, when they mean to consign the memory of others to oblivion and contempt. Bishop Burnet, speaking of the negotiations previous to the peace of Utrecht, says in like manner, that "*one Prior* was employed to finish the treaty." But both those prelates, in this their witty perversion of an innocent monosyllable, were but imitators of the Swedish ambassador, who complained to Whitlocke, that a treaty had been sent to be translated by *one Mr. Milton, a blind man.* Whitlocke's *Mem.* 633. H. An equally remarkable example of aristocratic superciliousness occurs in the case of Doctor Johnson. Earl Gower being asked to assist in obtaining the degree of Master of Arts for Johnson, from the University of Dublin, wrote to a friend of Dean Swift on the subject. After noticing that Johnson was the "*author of London, a Satire, and some other Poetical pieces, and was much respected,*" his lordship alludes to him as "this *poor man:*" he says, "they highly extol *the man's learning* and *probity;*" and adds that he is assured that his correspondent's willingness to relieve merit in distress, will incline him to serve "*the poor man.*" Boswell's *Life of Johnson.* The noble Earl and "the poor man" have both been long consigned to their kindred dust; but the contrast, with respect to their memories, is more striking than the difference in their situations when living—complete oblivion is already the lot of the one; whilst the fame of the other is identified with the English language, and will endure when insignificant nobles are "forgotten as fools, or remembered as worse."

And, next, I shall tell you, that it is observed by Gesner and others, that there is no better Salmon than in England; and that though some of our northern counties have as fat, and as large,[7] as the river Thames, yet none are of so excellent a taste.[g]

And as I have told you that Sir Francis Bacon observes, the age of a Salmon exceeds not ten years; so let me next tell you, that his growth is very sudden, it is said, that after he is got into the sea, he becomes, from a Samlet not so big as a Gudgeon, to be a Salmon, in as short a time as a gosling becomes to be a goose. Much of this has been observed, by tying a riband, or some known tape or thread, in the tail of some young Salmons which have been taken in weirs as they have swimmed towards the salt water; and then by taking a part of them again, with the known mark, at the same place, at their return from the sea, which is usually about six months after; and the like experiment hath been tried upon young swallows, who have, after six months absence, been observed to return to the same chimney, there to make their nests and habitations for the summer following; which has inclined many to think, that every Salmon usually returns to the same river in which it was bred, as young pigeons taken out of the same dovecote have also been observed to do.

And you are yet to observe further, that the He-salmon is usually bigger than the Spawner; and that he is more kipper, and less able to endure a winter in the fresh water

VARIATION.] [g] And 'tis observed by Gesner, that there is none bigger than in England, nor none better than in Thames.—1*st Edit.*

NOTE.] [7] The following appeared in one of the London Journals, 18 April, 1789: "The largest salmon ever caught was yesterday brought to London. This extraordinary fish measured upwards of four feet, from the point of the nose to the extremity of the tail; and three feet round the thickest part of the body: its weight was seventy pounds within a few ounces. A fishmonger in the Minories cut it up at one shilling pér pound, and the whole was sold almost immediately." H.

than the She is: yet she is, at that time of looking less kipper and better, as watry, and as bad meat.

And yet you are to observe, that as there is no general rule without an exception, so there are some few rivers in this nation that have Trouts and Salmons in season in winter, as 'tis certain there be in the river Wye in Monmouthshire, where they be in season, as Camden observes, from September till April.[8] But, my scholar, the obser-

NOTE.] [8] Mr. Duncombe, speaking of the Salmon, says, "They are found in the Wye at all times, but they are only in perfection from December to August." The assertion of Doctor Fuller (*Worthies*, p. 34), that "the Salmon of the Wye are in season all the year long is altogether groundless. They formerly abounded so much, that it was a common clause in the indentures of children apprenticed in Hereford, that they should not be compelled to live on Salmon more than two days in a week." Such precautions are, however, now unnecessary. "After a short continuance in fresh water," adds Mr. Duncombe, "they tend rapidly to impoverishment, and as they are only stationary when there is not a sufficient stream to admit of their proceeding, a moderate swell puts the *new* fish in motion up the river, and enables the fishermen to calculate their approach with considerable accuracy. They are very rarely found to proceed against a current of cold or very hard water: when therefore the Wye is swelled by snow dissolving in large quantities from the mountains towards its source, which occasionally happens as late as April, or even May, all attempts to take them are suspended for the time. They are not intercepted by the fishermen when returning to the sea, as it is known that the voyage which they have performed has deprived them of their principal value: and in this state they are denominated *old* fish. The spawn deposited in the river produces fish of very minute size, which about April become as heavy as a gudgeon, but more taper and delicate in their form: these are in some parts termed salmon-fry, but are here known by the name of last-springs from the date of their annual appearance, and are readily taken by the artificial fly. Two kinds of last-springs are found in the Wye, the one which is the larger, and more common sort, leaves the river in the spring floods: the smaller is termed the gravel last-spring, and is met with, particularly in shoals, during the whole summer. The general opinion is, that the last-springs, after making a voyage to the sea, return *botchers* in the beginning of the following summer. Botchers are taken from three to twelve pounds weight; they are distinguished from the Salmon by a smaller head, more silvery scales, and by retaining much of the delicate appearance of the last-spring. In the third year they become

vation of this and many other things I must in manners omit, because they will prove too large for our narrow compass of time, and, therefore, I shall next fall upon my directions how to fish for this Salmon.

NOTE *continued.*]

Salmon, and often weigh from forty to fifty pounds each. These are the generally received opinions respecting the progress of the last spring to the botcher and Salmon: but it must not be omitted, that some able naturalists of the present time contend that the last-spring and botcher are each distinct in their species from the Salmon, and that the botcher resembles the *suin* taken in the Welsh rivers, or that it is even the same fish." *Collections towards the History and Antiquities of Herefordshire*, p. 161. et seq.

And, for that: First you shall observe, that usually he stays not long in a place, as Trouts will, but, as I said, covets still to go nearer the spring-head:[9] and that he does not, as the Trout and many other fish, lie near the water-side or bank, or roots of trees, but swims in the deep and broad parts of the water, and usually in the middle, and near the ground, and that there you are to fish for him, and that he is to be caught, as the Trout is, with a worm, a minnow, which some call a penk, or with a fly.

And you are to observe, that he is very seldom observed to bite at a minnow, yet sometimes he will, and not usually at a fly, but more usually at a worm, and then most usually at a lob or garden-worm, which should be well scoured, that is to say, kept seven or eight days in moss before you fish with them: and if you double your time of eight into sixteen, twenty, or more days, it is still the better; for the worms will still be clearer, tougher, and more lively, and continue so longer upon your hook. And they may be kept longer by keeping them cool, and in fresh moss; and some advise to put camphire into it.[1]

Note also, that many use to fish for a Salmon with a ring of wire on the top of their rod, through which the line may run to as great a length as is needful, when he is hooked. And to that end, some use a wheel about the

NOTE.] [9] The Salmon delights in large rapid rivers, especially such as have pebbly, gravelly, and sometimes weedy bottoms.

[1] Baits for Salmon are: lob-worms, for the ground; smaller worms and bobs, cad-bait, and, indeed, most of the baits taken by the trout, at the top of the water. Flies should be made of the most gaudy colours, and very large. There is a fly called the horse-leech fly, which he is very fond of: they are of various colours, have great heads, large bodies, very long tails, and two (and some have three) pairs of wings, placed behind each other: in imitating this fly, behind each pair of wings, whip the body about with gold or silver twist, or both; and do the same by the head. Fish with it *at length*, as for Trout and Grayling. If you *dib*, do it with two or three butterflies of different colours, or with some of the most glaring small flies you can find.

middle of their rod, or near their hand, which is to be observed better by seeing one of them than by a large demonstration of words.

And now I shall tell you that which may be called a secret. I have been a-fishing with old Oliver Henly, now with God, a noted fisher both for Trout and Salmon; and have observed, that he would usually take three or four worms out of his bag, and put them into a little box in his pocket, where he would usually let them continue half an hour or more, before he would bait his hook with them. I have asked him his reason, and he has replied, "He did but pick the best out to be in readiness against he baited his hook the next time:" but he has been observed, both by others and myself, to catch more fish than I, or any other body that has ever gone a-fishing with him, could do, and especially Salmons. And I have been told lately, by one of his most intimate and secret friends, that the box in which he put those worms was anointed with a drop, or two or three, of the oil of ivy-berries, made by expression or infusion; and told, that by the worms remaining in that box an hour, or a like time, they had incorporated a kind of smell that was irresistibly attractive, enough to force any fish within the smell of them to bite. This I heard not long since from a friend, but have not tried it; yet I grant it probable, and refer my reader to Sir Francis Bacon's 'Natural History,' where he proves fishes may hear, and, doubtless, can more probably smell: and I am certain Gesner says, the Otter can smell in the water; and I know not but that fish may do so too. 'Tis left for a lover of angling, or any that desires to improve that art, to try this conclusion.

I shall also impart two other experiments, but not tried by myself, which I will deliver in the same words that they were given me by an excellent angler and a very friend, in writing: he told me the latter was too good to be told, but in a learned language, lest it should be made common.

"Take the stinking oil drawn out of polypody of the

oak by a retort, mixed with turpentine and hive-honey, and anoint your bait therewith, and it will doubtless draw the fish to it." The other is this: "Vulnera hederæ grandissimæ inflicta sudant balsamum oleo gelato, albicantique persimile, odoris verò longè suavissimi." "'Tis supremely sweet to any fish, and yet assa fœtida may do the like."[2]

But in these I have no great faith; yet grant it probable; and have had from some chymical men, namely, from Sir George Hastings and others, an affirmation of them to be very advantageous. But no more of these; especially not in this place.[3]

NOTE.] [2] At the end of the *Secrets of Angling*, by J. D. is the following recipe of "R. R." who possibly may be the "R. Roe" mentioned in the *Preface* to *Walton*.

Would'st thou catch fish?
Then here's thy wish,
Take this receipt,
To anoint thy bait.

Thou that desirest to fish with line and hook,
Be it in pool, in river, or in brook,
To bliss thy bait, and make the fish to bite,
Lo! here's a means, if thou canst hit it right:
Take gum of life, well beat and laid to soak
In oil well drawn from that* which kills the oak. [* Ivy.
Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt have sport thy fill;
When twenty fail, thou shalt be sure to kill.

Probatum.

It's perfect and good
If well understood,
Else not to be told
For silver or gold. R. R.

The following recipe for catching pikes occurs in an old MS. on vellum, written about the year 1550, and now in the possession of Dr. Bliss.

A CRAFT TO TAK PYKS, &c.

Tak asafetida of the fattest an ownce, Stanch gryme $\tilde{di}$ quarter of an ownce, Gume arabek lik myche, Blak berys iij or iiij small broken, The yolk of an egge rostid harde like myche, Then tak iij or iiij dropis of olium benedictum, To temper thies togedre lik past, And rubbe and anonyte the end of the lyne that the hooke ys hopon.

[3] The following extract of a letter which appeared in one of the

I might here, before I take my leave of the Salmon, tell you, that there is more than one sort of them, as namely, a Tecon, and another called in some places a Samlet, or by some a Skegger; but these, and others which I forbear to name, may be fish of another kind, and differ as we know a Herring and a Pilchard do,[4] which, I think, are as different as the rivers in which they breed, and must, by me, be left to the disquisitions of men of more leisure, and of greater abilities than I profess myself to have.

And lastly, I am to borrow so much of your promised patience as to tell you, that the trout, or Salmon, being in season, have, at their first taking out of the water, which continues during life, their bodies adorned, the one with such red spots, and the other with such black or blackish spots, as give them such an addition of natural beauty as, I think, was never given to any woman by the artificial paint or patches in which they so much pride themselves in this age.[5] And so I shall leave them both; and proceed to some observations of the Pike.

NOTE *continued.*]
London papers, 21st June, 1788, should operate as a general caution against using, in the composition of baits, any ingredient prejudicial to the human constitution. "Newcastle, June 16. Last week, in Lancashire, two young men having caught a large quantity of Trout by mixing the water in a small brook with lime, ate heartily of the Trout at dinner the next day: they were seized, at midnight, with violent pains in the intestines; and though medical assistance was immediately procured, they expired before noon, in the greatest agonies." H.

[4] There is a fish, in many rivers, of the Salmon kind, which, though very small, is thought by some curious persons to be of the same species; and this, I take it, is the fish known by the different names of Salmon-Pink, Shedders, Skeggers, Last-springs, and Gravel Last-springs. But there is another small fish very much resembling these in shape and colour, called the Gravel Last-spring, found only in the river Wye, and Severn; which is, undoubtedly, a distinct species: These spawn about the beginning of September: and in the Wye I have taken them with an ant-fly as fast as I could throw. Perhaps this is what Walton calls the Tecon. H.

[5] This passage occurs in the *first* edition. Several allusions to the fashion of women wearing patches occurs in Pepys' *Diary*. "August 30, 1660. This is the first day that ever I saw my wife wear *black patches* since we were married." "October 20, 1660. I dined with

Chap. VIII. On the Luce or Pike.

PISCATOR. The mighty Luce or Pike is taken to be the tyrant,[6] as the Salmon is the king, of the fresh waters. 'Tis not to be doubted, but that they are bred, some by generation, and some not; as namely, of a weed called pickerel-weed, unless learned Gesner be much mistaken, for he says, this weed and other glutinous matter, with the help of the sun's heat, in some particular months, and some ponds apted for it by nature, do become Pikes. But, doubtless, divers Pikes are bred after this manner, or are brought into some ponds some such other ways as is past man's finding out, of which we have daily testimonies.[h]

Sir Francis Bacon, in his History of Life and Death, observes the Pike to be the longest lived of any fresh-water fish; and yet he computes it to be not usually above forty years; and others think it to be not above ten years: and yet Gesner mentions a Pike taken in Swedeland, in the year 1449, with a ring about his neck, declaring he was put into that pond by Frederick the Second, more than two hundred years before he was last taken, as by the inscription in that ring, being Greek, was interpreted by the then Bishop of Worms.[7] But of this

VARIATION.] [h] It is not to be doubted but that the Luce, or Pickrell, or Pike, breeds by spawning: and yet Gesner says that some of them breed where none ever was, out of a weed called Pickrell-weed, and other glutinous matter, which, with the help of the sun's heat, proves, in some particular ponds, apted by nature for it, to become Pikes.—1*st Edit.*

NOTE *continued.*]
my Lord and Lady [Sandwich], he was very merry and did talk very high how he would have a French cook, and a master of his horse, and his lady and child to wear *black patches.*" " 4 Nov. My wife seemed very pretty to day, it being the first time I had given her leave to *wear a black patch.*" Speaking of the Queen, he says, " But my wife standing near her *with two or three black patches* on and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she."

6 Pope also calls Pikes

" ——— the tyrants of the watry plains."

7 Walton probably quoted from memory. The story is in his

no more; but that it is observed, that the old or very great Pikes have in them more of state than goodness; the smaller or middle-sized Pikes being, by the most and choicest palates, observed to be the best meat: and, contrary, the Eel is observed to be the better for age and bigness.

All Pikes that live long prove chargeable to their keepers, because their life is maintained by the death of so many other fish, even those of their own kind; which has made him by some writers to be called the tyrant of the rivers, or the fresh-water wolf, by reason of his bold, greedy, devouring disposition; which is so keen, as Gesner relates, A man going to a pond, where it seems a Pike had devoured all the fish, to water his mule, had a Pike bit his mule by the lips; to which the Pike hung so fast, that the mule drew him out of the water; and by that accident, the owner of the mule angled out the Pike. And the same Gesner observes, that a maid in Poland had a Pike bit her by the foot, as she was washing clothes in a pond. And I have heard the like of a woman in Killingworth pond, not far from Coventry. But I have been assured by my friend Mr. Segrave, of whom I spake to you formerly, that keeps tame Otters, that he hath known a Pike, in extreme hunger, fight with one of his Otters for a Carp that the Otter had caught, and was

NOTE *continued.*]
favourite writer, Hakewill, who in his "Apologie of the power and providence of God," fol. *Oxf.* 1635. P. I. p. 145, says, "I will close up this Chapter with a relation of Gesner's, in his Epistle to the Emperor Ferdinand, prefixed before his booke *De Piscibus*, touching the long life of a Pike which was cast into a pond or poole neare Hailebrune in Swevia, with this inscription ingraven upon a collar of brasse fastened about his necke. *Ego sum ille piscis huic stagno omnium primus impositus per mundi rectoris Frederici Secundi manus*, 5 Octobris, anno 1230. I am that fish which was first of all cast into this poole by the hand of Fredericke the Second, governour of the world, the fift of October, in the yeare 1230. He was againe taken up in the yeare 1497, and by the inscription it appeared he had then lived there 267 yeares." E.

then bringing out of the water. I have told you who relate these things; and tell you they are persons of credit; and shall conclude this observation, by telling you, what a wise man has observed, "It is a hard thing to persuade the belly, because it has no ears."[8]

But if these relations be disbelieved, it is too evident

NOTE.] [8] Bowlker, in his *Art of Angling* before cited, page 9, gives the following instance of the exceeding voracity of this fish: "My father catched a Pike in Barn-Meer (a large standing-water in Cheshire), was an ell long, and weighed thirty-five pounds, which he brought to the lord Cholmondeley; his lordship ordered it to be turned into a canal in the garden, wherein were abundance of several sorts of fish. About twelve months after, his lordship draw'd the canal, and found that this overgrown Pike had devoured all the fish, except one large Carp, that weighed between nine and ten pounds, and that was bitten in several places. The Pike was then put into the canal again, together with abundance of fish with him to feed upon, all which he devoured in less than a year's time; and was observed by the gardener and workmen there, to take the ducks, and other water-fowl, under water. Whereupon they shot magpies and crows, and threw them into the canal, which the Pike took before their eyes: of this they acquainted their lord; who, thereupon, ordered the slaughterman to fling in calves-bellies, chickens-guts, and such like garbage to him, to prey upon: but being soon after neglected, he died, as supposed, for want of food."

The following relation was inserted as an article of news in one of the London Papers, 2d Jan. 1765.

Extract of a Letter from Littleport, Dec. 17.

"About ten days ago, a large Pike was caught in the river Ouse, which weighed upwards of 28 pounds, and was sold to a gentleman in the neighbourhood for a guinea. As the cook-maid was gutting the fish, she found, to her great astonishment, a watch with a black ribbon and two steel seals annexed, in the body of the Pike; the gentleman's butler, upon opening the watch, found the maker's name, Thomas Cranefield, Burnham, Norfolk. Upon a strict enquiry, it appears, that the said watch was sold to a gentleman's servant, who was unfortunately drowned about six weeks ago, in his way to Cambridge, between this place and South-Ferry. The watch is still in the possession of Mr. John Roberts, at the Cross-Keys in Littleport, for the inspection of the public."

In Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, 246, are sundry relations of Pike of great magnitude; one in particular, caught in the Thame, an ell and two inches long.

to be doubted, that a Pike will devour a fish of his own kind that shall be bigger than his belly or throat will receive, and swallow a part of him, and let the other part remain in his mouth till the swallowed part be digested, and then swallow that other part that was in his mouth, and so put it over by degrees; which is not unlike the Ox, and some other beasts taking their meat, not out of their mouth immediately into their belly, but first into some place betwixt, and then chew it, or digest it by degrees after, which is called chewing the cud. And, doubtless, Pikes will bite when they are not hungry; but, as some think, even for very anger, when a tempting bait comes near to them.

And it is observed, that the Pike will eat venomous things, as some kind of frogs are, and yet live without being harmed by them; for, as some say, he has in him a natural balsam, or antidote against all poison. And he has a strange heat, that though it appear to us to be cold, can yet digest or put over any fish-flesh, by degrees, without being sick. And others observe, that he never eats the venomous frog till he have first killed her, and then as ducks are observed to do to frogs in spawning time, at which time some frogs are observed to be venomous, so thoroughly washed her, by tumbling her up and down in the water, that he may devour her without danger. And Gesner affirms, that a Polonian gentleman did faithfully assure him, he had seen two young geese at one time in the belly of a Pike.[i] And doubtless a Pike in his height of hunger will bite at and devour a dog that swims in a pond; and there have been examples of it, or the like; for as I told you, "The belly has no ears when hunger comes upon it."

The Pike is also observed to be a solitary, melancholy,

VARIATION.] [i] Here, in the *first* edition, follows this passage: "And he observes that in Spain there are no Pikes, and that the biggest are in the Lake Thracimane in Italy, and the next, if not equal to them, are the Pikes of England."

and a bold fish: melancholy, because he always swims or rests himself alone, and never swims in shoals or with company, as Roach and Dace, and most other fish do: and bold, because he fears not a shadow, or to see or be seen of any body, as the Trout and Chub, and all other fish do.

And it is observed by Gesner, that the jaw-bones, and hearts, and galls of Pikes, are very medicinable for several diseases, or to stop blood, to abate fevers, to cure agues, to oppose or expel the infection of the plague, and to be many ways medicinable and useful for the good of mankind: but he observes, that the biting of a Pike is venomous, and hard to be cured.

And it is observed, that the Pike is a fish that breeds but once a year; and that other fish, as namely Loaches, do breed oftener: as we are certain tame Pigeons do almost every month; and yet the Hawk, a bird of prey, as the Pike is a fish, breeds but once in twelve months. And you are to note, that his time of breeding, or spawning, is usually about the end of February, or, somewhat later, in March, as the weather proves colder or warmer: and to note, that his manner of breeding is thus: a he and a she-Pike will usually go together out of a river into some ditch or creek; and that there the spawner casts her eggs, and the melter hovers over her all that time that she is casting her spawn, but touches her not.[9]

NOTE.] [9] Very late discoveries of naturalists contradict this hypothesis concerning the generation of fishes, and prove that they are produced by the conjunction of the male and female, as other animals are. See the *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. xlviii. part ii. for the year 1754, page 870. H.

"The ingendring and breeding of the like fish as aforesaid, I have noted to be in this manner, sometime in May, and sometime in June, as the season happeneth to fall out apt for generation, the water by God's providence having then a natural warmth to performe the same, the male fish by course of nature, will chase about the female, seeking copulation: and as in all other creatures, so in this the female seemeth to shun and flie from the male, so that you shall see three, foure, or five male fish chase one female, and so hold her in on every side, that

I might say more of this, but it might be thought curiosity or worse, and shall therefore forbear it; and take up so much of your attention as to tell you, that the best of Pikes are noted to be in rivers; next, those in great ponds or meres; and the worst, in small ponds.

But before I proceed further, I am to tell you, that there is a great antipathy betwixt the Pike and some frogs: and this may appear to the reader of Dubravius, a bishop in Bohemia,[1] who, in his book 'Of Fish and

NOTE *continued.*]
they will force her to swimme through weedes, grasse, rushes, straw, or any such like thing that is in the pond, wherein she being entangled and wearied with their chasing, they find opportunitie to joyne in copulation with her, mingling their milt with her spawne, sometime one of them, sometime another, at which time the spawne falleth from her like little egges, and sticketh fast to the sayd weedes: some eight, nine, or ten dayes after which time it quickneth, taketh life, and hath the proportion of a fish: yea two or three days before it quicken, if you take such an egge and breake it uppon your naile, you shall perceive the proportion of a fish therein. After it is quicke it mooveth very little for some fortnight or three weeks, and then it gathereth together into sculles by the shore side, where the water is shallow: howbeit the Tench frie will lie scattering in the weedes, and not flote in sculles."—Taverner, *Certaine Experiments concerning Fish*, 1600, 4to. p. 18.

1 Janus Dubravius Scala, bishop of Olmutz in Moravia, in the sixteenth century, was born at Pilsen in Bohemia. The duties of the Bishoprick did not hinder him from being an Ambassador into Sicily, then into Bohemia, and President of the chamber established to proceed against the rebels who had borne a part in the troubles of Smalcald. Besides the above book, (the Latin title whereof is, *De Piscinis, & Piscium qui in eis aluntur naturis*,) he appears, by the Bodleian Catalogue, to have written, in Latin, a *History of Bohemia*; and an oration to Sigismund king of Poland, exhorting him to make war on the Turks. He seems to have practised the ordering of fish-ponds and the breeding of fish, both for delight and profit. Hoffman, who in his *Lexicon* has given his name a place, says, he died with the reputation of a pious and learned prelate, in 1553; which last particular may admit of question, for, if it be true, it makes all his writings posthumous Publications, the earliest whereof bears date anno 1559.

His book *On Fish and Fishponds*, in which are many pleasant relations, was, in 1599, translated into English, and published in 4to. by George Churchey, Fellow of Lion's Inn, with the title of *A new Book of good Husbandry, very pleasant and of great profit, both for gentlemen and yeomen, containing the order and manner of making of fish-ponds, &c.* H.

Fish-ponds,' relates what he says he saw with his own eyes, and could not forbear to tell the reader. Which was :

" As he and the bishop Thurzo were walking by a large pond in Bohemia, they saw a frog, when the Pike lay very sleepily and quiet by the shore side, leap upon his head ; and the frog having expressed malice or anger by his swoln cheeks and staring eyes, did stretch out his legs and embrace the Pike's head, and presently reached them to his eyes, tearing with them and his teeth, those tender parts : the Pike, moved with anguish, moves up and down the water, and rubs himself against weeds, and whatever he thought might quit him of his enemy ; but all in vain, for the frog did continue to ride triumphantly, and to bite and torment the Pike till his strength failed ; and then the frog sunk with the Pike to the bottom of the water : then presently the frog appeared again at the top, and croaked, and seemed to rejoice like a conqueror, after which he presently retired to his secret hole. The bishop, that had beheld the battle, called his fisherman to fetch his nets, and by all means to get the Pike that they might declare what had happened : and the Pike was drawn forth, and both his eyes eaten out ; at which when they began to wonder, the fisherman wished them to forbear, and assured them he was certain that Pikes were often so served."[2]

NOTE.] [2] Mr. Pennant, in his Zoology, 4to. Lond. 1776, vol. iv. p. 10. has the following remark on this passage of the Complete Angler :

" As frogs adhere closely to the backs of their own species, so we know they will do the same by fish : Walton mentions a strange story of their destroying pike ; but that they will injure, if not entirely kill carp, is a fact indisputable from the following relation : A very few years ago, on fishing a pond belonging to Mr. Pitt, of Encomb, Dorsetshire, great numbers of the carp were found each with a frog mounted on it, the hind legs clinging to the back, the fore legs fixed in the corner of each eye of the fish, which were thin and greatly wasted, teazed by carrying so disagreeable a load. These frogs we imagine to have been males disappointed of a mate." E.

" In the moneth of March, at what time Todes doe ingender, the

I told this, which is to be read in the sixth chapter of the [3]book of Dubravius, unto a friend, who replied, "It was as improbable as to have the mouse scratch out the cat's eyes." But he did not consider, that there be Fishing-frogs, which the Dalmatians call the Water-devil, of which I might tell you as wonderful a story: but I shall tell you that 'tis not to be doubted but that there be some frogs so fearful of the water-snake, that when they swim in a place in which they fear to meet with him, they then get a reed across into their mouths; which, if they two meet by accident, secures the frog from the strength and malice of the snake; and note, that the frog usually swims the fastest of the two.[k]

And let me tell you, that as there be water and land-frogs, so there be land and water-snakes. Concerning which take this observation, that the land-snake breeds and hatches her eggs, which become young snakes, in some old dunghill, or a like hot place: but the water-snake, which is not venemous, and as I have been assured by a great observer of such secrets, does not hatch, but breed her young alive, which she does not then forsake, but bides with them, and in case of danger will take them all into her mouth and swim away from any apprehended danger, and then let them out again when she thinks all danger to be past: these be accidents that we Anglers sometimes see, and often talk of.

VARIATION.] [k] which secures him if they two meet by accident, for you are to note, that the frog swims the faster.—*2nd Edit.*

NOTE *continued.*]
Tode will many times covet to fasten himselfe uppon the head of the Carpe, and will thereby invenime the Carpe, in such sort that the Carpe will swell as great as he may hold, so that his scales will stand as it were on edge, and his eyes stand out of his head neare halfe an inch, in very ugly sort: and in the end will for the most part die thereof: and it is very dangerous for any person to eate of any such Carpe so invenimed."—Taverner's *Experiments on Fish*, &c. 4to. 1600. p. 23.

[3] Walton should have said of the *first* book; for there it is to be found. H.

But whither am I going? I had almost lost myself, by remembering the discourse of Dubravius. I will therefore stop here; and tell you, according to my promise, how to catch this Pike.

His feeding is usually of fish or frogs; and sometimes a weed of his own, called pickerel-weed, of which I told you some think Pikes are bred; for they have observed, that where none have been put into ponds, yet they have there found many; and that there has been plenty of that weed in those ponds, and that that weed both breeds and feeds them: but whether those Pikes, so bred, will ever breed by generation as the others do, I shall leave to the disquisitions of men of more curiosity and leisure than

I profess myself to have: and shall proceed to tell you, that you may fish for a Pike, either with a ledger or a walking-bait; and you are to note, that I call that a Ledger-bait, which is fixed or made to rest in one certain place when you shall be absent from it; and I call that a Walking-bait, which you take with you, and have ever in motion. Concerning which two, I shall give you this direction; that your ledger-bait is best to be a living bait, (though a dead one may catch,) whether it be a fish or a frog: and that you may make them live the longer, you may, or indeed you must, take this course:

First, for your LIVE-BAIT. Of fish, a roach or dace is, I think, best and most tempting; and a pearch is the longest lived on a hook, and having cut off his fin on his back, which may be done without hurting him, you must take your knife, which cannot be too sharp, and betwixt the head and the fin on the back, cut or make an incision, or such a scar, as you may put the arming-wire of your hook into it, with as little bruising or hurting the fish as art and diligence will enable you to do; and so carrying your arming-wire along his back, unto or near the tail of your fish, betwixt the skin and the body of it, draw out that wire or arming of your hook at another scar near to his tail: then tie him about it with thread, but no harder than of necessity, to prevent hurting the fish; and the better to avoid hurting the fish, some have a kind of probe to open the way for the more easy entrance and passage of your wire or arming: but as for these, time and a little experience will teach you better than I can by words. Therefore I will for the present say no more of this; but come next to give you some directions how to bait your hook with a frog.

VENATOR. But, good master, did you not say even now, that some frogs were venemous; and is it not dangerous to touch them?

PISCATOR. Yes, but I will give you some rules or cau-

tions concerning them. And first you are to note, that there are two kinds of frogs, that is to say, if I may so express myself, a flesh and a fish-frog. By flesh-frogs, I mean frogs that breed and live on the land; and of these there be several sorts also, and of several colours, some being speckled, some greenish, some blackish, or brown: the green frog, which is a small one, is, by Topsel, taken to be venemous; and so is the paddock, or frog-paddock, which usually keeps or breeds on the land, and is very large and bony, and big, especially the she-frog of that kind: yet these will sometimes come into the water, but it is not often: and the land-frogs are some of them observed by him, to breed by laying eggs; and others to breed of the slime and dust of the earth, and that in winter they turn to slime again, and that the next summer that very slime returns to be a living creature; this is the opinion of Pliny. And [4]Cardanus[5] undertakes to give a reason for the raining of frogs:[6] but if it were in my power, it should rain none but water-frogs; for those I think are not venemous, especially the right water-frog, which, about February or March, breeds in ditches, by slime, and blackish eggs in that slime: about which time of breeding, the he and she-frogs are observed to use divers summersaults, and to croak and make a noise, which the land-frog, or paddock-frog, never does.

NOTE.] [4] In his 19th Book, *De Subtil. ex.*

[5] Hieronymus Cardanus, an Italian physician, naturalist, and astrologer, well known by the many works he has published: he died at Rome, 1576. It is said that he had foretold the day of his death; and that, when it approached, he suffered himself to die of hunger, to preserve his reputation. He had been in England, and wrote a character of our Edward VI. H.

[6] There are many well attested accounts of the raining of frogs; but Mr. Ray rejects them as utterly false and ridiculous; and demonstrates the impossibility of their production in any such manner. *Wisdom of God in the Creation*, 310. See also Derham's *Phys. Theol.* 244. and Pennant's *Zoology*, 4to. Lond. 1776. vol. iv. p. 10. H.

Now of these water-frogs, if you intend to fish with a frog for a Pike, you are to choose the yellowest that you can get, for that the Pike ever likes best. And thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive:

Put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August; and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained, none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how: I say, put your hook, I mean the arming-wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills; and then with a fine needle and silk sow the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming-wire of your hook; or tie the frog's leg, above the upper joint, to the armed-wire; and, in so doing, use him as though you loved him, that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer.

And now, having given you this direction for the baiting your ledger-hook with a live fish or frog, my next must be to tell you, how your hook thus baited must or may be used; and it is thus: having fastened your hook to a line, which if it be not fourteen yards long should not be less than twelve, you are to fasten that line to any bough near to a hole where a Pike is, or is likely to lie, or to have a haunt; and then wind your line on any forked stick, all your line, except half a yard of it or rather more; and split that forked stick, with such a nick or notch at one end of it as may keep the line from any more of it ravelling from about the stick than so much of it as you intend. And choose your forked stick to be of that bigness as may keep the fish or frog from pulling the forked stick under the water till the Pike bites; and then the Pike having pulled the line forth-of the cleft or nick of that stick in which it was gently fastened, he will have line enough to go to his hold and pouch the bait. And if you would have this ledger-bait to keep at a fixt place undisturbed by wind or other accidents which may drive

it to the shore-side, for you are to note, that it is likeliest to catch a Pike in the midst of the water, then hang a small plummet of lead, a stone, or piece of tile, or a turf, in a string, and cast it into the water with the forked stick to hang upon the ground, to be a kind of anchor to keep the forked stick from moving out of your intended place till the Pike come: this I take to be a very good way to use so many ledger-baits as you intend to make trial of.

Or if you bait your hooks thus with live fish or frogs, and in a windy day, fasten them thus to a bough or bundle of straw, and by the help of that wind can get them to move across a pond or mere, you are like to stand still on the shore and see sport presently, if there be any store of Pikes. Or these live baits may make sport, being tied about the body or wings of a goose or duck, and she chased over a pond.[7] And the like may be done with turning three or four live baits, thus fastened to bladders, or boughs, or bottles of hay or flags, to swim down a river, whilst you walk quietly alone on the shore, and are still in expectation of sport. The rest must be taught you by practice; for time will not allow me to say more of this kind of fishing with live baits.

And for your DEAD BAIT for a Pike: for that you may be taught by one day's going a fishing with me, or any other body that fishes for him; for the baiting your hook

NOTE.] [7] A rod twelve feet long, and a ring of wire,
A winder and barrel, will help thy desire
In killing a Pike: but the forked stick,
With a slit and a bladder, and that other fine trick,
Which our artists call snap, with a goose or a duck,
Will kill two for one, if you have any luck:
The gentry of Shropshire do merrily smile,
To see a goose and a belt the fish to beguile.
When a Pike suns himself, and a frogging doth go,
The two-inched hook is better, I know,
Than the ord'nary snaring. But still I must cry,
'When the Pike is at home, mind the cookery.'
Barker's *Art of Angling*. H.

with a dead gudgeon or a roach, and moving it up and down the water, is too easy a thing to take up any time to direct you to do it. And yet, because I cut you short in that, I will commute for it by telling you that that was told me for a secret: it is this: Dissolve gum of ivy in oil of spike, and therewith anoint your dead bait for a Pike; and then cast it into a likely place; and when it has lain a short time at the bottom, draw it towards the top of the water, and so up the stream; and it is more than likely that you have a Pike follow with more than common eagerness. And some affirm, that any bait anointed with the marrow of the thigh-bone of a heron is a great temptation to any fish.[8]

These have not been tried by me, but told me by a friend of note, that pretended to do me a courtesy.[9] But if this direction to catch a Pike thus do you no good, yet

NOTE.] [8] This latter recipe does not occur in the *first* edition.

[9] The Pike loves a still, shady, unfrequented water, and usually lies amongst, or near weeds; such as flags, bulrushes, candocks, reeds, or in the green fog that sometimes covers standing waters, though he will sometimes shoot out into the clear stream. Their time of spawning is about the end of February or the beginning of March; and chief season, from the end of May to the beginning of February. Pikes are called *Jacks*, till they become twenty-four inches long. The baits for Pike, besides those mentioned by Walton, are a small trout; the gudgeon, loach, and millers-thumb; the head end of an eel with the skin taken off below the fins; a small jack; a lobworm; and in winter, the fat of bacon. And notwithstanding what Walton and others say against baiting with a perch, it is certain, that Pikes have been taken with a small perch with the back fins cut off, when neither a roach nor bleak would tempt them. Let your baits for Pike be as fresh as possible. Dead ones should be carried in fresh bran, which will dry up that moisture that otherwise would infect and rot them.

As this volume is to be considered a reprint of Walton's "Complete Angler," and not a new treatise on the art of fishing, it is deemed unnecessary to give directions for trolling, although a method of Pike fishing almost universally practised, and one of which Walton has said so little. He, however, who wishes for instructions, may consult the "Complete Troller," by Ro. Nobbes, 12mo. 1682; the "Angler's sure Guide" already alluded to; Howitt's "Angler's Manual," 1808; and particularly Daniels' "Field Sports," vol. ii. wherein will be found every thing necessary to be known on the subject.

I am certain this direction how to roast him when he is caught is choicely good; for I have tried it, and it is somewhat the better for not being common. But with my direction you must take this caution, that your Pike must not be a small one, that is, it must be more than half a yard, and should be bigger.

"First, open your Pike at the gills, and if need be, cut also a little slit towards the belly. Out of these, take his guts; and keep his liver, which you are to shred very small, with thyme, sweet marjoram, and a little winter-savoury; to these put some pickled oysters, and some anchovies, two or three; both these last whole, for the anchovies will melt, and the oysters should not; to these you must add also a pound of sweet butter, which you are to mix with the herbs that are shred, and let them all be well salted. If the Pike be more than a yard long, then you may put into these herbs more than a pound, or if he be less, then less butter will suffice: These, being thus mixt, with a blade or two of mace, must be put into the Pike's belly; and then his belly so sewed up as to keep all the butter in his belly if it be possible; if not, then as much of it as you possibly can. But take not off the scales. Then you are to thrust the spit through his mouth, out at his tail. And then take four or five or six split sticks, or very thin laths, and a convenient quantity of tape or filleting; these laths are to be tied round about the Pike's body, from his head to his tail, and the tape tied somewhat thick, to prevent his breaking or falling off from the spit. Let him be roasted very leisurely; and often basted with claret wine, and anchovies, and butter, mixt together; and also with what moisture falls from him into the pan. When you have roasted him sufficiently, you are to hold under him, when you unwind or cut the tape that ties him, such a dish as you purpose to eat him out of; and let him fall into it with the sauce that is roasted in his belly; and by this means the Pike

will be kept unbroken and complete. Then, to the sauce which was within, and also that sauce in the pan, you are to add a fit quantity of the best butter, and to squeeze the juice of three or four oranges. Lastly, you may either put it into the Pike, with the oysters, two cloves of garlick, and take it whole out, when the Pike is cut off the spit; or, to give the sauce a haut goût, let the dish into which you let the Pike fall be rubbed with it: The using or not using of this garlick is left to your discretion.[1]

M. B.

This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men; and I trust you will prove both, and therefore I have trusted you with this secret.

Let me next tell you, that Gesner tells us, there are no

Note.] [1] It may perhaps be deemed amusing to compare Walton's method of cooking the Pike, with that practised in the Royal kitchens in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as preserved in the Sloane MS. No. 1201. "For to make a pyke in galentyne. Take a pyke and quarter hym, and sethe hym in scharpe sawse, and than pille awey the skynne and ley hym in a fayre vessell of tre or of erthe, and than take whyte wyne and whyte vynegre, and take fayre breed and put thereto, and make it hoote over the fyre, and than drawe it thorough a streynor. Than caste thereto powdre of pepper and of galyngale of cloves, salt it fayre and gyffe it a lytell hete and stere it wele togedre and put it to thy fyssche, and whan thou wilte have of it, take uppe apece or two with the sawse, and cast powdre of gynger uppon it and serve it forth.

"A pyke boyled. Take and make a sawse of fayre water and salt and a lyttell ale and a percyle and then take a pyke and nape hym and drawe hym in the bely, and slytte hym thorow the bely, backe, and hede, and tayle with a knyfe in two peces, and smyte the sydes in quarteres, and wasshe hem clene, and yiffe thow wilt have hym rownde scoche hym by the hede in the backe, and drawe hym there, and scoche hym in two places or iij in the backe, but not thorough. And slytte the pouche and kepe the frye or the lyvre, and cutte awey the galle, and whan the sawse begynneth to boyle, skym it, and wasche the pyke, and cast hym thereinne, and cast the frye and the pouche thereto, and lete it boyle togedres. And then make the sawse thus: mynse small the pouche and the frye in a lytell gravey of the pyke, and cast thereto powdre of gynger, cavell, verjuice, and mustard, and salt."

Pikes in Spain, and that the largest are in the lake Thrasymene in Italy; and the next, if not equal to them, are the Pikes of England; and that in England, Lincolnshire boasteth to have the biggest.[2] Just so doth Sussex boast of four sorts of fish, namely, an Arundel Mullet, a Chichester Lobster, a Shelsey Cockle, and an Amerly Trout.

But I will take up no more of your time with this relation, but proceed to give you some Observations of the Carp, and how to angle for him; and to dress him, but not till he is caught.

NOTE.] [2] It has been a common notion that the Pike was not extant in England till the reign of Henry the Eighth; but it occurs very frequently in the "Forme of Cury," compiled about 1390. The old

Chap. IX. On the Carp.

PISCATOR. The Carp is the queen of rivers; a stately, a good, and a very subtil fish; that was not at first bred, nor hath been long in England, but is now naturalized. It is said, they were brought hither by one Mr. Mascal, a gentleman that then lived at Plumsted in Sussex, a county[3] that abounds more with this fish than any in this nation.

NOTE *continued.*]
name was Luce, or Lucy. An antient MS. formerly in the possession of John Topham, Esq. written about 1250, mentions '*Lupos aquaticos* sive *Luceos*' amongst the fish which the fishmongers were to have in their shops. Three Lucies were the arms of the *Lucy* family, as early as the reign of Henry the Third; and in a contemporary Roll of arms they are thus described "Geffrey de Lucy, de goules trois *lucies* d'or." In the 6th Rich. II. A°. 1382, the Mayor and Citizens of London prayed that no Fishmonger, nor any other person free of the City, might thenceforward buy any kind of fish to sell again in the city, excepting pikes and fresh eels, "forspris *pikes*, anguilles fresshes," &c. *Rot. Parl.* Vol. III. p. 142. [b] In the Roll of the same Parliament, the words "horspris anguilles fresshes, beketes ou *pikes*," occur. *Ibid.*

Compare Pennant's Zoology, vol. III. p. 280, 4to. Lelandi Collectanea, vol. vi. p. 1, 5, 6.

That the Pike was here in Edward the Third's time is evident from Chaucer's Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, edit. Tyrwh. p. 351, 352.

> "Full many a fair partrich hadde he in mewe,
> And many a Breme and many a *Luce* in stewe."

[3] For proof of this fact, we have the testimony of the Author of the *Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line*, 4to. Lond. 1600, who, though the initials only of his name are given in the title, appears to have been Leonard Mascal, the translator of a book of Planting and Graffing, 4to. 1589, 1592, and the Author of a book *On Cattel*, 4to. 1596. H. In the Book of St. Albans Carp are thus spoken of, which proves that they were known in England for more than a century before Mascal wrote: "The Carp is a deyntous fysshe: but there ben but fewe in Englonde, And therfore I wryte the lasse of hym. He is an evyll fysshe to take, for he is soo strong enarmyd in the mouthe, that there maye noo weke harnays holde hym. And as touchyng his baytes I have but lytyll knowlege of it, and we were loth to wryte more than I knowe and have provyd. But well I wote that the redd worme and the menow been good batys for hym at all tymes as I have herde saye of persones credyble and also founde wryten in bokes of credence."

You may remember that I told you Gesner says there are no Pikes in Spain; and doubtless there was a time, about a hundred or a few more years ago, when there were no Carps in England, as may seem to be affirmed by Sir Richard Baker, in whose Chronicle you may find these verses:

Hops and turkies, carps and beer,
Came into England all in a year.

And doubtless, as of sea-fish the Herring dies soonest out of the water, and of fresh-water fish the Trout, so, except the Eel, the Carp endures most hardness, and lives longest out of his own proper element; and, therefore, the report of the Carp's being brought out of a foreign country into this nation, is the more probable.[1]

Carps and Loaches are observed to breed several months in one year, which Pikes and most other fish do not; and this is partly proved by tame and wild rabbits; as also by some ducks, which will lay eggs nine of the twelve months; and yet there be other ducks that lay not longer than about one month. And it is the rather to be believed, because

VARIATION.] 1 Considerable variations exist in the observations on the Carp as printed in the first and second editions of the "Complete Angler." In the former, the commencement of the chapter runs thus:

Piscator. The Carp is a stately, a good, and a subtle fish, a fish that hath not, as it is said, been long in England, but said to be by one Mr. Mascall, a gentleman then living at Plumsted in Sussex, brought into this nation: and for the better confirmation of this, you are to remember I told you that Gesner says there is not a pike in Spain, and that except the eel, which lives longest out of the water, there is none that will endure more hardness or live longer than a carp will out of it, and so the report of his being brought out of a foreign nation into this is the more probable.

NOTE *continued.*]
This writer is, however, decidedly wrong as to the "batys" which "been good for hym at all tymes." The "menow" he will not touch unless compelled by hunger, nor is the "redd worme" by any means so tempting bait as some others. In the *Privy Purse Expenses of King Henry the Eighth*, in 1532, various entries are made of rewards to persons for bringing *Carpes* to the King, *pp.* 62, 74, 100, 267.

you shall scarce or never take a male Carp without a melt, or a female without a roe or spawn, and for the most part very much, and especially all the summer season; and it is observed, that they breed more naturally in ponds than in running waters, if they breed there at all; and that those that live in rivers are taken by men of the best palates to be much the better meat.

And it is observed that in some ponds Carps will not breed, especially in cold ponds; but where they will breed, they breed innumerably: Aristotle and Pliny say, six times in a year, if there be no Pikes nor Perch to devour their spawn, when it is cast upon grass or flags, or weeds, where it lies ten or twelve days before it be enlivened.

The Carp, if he have water-room and good feed,[4] will grow to a very great bigness and length; I have heard, to be much above a yard long.[5] It is said by Jovius,[6] who hath writ of fishes, that in the lake Lurian in Italy, Carps have thriven to be more than fifty pounds weight: which is the more probable, for as the bear is conceived and born suddenly, and being born is but short lived; so, on the contrary, the elephant is said to be two years in his dam's belly, some think he is ten years in it, and being born,

Note.] [4] The following receipt for making a Carp fat in gravelly water is taken from Lord Burleigh's Papers, Lansd. MS. No. 101. art. 9. "The carpe (which coveteth to lye in the mudde and will fat soonest in muddy or claye waters) so where the waters be gravillie would be placed in the smallest pondes and stewes and made fatt with chippins or graynes, or with the bloude of any slaughter beaste, or newe horse donnge hanged in basketts, or with a mixture of the said dunge and clay wroughte together in fashion of a longe salte stone with dyverse holes in the same, laied in the water for them to sucke on."

[5] The widow of the late David Garrick once told me, that in her native country, Italy, she had seen the head of a Carp served up at table, big enough to fill a large dish. H.

[6] *Paulus Jovius*, an Italian historian of very doubtful authority: he lived in the 16th century; and wrote a small tract *De Romanis Piscibus*. He died at Florence, 1552. H.

grows in bigness twenty years; and it is observed too, that he lives to the age of a hundred years. And 'tis also observed, that the crocodile is very long-lived; and more than that, that all that long life he thrives in bigness; and so I think some Carps do, especially in some places, though I never saw one above twenty-three inches, which was a great and goodly fish; but have been assured there are of a far greater size, and in England too.[7]

Now, as the increase of Carps is wonderful for their number, so there is not a reason found out, I think, by any, why they should breed in some ponds, and not in others, of the same nature for soil and all other circumstances. And as their breeding, so are their decays also very mysterious: I have both read it, and been told by a gentleman of tried honesty, that he has known sixty or more large Carps put into several ponds near to a house, where, by reason of the stakes in the ponds, and the owner's constant being near to them, it was impossible they should be stole away from him; and that when he has, after three or four years, emptied the pond, and expected an increase from them by breeding young ones, for that they might do so he had, as the rule is, put in three melters for one spawner, he has, I say, after three or four years, found neither a young nor old Carp remaining. And the like I have known of one that had almost watched the pond, and, at a like distance of time, at the fishing of a pond, found, of seventy or eighty large Carps, not above five or six: and that he had forborn longer to fish the said pond, but that

NOTE.] [7] The author of the *Angler's Sure Guide* says, that he has taken Carp above twenty-six inches long in rivers; and adds, that they are often seen in England above thirty inches long. The usual length is from about twelve to fifteen or sixteen inches. H.

The largest Carp mentioned by Pennant did not exceed twenty pounds. In the park of Mr. Ladbroke of Gatton, a brace were taken which weighed thirty-five pounds. In a piece of water at Stourhead, a Carp was caught in 1793, which was thirty inches long, upwards of twenty-two broad, and eighteen pounds in weight.

he saw, in a hot day in summer, a large Carp swim near the top of the water with a frog upon his head; and that he, upon that occasion, caused his pond to be let dry: and I say, of seventy or eighty Carps, only found five or six in the said pond, and those very sick and lean, and with every one a frog sticking so fast on the head of the said Carps, that the frog would not be got off without extreme force or killing. And the gentleman that did affirm this to me, told me he saw it; and did declare his belief to be, and I also believe the same, that he thought the other Carps, that were so strangely lost, were so killed by the frogs, and then devoured.

And a person of honour, now living in Worcestershire,[8] assured me he had seen a necklace, or collar of tadpoles, hang like a chain or necklace of beads about a Pike's neck, and to kill him: Whether it were for meat or malice, must be, to me, a question.

But I am fallen into this discourse by accident; of which I might say more, but it has proved longer than I intended, and possibly may not to you be considerable: I shall therefore give you three or four more short observations of the Carp, and then fall upon some directions how you shall fish for him.

The age of Carps is by Sir Francis Bacon, in his History of Life and Death, observed to be but ten years; yet others think they live longer. Gesner says, a Carp has been known to live in the Palatine above a hundred

NOTE.] [8] "Mr. Fr. Ru." This passage occurs for the first time in the *fifth* edition. The only person mentioned in the last *Herald's Visitation* of Worcestershire, whose names agree with that reference, is Francis Rufford, of Sapy in that county, esquire, who died about the year 1678, aged eighty-two, leaving by Margaret, daughter of —— Brydges of Upleaden, in the county of Hereford; 1. Francis his son and heir, æt. 37, in 1683, who was then married and had three children; 2. Tamarlane of the city of London, who was also married and had issue; 3. Benjamin, who died unmarried in 1680; and a daughter Ann, the wife of John Yananton of Redstone, in the county of Worcester. MS. in the College of Arms, marked K. 4. f. 154.

years.[9m] But most conclude, that, contrary to the Pike or Luce, all Carps are the better for age and bigness. The tongues of Carps are noted to be choice and costly meat, especially to them that buy them: but Gesner says, Carps have no tongue like other fish, but a piece of fleshlike fish in their mouth like to a tongue, and should be called a palate: but it is certain it is choicely good, and that the Carp is to be reckoned amongst those leather-mouthed fish which, I told you, have their teeth in their throat; and for that reason he is very seldom lost by breaking his hold, if your hook be once stuck into his chaps.

I told you that Sir Francis Bacon thinks that the Carp lives but ten years: but Janus Dubravius[n] has writ a book 'Of fish and fish-ponds,'[1] in which he says, that Carps begin to spawn at the age of three years, and continue to do so till thirty: he says also, that in the time of their breeding, which is in summer, when the sun hath warmed both the earth and water, and so apted them also for generation, that then three or four male Carps will

VARIATION.] [m] This passage from Gesner does not occur in the *first* edition: and the following sentence is added in the *second*, "and it is believed of carps as it is written of crocodiles, that they also thrive in bigness all their lives."

[n] In the *first* edition is added, "a German as I think."

NOTE.] [9] Lately, *viz.* in one of the daily papers for the month of August, 1782, an article appeared, purporting, that in the bason at Emanuel College, Cambridge, a Carp was then living that had been in the water thirty-six years; which, though it had lost one eye, knew, and would constantly approach, its feeder, who was Dr. Farmer, Master of the College.

At the seat of the Prince of Condé at Chantilly, are, or rather were, immense shoals of very large Carp, "silvered o'er with age," like silver fish, and perfectly tame, so that when any passengers approached their watry habitation, they used to come to the shore in such numbers as to heave each other out of the water, begging for bread, of which a quantity was always kept at hand on purpose to feed them. They would even allow themselves to be handled. Sir J. E. Smith's *Tour on the Continent*, vol. i. 95. ed. 1807. In the preface to the second edition, it is said the tame Carp at Chantilly were destroyed very early in the revolution, p. xxx.

[1] *Vide antea*, p. 194, &c.

follow a female; and that then, she putting on a seeming coyness, they force her through weeds and flags, where she lets fall her eggs or spawn, which sticks fast to the weeds; and then they let fall their melt upon it, and so it becomes in a short time to be a living fish: and, as I told you, it is thought that the Carp does this several months in the year;[2] and most believe, that most fish breed after this manner, except the Eel. And it has been observed, that when the spawner has weakened herself by doing that natural office, that two or three melters have helped her from off the weeds, by bearing her up on both sides, and guarding her into the deep.[3] And you may note, that though this may seem a curiosity not worth observing, yet others have judged it worth their time and costs to make glass hives, and order them in such a manner as to see how bees have bred and made their honeycombs, and how they have obeyed their king, and governed their commonwealth. But it is thought that all Carps are not bred by generation; but that some breed other ways, as some Pikes do.

The physicians make the galls and stones in the heads of Carps to be very medicinable. But it is not to be doubted but that in Italy they make great profit of the spawn of Carps, by selling it to the Jews, who make it into red caviare; the Jews not being by their law ad-

NOTE.] [2] An anonymous writer giving instructions to Lord Burleigh for the regulations of his fishponds, &c. says: "Because the carpe will eate his owne spawne, youe must before Marche lay iij or iiij faggotts of osiers or willowe bowes in the ponde wher your spawners be (which would not be above ij or iij in a ponde and iij or v melters withall) and so bynd the said faggotts small in the middle, and laye the toppes verye brode and bushy at eche end, and the spawner will sleke her bellie and spawne theron, and the younge frye afterwardes will shoote in thither as into a sanctuary from daunger of devouringe.

"The carpe will not fatt where store of tenches be, ne get brede where store of roches be, nor the tenche ever fatt where the carpe ys, because he will sucke the tenche without measure." Lansdowne MS. No. 101. art. 9.

[3] This account of the Carp is taken from Taverner's Experiments on Fish, 4to. 1600. Vide p. 193, note.

mitted to eat of caviare made of the Sturgeon, that being a fish that wants scales, and, as may appear in Leviticus xi. by them reputed to be unclean.

Much more might be said out of him, and out of Aristotle, which Dubravius often quotes in his 'Discourse of Fishes:' but it might rather perplex than satisfy you; and therefore I shall rather choose to direct you how to catch, than spend more time in discoursing either of the nature or the breeding of this Carp,

or of any more circumstances concerning him. But yet I shall remember you of what I told you before, that he is a very subtil fish, and hard to be caught.

And my first direction is, that if you will fish for a Carp, you must put on a very large measure of patience, especially to fish for a river Carp: I have known a very good fisher angle diligently four or six hours in a day, for three or four days together, for a river Carp, and not have

a bite. And you are to note, that, in some ponds, it is as hard to catch a Carp as in a river; that is to say, where they have store of feed, and the water is of a clayish colour. But you are to remember that I have told you there is no rule without an exception; and therefore being possest with that hope and patience which I wish to all fishers, especially to the Carp-angler, I shall tell you with what bait to fish for him. But first you are to know, that it must be either early, or late; and let me tell you, that in hot weather, for he will seldom bite in cold, you cannot be too early, or too late at it. And some have been so curious as to say, the tenth of April is a fatal day for Carps.

The Carp bites either at worms, or at paste: and of worms I think the bluish marsh or meadow worm is best; but possibly another worm, not too big, may do as well, and so may a green gentle: and as for pastes, there are almost as many sorts as there are medicines for the tooth-ache; but doubtless sweet pastes are best; I mean, pastes made with honey or with sugar: which, that you may the better beguile this crafty fish, should be thrown into the pond or place in which you fish for him, some hours, or longer, before you undertake your trial of skill with the angle-rod; and doubtless, if it be thrown into the water a day or two before, at several times, and in small pellets, you are the likelier, when you fish for the Carp, to obtain your desired sport. Or, in a large pond, to draw them to any certain place, that they may the better and with more hope be fished for, you are to throw into it, in some certain place, either grains, or blood mixt with cow-dung or with bran; or any garbage, as chicken's guts or the like; and then, some of your small sweet pellets with which you purpose to angle: and these small pellets being a few of them also thrown in as you are angling, will be the better.

And your paste must be thus made: take the flesh of a rabbit, or cat, cut small; and bean-flour; and if that

may not be easily got, get other flour; and then, mix these together, and put to them either sugar, or honey, which I think better: and then beat these together in a mortar, or sometimes work them in your hands, your hands being very clean; and then make it into a ball, or two, or three, as you like best, for your use: but you must work or pound it so long in the mortar, as to make it so tough as to hang upon your hook without washing from it, yet not too hard: or, that you may the better keep it on your hook, you may knead with your paste a little, and not much, white or yellowish wool.

And if you would have this paste keep all the year, for any other fish, then mix with it virgin-wax and clarified honey, and work them together with your hands, before the fire; then make these into balls, and they will keep all the year.

And if you fish for a Carp with gentles, then put upon your hook a small piece of scarlet about this bigness □, it being soaked in or anointed with oil of petre, called by some, oil of the rock: and if your gentles be put, two or three days before, into a box or horn anointed with honey, and so put upon your hook as to preserve them to be living, you are as like to kill this crafty fish this way as any other: but still, as you are fishing, chew a little white or brown bread in your mouth, and cast it into the pond about the place where your float swims. Other baits there be; but these, with diligence and patient watchfulness, will do better than any that I have ever practised or heard of. And yet I shall tell you, that the crumbs of white bread and honey made into a paste is a good bait for a Carp; and you know, it is more easily made.[4] And having said thus much of the Carp,[5] my next discourse

NOTE.] [4] And see a bait that serves likewise for the Bream, in the next chapter. H.

[5] The haunts of the river Carp are, in the winter months, the broadest and most quiet parts of the river; but in summer, they lie in deep holes, nooks, and reaches, near some scour, and under roots of

shall be of the Bream, which shall not prove so tedious; and therefore I desire the continuance of your attention.

But, first, I will tell you how to make this Carp, that is so curious to be caught, so curious a dish of meat as shall make him worth all your labour and patience. And though it is not without some trouble and charges, yet it will recompense both.

Take a Carp, alive if possible; scour him, and rub him clean with water and salt, but scale him not: then open him; and put him, with his blood and his liver, which you must save when you open him, into a small pot or kettle: then take sweet marjoram, thyme, and parsley, of each half a handful; a sprig of rosemary, and another of savoury; bind them into two or three small bundles, and put them to your Carp, with four or five whole onions,

NOTE *continued.*]
trees, hollow banks, and, till they are near rotting, amongst or near great beds of weeds, flags, &c. Pond Carp cannot, with propriety, be said to have any haunts: only it is to be noted, that they love a fat rich soil, and never thrive in a cold hungry water. They breed three or four times a year: but their first spawning-time is the beginning of May. Baits for the Carp are, all sorts of earth and dunghill worms; flag-worms, grasshoppers, though not at top; ox brains; the pith of an ox's back-bone; green pease; and red or black cherries, with the stones taken out. Fish with strong tackle, very near the bottom, and with a fine grass or gut next the hook; and use a goose-quill float. Never attempt to angle for the Carp in a boat; for they will not come near it. It is said there are many Carp in the Thames, westward of London: and that, about February, they retire to the creeks in that river; in some of which, many above two feet long have been taken with an angle. *Angler's Sure Guide*, p. 179.

Carp live the longest out of the water of any fish. It is a common practice in Holland to keep them alive for three weeks or a month, by hanging them in a cool place, with wet moss in a net, and feeding them with bread steeped in milk; taking care to refresh the animal now and then by throwing fresh water over the net in which it is suspended. H.

In Carp fishing it must be a sine quâ non to keep out of sight of the fish, and to prevent the shadow from falling on the water. Perhaps the most certain mode of taking is to have a line wholly of gut: and in lieu of a float, a swan shot fixed at about two feet above the hook, and lodged, whilst fishing, upon a dock leaf, or any similar substance.

twenty pickled oysters, and three anchovies. Then pour upon your Carp as much claret wine as will only cover him; and season your claret well with salt, cloves, and mace, and the rinds of oranges and lemons. That done, cover your pot and set it on a quick fire till it be sufficiently boiled. Then take out the Carp; and lay it, with the broth, into the dish; and pour upon it a quarter of a pound of the best fresh butter, melted, and beaten with half a dozen spoonfuls of the broth, the yolks of two or three eggs, and some of the herbs shred: garnish your dish with lemons, and so serve it up. And much good do you! Dr. T.

Chap. X. On the Bream.

PISCATOR. The Bream, being at a full growth, is a large and stately fish. He will breed both in rivers and ponds:[6] but loves best, to live in ponds, and where, if he likes the water and air, he will grow not only to be very large, but as fat as a hog. He is by Gesner taken to be more pleasant, or sweet, than wholesome. This fish is long in growing; but breeds exceedingly in a water that pleases him; yea, in many ponds so fast, as to overstore them, and starve the other fish.°

He is very broad, with a forked tail, and his scales set

VARIATION.] ° The ensuing observations, in the text, on the Bream, and the method of fishing for him, were added in the *second* edition. In the *first*, the instructions on the subject are thus briefly given: "The baits good for to catch the Bream are many: as namely, young wasps and a paste made of brown bread and honey, or gentles, or especially a worm that is not much unlike a maggot which you will find at the roots of docks or of flags, or of rushes that grow in the water, or watery places, and a grasshopper having his legs nipt off, or a fly that is in June and July to be found amongst the green reed growing by the water-side, those are said to be excellent baits. I doubt not but there be many others that both the Bream and the Carp also would bite at: but these, time and experience will teach you how to find out. And so having according to my promise given you these short observations concerning the Bream, I shall also give you some observations concerning the Tench, and those also very briefly."

NOTE.] [6] The Bream is a native of many parts of Europe, inhabiting the larger kind of Lakes, still Rivers, &c. and is sometimes seen even in the Caspian Sea. See *Shaw's Zoology*, vol. v. part i. p. 196. E.

in excellent order; he hath large eyes, and a narrow sucking mouth; he hath two sets of teeth, and a lozenge-like bone, a bone to help his grinding. The melter is observed to have two large melts; and the female, two large bags of eggs or spawn.

Gesner reports, that in Poland a certain and a great number of large breams were put into a pond, which in the next following winter were frozen up into one entire ice, and not one drop of water remaining, nor one of these fish to be found, though they were diligently searched for; and yet the next spring, when the ice was thawed, and the weather warm, and fresh water got into the pond, he affirms they all appeared again. This Gesner affirms; and I quote my author, because it seems almost as incredible as the resurrection to an atheist: but it may win something, in point of believing it, to him that considers the breeding or renovation of the silk-worm, and of many insects. And that is considerable, which Sir Francis Bacon observes in his 'History of Life and Death,' fol. 20. that there be some herbs that die and spring every year, and some endure longer.

But though some do not, yet the French esteem this fish highly; and to that end have this proverb, "He that hath Breams in his pond, is able to bid his friend welcome;" and it is noted, that the best part of a Bream is his belly and head.[7]

Note.] [7] The Bream seems formerly to have been a favourite fish in England. Sir William Dugdale has preserved a curious instance of the great price, at least in the interior parts of the kingdom, which it bore as long ago as the 7th year of Henry V. when it was rated at 20*d*. And he informs us, in the 32d Hen. VI. 1454, "A Pye of four of them, in the expences of two men employed for three days in taking them, in baking them, in flour, in spices, and conveying it from Sutton in Warwickshire, to the Earl of Warwick, at Mydlam in the North Country, cost xvj^{s}. ij^{d}." *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, p. 668. E.

In the Pithy, Profitable, and Pleasant Workes of Maister Skelton, Poet Laureat to Henry VIII. the following occurs:

'In the middes a cundite, that curiously was cast
With pypes of golde, engushyng out streames
Of cristall, the clerenes these waters far past

Some say, that Breams and Roaches will mix their eggs and melt together; and so there is in many places a bastard breed of Breams, that never come to be either large or good, but very numerous.

The baits good to catch this Bream

are many. First, paste made of brown bread and honey; gentles; or the brood of wasps that be young, and then not unlike gentles, and should be hardened in an oven, or

NOTE *continued.*]

Enswimmyng with roches, barbils, and breames
Whose skales ensilured again the son beames
Englistred: that ioyous it was to beholde
Than farthermore about me my sight I reuolde.'

Crown of Laurell, p. 30. ed. 1736.

dried on a tile before the fire to make them tough. Or, there is, at the root of docks or flags or rushes, in watery places, a worm not unlike a maggot, at which Tench[8] will bite freely. Or he will bite at a grasshopper with his legs nipt off, in June and July; or at several flies, under water, which may be found on flags that grow near to the water-side. I doubt not but that there be many other baits that are good; but I will turn them all into this most excellent one, either for a Carp or Bream, in any river or mere: it was given to me by a most honest and excellent angler;[p] and hoping you will prove both, I will impart it to you.

1. Let your bait be as big a red worm as you can find, without a knot: get a pint or quart of them in an evening, in garden-walks, or chalky commons, after a shower of rain; and put them with clean moss well washed and picked, and the water squeezed out of the moss as dry as you can, into an earthen pot or pipkin set dry; and change the moss fresh every three or four days, for three weeks or a month together; then your bait will be at the best, for it will be clear and lively.

2. Having thus prepared your baits, get your tackling ready and fitted for this sport. Take three long angling-rods; and as many and more silk, or silk and hair, lines; and as many large swan or goose-quill floats. Then take a piece of lead made after this manner, and fasten them to the low ends of your lines: then fasten your link-hook also to the lead; and let there be about a foot or ten inches between the lead and the hook: but be sure the lead be heavy enough to sink the float or quill, a little under the water; and not the quill to bear up the lead, for the lead must lie on the ground. Note, that your link next the hook may be smaller than the rest of your line, if you dare adventure, for fear of taking

VARIATION.] [p] By a most excellent angler, as good.—*2nd Edit.*

NOTE.] [8] *Sic* in the *second*, *third*, *fourth*, and *fifth editions*; but it is evident from the context that Piscator is speaking of *Bream*.

the Pike or Perch, who will assuredly visit your hooks, till they be taken out, as I will shew you afterwards, before either Carp or Bream will come near to bite. Note also, that when the worm is well baited, it will crawl up and down as far as the lead will give leave, which much enticeth the fish to bite without suspicion.

3. Having thus prepared your baits, and fitted your tackling, repair to the river, where you have seen them swim in skulls or shoals, in the summer time, in a hot afternoon, about three or four of the clock; and watch their going forth of their deep holes, and returning, which you may well discern, for they return about four of the clock, most of them seeking food at the bottom, yet one or two will lie on the top of the water, rolling and tumbling themselves, whilst the rest are under him at the bottom; and so you shall perceive him to keep centinel: then mark where he plays most and stays longest, which commonly is in the broadest and deepest place of the river; and there, or near thereabouts, at a clear bottom and a convenient landing-place, take one of your angles ready fitted as aforesaid, and sound the bottom, which should be about eight or ten feet deep; two yards from the bank is best. Then consider with yourself, whether that water will rise or fall by the next morning, by reason of any water-mills near; and, according to your discretion, take the depth of the place, where you mean after to cast your ground-bait, and to fish, to half an inch; that the lead lying on or near the ground-bait, the top of the float may only appear upright half an inch above the water.

Thus you having found and fitted for the place and depth thereof, then go home and prepare your ground-bait, which is, next to the fruit of your labours, to be regarded.

The Ground-Bait.

You shall take a peck, or a peck and a half, according to the greatness of the stream and deepness of the water, where you mean to angle, of sweet gross-ground barley-

malt; and boil it in a kettle, one or two warms is enough: then strain it through a bag into a tub, the liquor whereof hath often done my horse much good; and when the bag and malt is near cold, take it down to the water-side, about eight or nine of the clock in the evening, and not before: cast in two parts of your ground-bait, squeezed hard between both your hands; it will sink presently to the bottom; and be sure it may rest in the very place where you mean to angle: if the stream run hard, or move a little, cast your malt in handfuls a little the higher, upwards the stream. You may, between your hands, close the malt so fast in handfuls, that the water will hardly part it with the fall.

Your ground thus baited, and tackling fitted, leave your bag, with the rest of your tackling and ground-bait, near the sporting-place all night; and in the morning, about three or four of the clock, visit the water-side, but not too near, for they have a cunning watchman, and are watchful themselves too.

Then, gently take one of your three rods, and bait your hook; casting it over your ground-bait, and gently and secretly draw it to you till the lead rests about the middle of the ground-bait.

Then take a second rod, and cast in about a yard above, and your third a yard below the first rod; and stay the rods in the ground: but go yourself so far from the water-side, that you perceive nothing but the top of the floats, which you must watch most diligently. Then when you have a bite, you shall perceive the top of your float to sink suddenly into the water: yet, nevertheless, be not too hasty to run to your rods, until you see that the line goes clear away; then creep to the water-side, and give as much line as possibly you can: if it be a good Carp or Bream, they will go to the farther side of the river: then strike gently, and hold your rod at a bent, a little while; but if you both pull together, you are sure to lose your game, for either your line, or hook, or hold, will

break: and after you have overcome them, they will make noble sport, and are very shy to be landed. The Carp is far stronger and more mettlesome than the Bream.

Much more is to be observed in this kind of fish and fishing, but it is far fitter for experience and discourse than paper. Only, thus much is necessary for you to know, and to be mindful and careful of, that if the Pike or Perch do breed in that river, they will be sure to bite first, and must first be taken. And for the most part they are very large; and will repair to your ground-bait, not that they will eat of it, but will feed and sport themselves among the young fry that gather about and hover over the bait.

The way to discern the Pike and to take him, if you mistrust your Bream hook, for I have taken a Pike a yard long several times at my Bream hooks, and sometimes he hath had the luck to share my line, may be thus:

Take a small Bleak, or Roach, or Gudgeon, and bait it; and set it, alive, among your rods, two feet deep from the cork, with a little red worm on the point of the hook: then take a few crumbs of white bread, or some of the ground-bait, and sprinkle it gently amongst your rods. If Mr. Pike be there, then the little fish will skip out of the water at his appearance, but the live-set bait is sure to be taken.

Thus continue your sport from four in the morning till eight, and if it be a gloomy windy day, they will bite all day long: but this is too long to stand to your rods, at one place; and it will spoil your evening sport that day, which is this.

About four of the clock in the afternoon repair to your baited place; and as soon as you come to the water-side, cast in one-half of the rest of your ground-bait, and stand off; then whilst the fish are gathering together, for there they will most certainly come for their supper, you may take a pipe of tobacco: and then, in with your three rods, as in the morning. You will find excellent sport that evening, till eight of the clock: then cast in the residue

of your ground-bait, and next morning, by four of the clock, visit them again for four hours, which is the best sport of all; and after that, let them rest till you and your friends have a mind to more sport.

From St. James's-tide until Bartholomew-tide is the best; when they have had all the summer's food, they are the fattest.

Observe, lastly, that after three or four days fishing together, your game will be very shy and wary, and you shall hardly get above a bite or two at a baiting: then your only way is to desist from your sport, about two or three days: and in the mean time, on the place you late baited, and again intend to bait, you shall take a turf of green but short grass, as big or bigger than a round trencher; to the top of this turf, on the green side, you shall, with a needle and green thread, fasten one by one, as many little red worms as will near cover all the turf: then take a round board or trencher, make a hole in the middle thereof, and through the turf placed on the board or trencher, with a string or cord as long as is fitting, tied to a pole, let it down to the bottom of the water, for the fish to feed upon without disturbance about two or three days; and after that you have drawn it away, you may fall to, and enjoy your former recreation. B. A.

Chap. XI. On the Tench.

PISCATOR. The Tench, the physician of fishes, is observed to love ponds better than rivers, and to love pits better than either: yet Camden observes, there is a river in Dorsetshire that abounds with Tenches, but doubtless they retire to the most deep and quiet places in it.

This fish hath very large fins, very small and smooth scales, a red circle about his eyes, which are big and of a gold colour, and from either angle of his mouth there hangs down a little barb. In every Tench's head there are two little stones which foreign physicians make great use of, but he is not commended for wholesome meat,[9]

NOTE.] [9] The following directions for dressing the Tench, as practised in the fourteenth century, is taken from the Harleian MS. No.

though there be very much use made of them for outward applications. Rondeletius says, that at his being at Rome, he saw a great cure done by applying a Tench to the feet of a very sick man. This, he says, was done after an unusual manner, by certain Jews. And it is observed that many of those people have many secrets yet unknown to Christians; secrets that have never yet been written, but have been since the days of their Solomon, who knew the nature of all things, even from the cedar to the shrub, delivered by tradition, from the father to the son, and so from generation to generation, without writing; or, unless it were casually, without the least communicating them to any other nation or tribe; for to do that they account a profanation. And, yet, it is thought that they, or some spirit worse than they, first told us, that lice, swallowed alive, were a certain cure for the yellow-jaundice. This, and many other medicines, were discovered by them, or by revelation; for, doubtless, we attained them not by study.[q]

VARIATION.] [q] The observations on the Tench originally appeared in very different form, but with the exception of the passage beginning "and yet it is thought," and ending "not by study," were altered as in the text in the *second* edition. The passage alluded to was inserted in the *third* and subsequent editions. The *first* edition ran thus: "The Tench is observed to love to live in ponds: but if he be in a river, then in the still places of the river; he is observed to be a physician to other fishes, and is so called by many that have been

NOTE *continued.*]
279, fo. 18. b. "Tenche in bruette. Take the Tenche an sethe hem and roste hem, an grynde pepir, an safroun, bred and ale, and tempere wyth the brothe an boyle it, then take the Tenche y rostyd an ley hym on a chargeoure, than lay on the sewe above.

"Tenche in eyneye. Take a Tenche an skalde hym, roste hym, grynde pepir an safroun, brede an ale, and messe it to gederys, take onyonys, hakke hem an frye hem in oyle, and do hem thereto and messe hem forth.

"Tenche in sawce. Take a Tenche whan he is y sothe, and ley hym on a dysshe, take percely and onyonys and mynce hem to gederys, take pouder pepir and canelle and straw thereon, take vynegre an caste safroun thereon, an coloure it an serve it forth whanne alle colde."

Well, this fish, besides his eating, is very useful, both dead and alive, for the good of mankind. But I will meddle no more with that, my honest, humble art teaches no such boldness: there are too many foolish meddlers in physick and divinity that think themselves fit to meddle with hidden secrets, and so bring destruction to their followers. But I'll not meddle with them, any farther than to wish them wiser; and shall tell you next, for I hope I may be so bold, that the Tench is the physician of fishes, for the Pike especially, and that the Pike, being either sick or hurt, is cured by the touch of the Tench. And it is observed that the tyrant Pike will not be a wolf to his physician, but forbears to devour him though he be never so hungry.[1]

VARIATION *continued.*]
searchers into the nature of fish: and it is said that a pike will neither devour nor hurt him, because the pike being sick or hurt by any accident, is cured by touching the Tench, and the Tench does the like to other fishes, either by touching them or by being in their company.

" Rondeletius says in his discourse of fishes, quoted by Gesner, that at his being at Rome, he saw certain Jews apply Tenches to the feet of a sick man for a cure: and it is observed, that many of those people have many secrets unknown to Christians, secrets which have never been written, but have been successively, since the days of Solomon, who knew the nature of all things from the shrub to the cedar, delivered by tradition from the father to the son, and so from generation to generation without writing, or unless it were casually, without the least communicating them to any other nation or tribe, for to do so, they account a prophanation: yet this fish that does by a natural inbred balsam, not only cure himself if he be wounded, but others also, loves not to live in clear streams paved with gravel, but in standing waters where mud and the worst of weeds abound, and therefore it is I think, that this Tench is by so many accounted better for medicines than for meat: but for the first I am able to say little, and for the latter, can say positively, that he eats pleasantly, and will therefore give you a few and but a few directions how to catch him.

" He will bite at a paste," &c. as in the text.

NOTE.] [1] That this idea prevailed nearly a century before the time when Walton wrote, appears by the following extract from Lord Burleigh's papers: " The perche and the pike will agree best together, and the pike will not hurt the tenche, as being the physician of all freshe water fishe." Burleigh papers, Lansd. MS. 101. art. 9.

This fish, that carries a natural balsam in him to cure both himself and others, loves yet to feed in very foul water, and amongst weeds. And yet, I am sure, he eats pleasantly, and, doubtless, you will think so too, if you taste him. And I shall therefore proceed to give you some few, and but a few, directions how to catch this Tench,

of which I have given you these observations.

He will bite at a paste, made of brown bread and honey, or at a marsh-worm, or a lob-worm; he inclines very much to any paste with which tar is mixt, and he will bite also at a smaller worm with his head nipped off, and a cod-worm put on the hook before that worm. And I doubt not but that he will also, in the three hot months, for in the nine colder he stirs not much, bite at a flag-worm, or at a green gentle; but can positively say no

more of the Tench,[2] he being a fish I have not often angled for; but I wish my honest scholar may, and be ever fortunate when he fishes.[r]

Variation.] [r] Here, in the *first* edition, the dialogue is continued thus:

Viator. I thank you, good master: but I pray, sir, since you see it still rains Maybutter, give me some observations and directions concerning the Perch, for they say he is both a very good and a bold biting fish, and I would fain learn to fish for him.

Piscator. You say true, scholar, the Perch is a very good, &c.

Note.] [2] The haunts of Tench are nearly the same with those of the Carp. They delight more in ponds than in rivers; and lie under weeds, near sluices, and at pond heads. They spawn about the beginning of July; and are best in season from the beginning of September to the end of May. They will bite all the hot months; but are best taken in April and May. There are no better baits for this fish than a middle-sized lob-worm, or red-worm, well-scoured; a gentle; a young wasp-grub, boiled; or a green-worm shook from the boughs of a tree. Use a strong grass, or gut; and a goose-quill float without a cork, except in rivers, where the cork is always to be preferred. Fish

Chap. XII. On the Perch.

PISCATOR. The Perch is a very good, and a very bold biting fish. He is one of the fishes of prey that, like the Pike and Trout, carries his teeth in his mouth, which is very large:[s] and he dare venture to kill and devour several other kinds of fish. He has a hooked or hog back, which is armed with sharp and stiff bristles, and all his skin armed, or covered over with thick dry hard scales, and hath, which few other fish have, two fins on his back. He is so bold that he will invade one of his own kind, which the Pike will not do so willingly; and you may, therefore, easily believe him to be a bold biter.

The Perch is of great esteem in Italy, saith Aldrovandus: and especially the least are there esteemed a dainty dish. And Gesner prefers the Perch and Pike above the Trout, or any fresh-water fish: he says the Germans have this proverb, 'More wholesome than a Perch of Rhine:' and he says the River-Perch is so wholesome, that physicians allow him to be eaten by wounded men, or by men in fevers, or by women in child-bed.

VARIATION.] [s] In the *first* edition, in lieu of "which is very large," the words "not in his throat" occur.

NOTE *continued.*]
very near the ground: and if you bait with gentles, throw in a few at the taking every fish, which will draw them to your hook, and keep them together. H.

The Tench appears to be a native of most parts of the globe. Its general length is about twelve or fourteen inches, but, like most other fishes, it is occasionally found of far greater magnitude; and we are told that it has sometimes been found to measure two or three feet in length, and to weigh no less than eight, ten, or even twenty pounds. See Shaw's *Gen. Zool.* vol. v. part i. p. 214. E. In cleansing an old pond at Thornville Royal in Yorkshire, in 1801, there was discovered under some roots what was at first conjectured to be an otter. It proved, however, to be a Tench of most singular form, "having literally assumed the shape of the hole in which he had of course been for many years confined. His length from eye to fork was two feet nine inches, his circumference, almost to the tail, two feet three inches; his weight eleven pounds nine ounces. See Daniel's *Rural Sports*, vol. ii. p. 263, edit. 1802, where an engraving of the fish is given.

He spawns but once a year; and is, by physicians, held very nutritive; yet, by many, to be hard of digestion. They abound more in the river Po, and in England, says Rondeletius, than other parts: and have in their brain a stone, which is, in foreign parts, sold by apothecaries, being there noted to be very medicinable against the stone in the reins. These be a part of the commendations which some philosophical brains have bestowed upon the freshwater Perch: yet they commend the Sea-Perch, which is known by having but one fin on his back, of which they say we English see but a few, to be a much better fish.

The Perch grows slowly, yet will grow, as I have been credibly informed, to be almost two feet long; for an honest informer told me, such a one was not long since taken by Sir Abraham Williams, a gentleman of worth, and a brother of the angle, that yet lives, and I wish he may: this was a deep-bodied fish, and doubtless durst have devoured a Pike of half his own length. For I have told you, he is a bold fish; such a one as but for extreme hunger the Pike will not devour. For to affright the Pike, and save himself, the Perch will set up his fins, much like as a turkey-cock will sometimes set up his tail.

But, my scholar, the Perch is not only valiant to defend himself, but he is, as I said, a bold-biting fish: yet he will not bite at all seasons of the year; he is very abstemious in winter, yet will bite then in the midst of the day, if it be warm: and note, that all fish bite best about the midst of a warm day in winter. And he hath been observed, by some, not usually to bite till the mulberry-tree buds; that is to say, till extreme frosts be past the spring; for, when the mulberry-tree blossoms, many gardeners observe their forward fruit to be past the danger of frosts; and some have made the like observation of the Perch's biting.

But bite the Perch will, and that very boldly. And, as one has wittily observed, if there be twenty or forty in a hole, they may be, at one standing, all catched one after

another; they being, as he says, like the wicked of the world, not afraid, though their fellows and companions perish in their sight. And you may observe, that they are not like the solitary Pike, but love to accompany one another, and march together in troops.

And the baits for this bold fish

are not many: I mean, he will bite as well at some, or at any of these three, as at any or all others whatsoever; a worm, a minnow, or a little frog, of which you may find many in hay-time. And of worms; the dunghill worm called a brandling I take to be best, being well scoured in moss or fennel; or he will bite at a worm that lies under cow-dung, with a bluish head. And if you rove for a Perch with a minnow, then it is best to be alive; you sticking your hook through his back fin; or a minnow with the hook in his upper lip, and letting him swim up and down, about mid-water, or a little lower, and you still keeping him to about that depth by a cork, which ought

not to be a very little one: and the like way you are to fish for the Perch with a small frog, your hook being fastened through the skin of his leg, towards the upper part of it: and, lastly, I will give you but this advice, that you give the Perch time enough when he bites; for there was scarce ever any angler that has given him too much.[3] And now I think best to rest myself; for I have almost spent my spirits with talking so long.

VENATOR. Nay, good master, one fish more, for you see it rains still: and you know our angles are like money put to usury; they may thrive, though we sit still, and do nothing but talk and enjoy one another. Come, come, the other fish, good master.

PISCATOR. But, scholar, have you nothing to mix with this discourse, which now grows both tedious and tiresome? Shall I have nothing from you, that seem to have both a good memory and a cheerful spirit?

VENATOR. Yes, master, I will speak you a copy of verses that were made by Doctor Donne, and made to shew the world that he could make soft and smooth verses,

NOTE.] [3] Although Perch, like Trout, delight in clear swift rivers, with pebbly, gravelly bottoms, they are often found in sandy, clayey soils: they love a moderately deep water, and frequent holes by the sides of or near little streams, and the hollows under banks.

The Perch spawns about the beginning of March: the best time of the year to angle for him is from the beginning of May till the end of June, yet you may continue to fish for him till the end of September: he is best taken in cloudy windy weather. Other baits for the Perch are, loaches, miller's-thumbs, sticklebacks; lob, marsh, and red-worms. When you rove for Perch with a minnow or other small fish, use a large cork-float, and lead your line about nine inches from the bottom, otherwise the bait will come to the top of the water; but in the ordinary way of fishing, let your bait hang within about six inches from the ground. H.

Pennant mentions a Perch that was taken in the Serpentine River, Hyde Park, that weighed nine pounds. He also mentions a very singular variety of the Perch; the back quite hunched, and the lower part of the backbone, next the tail, strangely distorted, found in a lake called Llyn Raithlyn, in Merionethshire. "They are not peculiar to this water, for Linnæus (he adds) takes notice of a similar variety found at Fahlun, in his own country. I have also heard that it is to be met with in the Thames, near Marlow." E. *Brit. Zoology*, vol. iii. p. 224. edit. 1776.

when he thought smoothness worth his labour:[t] and I love them the better, because they allude to Rivers, and Fish and Fishing. They be these:[4]

Come, live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove,
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks.

There will the river whisp'ring run,
Warm'd by thy eyes more than the sun;
And there the enamel'd fish will stay,*
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Most amorously to thee will swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, beest loath
By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both;
And if mine eyes have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset
With strangling snares or windowy net;

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest,
The bedded fish in banks outwrest;
Let curious traitors sleave silk flies,
To 'witch poor wand'ring fishes' eyes.†

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait;
That fish that is not catcht thereby,
Is wiser far, alas, than I.‡

VARIATION.] [t] when he thought them fit and worth his labour.—1*st Edit.*

NOTE.] [4] As has been observed in a former note, this song is an imitation of the one by Marlowe which the Milkmaid sung to Piscator and Venator on the Third Day. See page 115. It is printed among Donne's Poems, ed. 1635, p. 39, with the following variations

* And there th' innamour'd fish will stay,
† Bewitch poor fishes wandering eyes.
‡ Alas, is wiser far than I.

PISCATOR. Well remembered, honest scholar. I thank you for these choice verses; which I have heard formerly, but had quite forgot, till they were recovered by your happy memory. Well, being I have now rested myself a little, I will make you some requital, by telling you some observations of the Eel; for it rains still: and because, as you say, our angles are as money put to use, that thrives when we play, therefore we'll sit still, and enjoy ourselves a little longer under this honeysuckle-hedge.

Chap. XIII. Of the Eel, and other Fish that want Scales.

PISCATOR. It is agreed by most men, that the Eel is a most dainty fish:[u] the Romans have esteemed her the Helena of their feasts; and some, the queen of palate-pleasure. But most men differ about their breeding: some say they breed by generation, as other fish do; and others, that they breed, as some worms do, of mud; as rats and mice, and many other living creatures, are bred in Egypt, by the sun's heat when it shines upon the overflowing of the river Nilus; or out of the putrefaction of the earth, and divers other ways. Those that deny them to breed by generation, as other fish do, ask, If any man ever saw an Eel to have a spawn or melt? And they are answered, That they may be as certain of their breeding as if they had seen spawn; for they say, that they are certain that Eels have all parts fit for generation, like other fish,[5] but so small as not to be easily discerned, by reason of their fatness; but that discerned they may be; and that the He and the She-Eel may be distinguished by their fins. And Rondeletius says, he has seen Eels cling together like dew-worms.

And others say, that Eels, growing old, breed other

VARIATION.] [u] that the Eel is both a good and a most dainty fish.—1*st Edit.*

NOTE.] [5] That fishes are furnished with parts fit for generation cannot be doubted, since it is a common practice to castrate them. See the method of doing it in *Philos. Trans.* Vol. xlviii. part II. for the year 1754, page 870. H.

Eels out of the corruption of their own age; which, Sir Francis Bacon says, exceeds not ten years. And others say, that as pearls are made of glutinous dewdrops, which are condensed by the sun's heat in those countries, so Eels are bred of a particular dew, falling in the months of May or June on the banks of some particular ponds or rivers, apted by nature for that end; which in a few days are, by the sun's heat, turned into Eels: and some of the Ancients have called the Eels that are thus bred, the offspring of Jove. I have seen, in the beginning of July, in a river not far from Canterbury, some parts of it covered over with young Eels, about the thickness of a straw; and these Eels did lie on the top of that water, as thick as motes are said to be in the sun: and I have heard the like of other rivers, as namely, in Severn, where they are called Yelvers; and in a pond, or mere near unto Staffordshire, where, about a set time in summer, such small Eels abound so much, that many of the poorer sort of people that inhabit near to it, take such Eels out of this mere with sieves or sheets; and make a kind of Eel-cake of them, and eat it like as bread. And Gesner quotes venerable Bede,[6] to say, that in England there is an island called Ely, by reason of the innumerable number of Eels that breed in it. But that Eels may be bred as some worms, and some kind of bees and wasps are, either of dew, or out of the corruption of the earth, seems to be made probable by the barnacles and young goslings bred by the sun's heat and the rotten planks of an old ship, and hatched of trees; both which are related for truths by Du Bartas

NOTE.] [6] The most universal scholar of his time: he was born at Durham about 671, and bred under St. John of Beverley. It is said, that Pope Sergius the First invited him to Rome; though others say, he never stirred out of his cell. He was a man of great virtue, and remarkable for a sweet and engaging disposition: he died in 734, and lies buried at Durham. His works make eight volumes in folio. See his Life in the *Biographia Britannica*. H.

and Lobel,[7] and also by our learned Camden, and laborious Gerhard[8] in his Herbal.

It is said by Rondeletius, that those Eels that are bred in rivers that relate to or be nearer to the sea, never return to the fresh waters, as the Salmon does always desire to do, when they have once tasted the salt water; and I do the more easily believe this, because I am certain that powdered beef is a most excellent bait to catch an Eel. And though Sir Francis Bacon will allow the Eel's life to be but ten years, yet he, in his 'History of Life and Death,' mentions a Lamprey, belonging to the Roman emperor, to be made tame, and so kept for almost three-score years; and that such useful and pleasant observations were made of this Lamprey, that Crassus the orator, who kept her, lamented her death; and we read in Doctor Hakewill, that Hortensius was seen to weep at the death of a Lamprey that he had kept long, and loved exceedingly.[9]

NOTE.] [7] *Matthias* de *Lobel*, or *L'Obel*, an eminent physician and botanist of the sixteenth century, was a native of Lisle in Flanders. He was a disciple of Rondeletius; and being invited to London, by king James the First, published there his *Historia Plantarum*, and died in the year 1616. Vide Hoffmanni "*Lexicon Universale*," art. "Matthias Lobelius." This work is entitled *Plantarum seu Stirpium Historia*, and was first published at Antwerp in 1576, and republished at London in 1605. He was author likewise of two other works; the former of which has for its title *Balsami, Opobalsami, Carpobalsami, et Xylobalsami, cum suo cortice, Explanatio*. Lond. 1598; and the latter, *Stirpium Illustrationes*. Lond. 1655. H.

[8] The person here mentioned is *John Gerard*, one of the first of our English Botanists: he was by profession a Surgeon; and published, in 1597, an *Herbal*, in a large folio, dedicated to the lord-treasurer Burleigh; and, two years after, a *Catalogue of Plants, Herbs*, &c. to the number of eleven hundred, raised and naturalized by himself in a large garden near his house in Holborn. The latter is dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh. H.

[9] Walton, page 172, has cited from Pliny an instance of the fondness of Antonia for a tame Lamprey. Crassus was, for this his pusillanimity, reproached in the Senate of Rome by Domitius, in these words: "Foolish Crassus! you wept for your *Murena*," or Lamprey. "That is more," retorted Crassus, "than you did for your two wives." Lord Bacon's *Apothegms*. H.

It is granted by all, or most men, that Eels, for about six months, that is to say, the six cold months of the year, stir not up and down, neither in the rivers, nor in the pools in which they usually are, but get into the soft earth or mud; and there many of them together bed themselves, and live without feeding upon any thing, as I have told you some swallows have been observed to do in hollow trees, for those six cold months. And this the Eel and Swallow do, as not being able to endure winter weather: for Gesner quotes Albertus to say, that in the year 1125, that year's winter being more cold than usually, Eels did, by nature's instinct, get out of the water into a stack of hay in a meadow upon dry ground;[1] and there bedded themselves: but yet, at last, a frost killed them.[x] And our Camden relates, that, in Lancashire, fishes were digged out of the earth with spades, where no water was near to the place.[2] I shall say little more of the Eel, but that, as it is observed he is impatient of cold, so it hath been observed, that, in warm weather, an Eel has been known to live five days out of the water.

And lastly, let me tell you, that some curious searchers into the natures of fish observe, that there be several sorts or kinds of Eels; as the silver Eel, and green or greenish Eel, with which the river of Thames abounds, and those are called Grigs; and a blackish Eel, whose head is more flat and bigger than ordinary Eels; and also an Eel whose

VARIATION.] [x] but yet at last died there.—*1st and 2nd Edit.*

NOTE.] [1] Dr. Plot, in his *History of Staffordshire*, page 242, mentions certain waters, and a pool, that were stocked by Eels that had from waters they liked not travelled *in arido*, or over dry land, to these other. H. Other instances might be cited of Eels being found on land: but the fact is so well known, that it would be superfluous.

[2] Camden's relation is to this effect; *viz.* "That, at a place called Sefton, in the above county, upon turning up the turf, men find a black deadish water with small fishes therein." *Britannia, Lancashire.* Fuller, who also reports this strange fact, humorously says, "That the men of this place go a-fishing with spades and mattocks; adding, that fishes are thus found in the country about Heraclea and Tius, in Pontus." *Worthies*, in *Lancashire*, 107. H.

fins are reddish, and but seldom taken in this nation, and yet taken sometimes. These several kind of Eels are, say some, diversely bred; as, namely, out of the corruption of the earth; and some by dew, and other ways, as I have said to you: and yet it is affirmed by some for a certain, that the silver Eel is bred by generation, but not by spawning as other fish do; but that her brood come alive from her, being then little live Eels no bigger nor longer than a pin; and I have had too many testimonies of this, to doubt the truth of it myself; and if I thought it needful I might prove it, but I think it is needless.

And this Eel, of which I have said so much to you, may be caught with divers kinds of baits: as namely, with powdered beef; with a lob or garden worm; with a minnow; or gut of a hen, chicken, or the guts of any fish, or with almost any thing, for he is a greedy fish.[3] But the Eel may be caught, especially, with a little, a very little Lamprey, which some call a Pride, and may, in the hot months, be found many of them in the river Thames, and in many mud-heaps in other rivers; yea, almost as usually as one finds worms in a dunghill.

Next note, that the Eel seldom stirs in the day, but then hides himself; and therefore he is usually caught by night, with one of these baits of which I have spoken; and may be then caught by laying hooks, which you are to fasten to the bank, or twigs of a tree; or by throwing a string cross the stream, with many hooks at it, and those baited

Note.] [3] To this truth, I myself can bear witness. When I dwelt at Twickenham, a large canal adjoined to my house, which I stocked with fish. I had from time to time broods of ducks, which, with their young ones, took to the water. One dry summer, when the canal was very low, we missed many young ducks, but could not find out how they went. Resolving to make advantage of the lowness of the water to clean the canal, a work which had not been done for thirty years before, I drained and emptied it, and found in the mud a great number of large Eels. Some of them I reserved for the use of my family; which being opened by the cook, surprised us all; for in the stomachs of several of them were found, undigested, the necks and heads of young ducks, which doubtless were those of the ducks we had missed. H.

with the aforesaid baits; and a clod, or plummet, or stone, thrown into the river with this line, that so you may in the morning find it near to some fixed place; and then take it up with a drag-hook, or otherwise. But these things are, indeed, too common to be spoken of; and an hour's fishing with any angler will teach you better, both for these and many other common things in the practical part of angling, than a week's discourse. I shall therefore conclude this direction for taking the Eel, by telling you, that, in a warm day in summer, I have taken many a good Eel by Snigling, and have been much pleased with that sport.

And because you, that are but a young angler, know not what Snigling is, I will now teach it to you. You remember I told you, that Eels do not usually stir in the day time; for then they hide themselves under some covert; or under boards or planks about flood-gates, or weirs, or mills; or in holes on the river banks: so that you, observing your time in a warm day, when the water is lowest, may take a strong small hook, tied to a strong line, or to a string about a yard long; and then into one of these holes, or between any boards about a mill, or under any great stone or plank, or any place where you think an Eel may hide or shelter herself, you may, with the help of a short stick, put in your bait, but leisurely, and as far as you may conveniently; and it is scarce to be doubted, but if there be an Eel within the sight of it, the Eel will bite instantly, and as certainly gorge it; and you need not doubt to have him if you pull him not out of the hole too quickly, but pull him out by degrees; for he, lying folded double in his hole, will, with the help of his tail, break all, unless you give him time to be wearied with pulling, and so get him out by degrees, not pulling too hard.[4]

NOTE.] [4] There is also another mode of Eel fishing, termed Bobbing, which is most commonly practised in rivers where the tide runs. The fisherman having procured a number of red or lob-worms well scoured, strings them separately (by running them through from head to tail

And to commute for your patient hearing this long direction, I shall next tell you, How to make this Eel

a most excellent dish of meat.

NOTE *continued.*]
with a needle) on worsted. When a sufficient number are strung, he ties them up in a bunch, and attaches them to the end of a cord about six feet in length, affixing on the same, immediately above the worms, a piece of lead weighing half a pound, more or less, according to the strength of the current. The whole is appended to a pole from five to six feet in length. Thus prepared, the fisherman stations himself in a boat, and casts his tackle into the stream, taking care that the worms do not touch the bottom by about two inches. The Eels bite, their teeth get entangled in the worsted, and it is not unusual for three or more to be hauled into the boat at one jerk. J. B.

First, wash him in water and salt; then pull off his skin below his vent or navel, and not much further: having done that, take out his guts as clean as you can, but wash him not: then give him three or four scotches, with a knife; and then put into his belly and those scotches, sweet herbs, an anchovy, and a little nutmeg grated or cut very small; and your herbs and anchovies must also be cut very small, and mixt with good butter and salt:[y] having done this, then pull his skin over him, all but his head, which you are to cut off, to the end you may tie his skin about that part where his head grew, and it must be so tied as to keep all his moisture within his skin: and having done this, tie him with tape or packthread to a spit, and roast him leisurely; and baste him with water and salt till his skin breaks, and then with butter; and having roasted him enough, let what was put into his belly, and what he drips, be his sauce.[5] S. F.

When I go to dress an Eel thus, I wish he were as long and as big as that which was caught in Peterborough river, in the year 1667; which was a yard and three quarters long. If you will not believe me, then go and see at one of the coffee-houses in King-street in Westminster.

But now let me tell you, that though the Eel, thus drest, be not only excellent good, but more harmless than any other way, yet it is certain that physicians account the

VARIATION.] [y] Neither the instructions for dressing the Eel, nor the observations on the Flounder, the Char, and the Guiniad, given in the text, occur in the *first* edition, which continues thus: "And thus much for this present time concerning the Eel: I will next tell you a little of the Barbel, and hope with a little discourse of him to have an end of this shower, and fall to fishing, for the weather clears up a little."

NOTE.] [5] In the fourteenth century, Eels were cooked after the following recipe: "Elys in Gauncelye. Take Elys an fle hem an sethe hem in water, an caste a lytel salt thereto, than take brede y scaldyd and grynd it an temper it with the brothe an with ale, than take pepir, gyngere, an safroune, an grynde alle y fere, than neme onyonys an percely, an bryle it in a possenet. Wel then caste alle to gederys an seth y fere an serve forth." Harleian MS. 279. f. 18.

Eel dangerous meat; I will advise you therefore, as Solomon says of honey, *"Hast thou found it, eat no more than is sufficient, lest thou surfeit, for it is not good to eat much honey." And let me add this, that the uncharitable Italian bids us "give Eels and no wine to our enemies."

And I will beg a little more of your attention, to tell you, that Aldrovandus, and divers physicians, commend the Eel very much for medicine, though not for meat. But let me tell you one observation, that the Eel is never out of season; as Trouts, and most other fish, are at set times; at least, most Eels are not.[6]

* Prov. xxv.

NOTE.] [6] The haunts of the Eel are, weeds, under roots, stumps of trees, holes, and clefts of the earth, both in the banks and at the bottom, and in the plain mud, where they lie with only their heads out, watching for prey. They are also found under great stones, old timber, about flood-gates, weirs, bridges, and old mills. They delight in still waters, and in those that are foul and muddy; though the smaller Eels are to be met with in all sorts of rivers and streams.

Although the manner in which Eels, and indeed all fish, are generated, is sufficiently settled, as appears by the foregoing notes; there yet remains a question undecided by naturalists; and that is, Whether the Eel be an *oviparous* or a *viviparous* fish? Walton inclines to the latter opinion. The following relation from Bowlker may go near to determine the question:

"Being acquainted with an elderly woman, who had been wife to a miller near fifty years, and much employed in dressing of Eels, I asked her whether she had ever found any spawn or eggs in those Eels she opened? She said, she had never observed any; but that she had sometimes found living Eels in them, about the bigness of a small needle; and particularly, that she once took out ten or twelve, and put them upon the table, and found them to be alive; which was confirmed to me by the rest of the family. The time of the year when this happened was, as they informed me, about a fortnight or three weeks after Michaelmas; which makes me of opinion that they go down to the sea, or salt-water, to prepare themselves for the work of propagating and producing their young. To this I must add another observation of the same nature, that was made by a gentleman of fortune not far from Ludlow, and in the commission of the peace for the county of Salop; who going to visit a gentleman, his friend, was shewn a very fine large Eel that was going to be dressed, about whose sides and belly he observed a parcel of little creeping things, which at first made him

I might here speak of many other fish, whose shape and nature are much like the Eel, and frequent both the sea and fresh rivers; as namely, the Lamprel, the Lamprey, and the Lamperne :[7] as also of the mighty Conger, taken

NOTE *continued.*]
suspect it had been kept too long; but, upon nearer inspection, they were found to be perfect little Eels, or Elvers: upon this it was immediately opened in the sight of several other gentlemen, and in the belly of it they found a lump about as big as a nutmeg, consisting of an infinite number of those little creatures, closely wrapped up together, which, being put into a basin of water, soon separated, and swam about the basin. This he has often told to several gentlemen of credit in his neighbourhood, from some of whom I first received this account: but I have lately had the satisfaction of having it from his own mouth; and therefore I think this may serve to put the matter out of all doubt, and may be sufficient to prove that Eels are of the viviparous kind."

Taking it for granted then that Eels do not spawn, all we have to say in this place is, that though, as our author tells us, they are never out of season, yet, as some say, they are best in Winter, and worst in May. And it is to be noted of Eels, that the longer they live the better they are. *Angler's Sure Guide*, p. 164.

Of baits for the Eel, the best are, lob-worms, loach, minnows, gudgeons, bleak, or small frogs.

As the angling for Eels is usually attended with great trouble and risk of tackle, many, while they angle for other fish, lay lines for the Eel, which they tie to weeds, flags, &c. with marks to find them by; or take a long packthread line, with a leaden weight at the end, and hooks looped on at a yard distance from each other; and fastening one end, throw the lead out, and let the line lie some time. And in this way Pike may be taken.

The river Kennet in Berkshire, the Stour in Dorsetshire, Irk in Lancashire, and Ankham in Lincolnshire, are famed for producing excellent Eels: the latter to so great a degree, as to give rise to the following proverbial rhyme:

Ankham Eel, and Witham Pike,
In all England is none sike.

But it is said, there are no Eels superior in goodness to those taken in the head of the New River near Islington. H.

[7] Both the Lamperne and the Lamprey are taken in the Wye, the former during March and April, the latter in May and June. "The Lamprey, which is highly esteemed as a delicacy, removes the pebbles from particular spots in the most rapid stream, and thus forms a very insecure retreat, which is provincially termed a bed: in these they are taken with a spear. The female is of a rounder form than the male,

often in Severn, about Gloucester: and might also tell in what high esteem many of them are for the curiosity of their taste. But these are not so proper to be talked of by me, because they make us anglers no sport; therefore I will let them alone, as the Jews do, to whom they are forbidden by their law.

And, scholar, there is also a FLOUNDER,[8] a sea-fish which will wander very far into fresh rivers, and there lose himself and dwell: and thrive to a hand's breadth, and almost twice so long: a fish without scales, and most excellent meat: and a fish that affords much sport to the angler, with any small worm, but especially a little bluish worm, gotten out of marsh-ground or meadows, which should be well scoured.[9] But this, though it be most excellent meat, yet it wants scales, and is, as I told you, therefore an abomination to the Jews.

But, scholar, there is a fish that they in Lancashire boast very much of, called a CHAR; taken there, and I think there only, in a mere called Winander Mere;[1] a

NOTE *continued.*]

and contains a large quantity of spawn, which is fecundated after passing from the body of the fish. The Lamprey appears to possess an internal heat equal perhaps to terrestrial animals." Duncombe's Collections towards the History, &c. of Herefordsh. p. 163.

8 The "Flounder," observes Mr. Salter in the Angler's Guide, "is only found in rivers where the tide flows, or those which have connection with the sea, as it is properly a sea fish, and only leaves it to spawn. In the creeks from Blackwall to Bromley, Stratford and Westham, also in the docks, and the canal at Limehouse, and in the other docks, &c. on the opposite side of the river, they are taken either with dead lines, or floated in the same manner as Eels: in fact when you angle for Eels in this part, you angle for Flounders also, as they will both take the same baits, and at the same season."

9 The author of "Practical Observations on Angling in the River Trent," says,—"I have in the Trent known ten pounds weight of Flounders taken by two anglers in one afternoon, and a much greater quantity in the same time, by flounder-lines. I have caught them by angling with lob-worms, nearly a pound weight each; and with a minnow I caught one, in 1799, that weighed twenty-three ounces." E.

1 Mr. Pennant, in his British Zoology, Vol. III. p. 268, observes: "There are but few lakes in our island that produce this fish, and

mere, says Camden, that is the largest in this nation, being ten miles in length, and some say as smooth in the bottom as if it were paved with polished marble. This fish never exceeds fifteen or sixteen inches in length; and is spotted like a Trout; and has scarce a bone, but on the back. But this, though I do not know whether it make the angler sport, yet I would have you take notice of it, because it is a rarity, and of so high esteem with persons of great note.

Nor would I have you ignorant of a rare fish called a GUINIAD; of which I shall tell you what Camden and others speak. The river Dĕe, which runs by Chester, springs in Merionethshire; and, as it runs toward Chester, it runs through Pemble Mere, which is a large water: and it is observed, that though the river Dee abounds with Salmon, and Pemble Mere with the Guiniad, yet there is never any Salmon caught in the mere, nor a Guiniad in the river. And now my next observation shall be of the Barbel.[2]

NOTE *continued.*]
even those not in any abundance. It is found in Winander Mere in Westmorland; in Llyn Quellyn, near the foot of Snowdon; and before the discovery of the Copper-Mines, in those of Llynberris, but the mineral streams have entirely destroyed the fish in the last lakes. Whether the waters in Ireland afford the Char, we are uncertain, but imagine not, except it has been overlooked by their writers on the Natural History of that kingdom. In Scotland it is found in Loch Inch, and other neighbouring lakes, and is said to go into the Spey to spawn." Mr. Daniel, in the second volume of "Rural Sports," p. 222, says, "In Ireland the Char is abundant in Lough Esk." E. Char are also found in certain lakes in Merionethshire; as well as in Conningston Mere, in Lancashire. See Leigh's History of Lancashire, p. 141.

[2] This fish is found, according to Pennant, in Lough Neagh in Ireland, where it is termed the Pollen, and in Loch-mabon in Scotland, where it is called the Vangis. It is also a native of the Lakes of Cumberland, and of Pemble Mere in Merionethshire. In shape it is somewhat similar to the dace, but attains a much greater size, weighing sometimes three or four pounds. Schæffer, however, asserts that in the Alpine parts of Europe, it is caught of the weight of ten or twelve pounds. One peculiar mark by which it may be distinguished is, that its ventral fins are of a very deep blue, and the belly at most seasons

Chap. XIV. Of the Barbel.

PISCATOR. The BARBEL is so called, says Gesner, by reason of his barb or wattles at his mouth, which are under his nose or chaps. He is one of those leather-mouthed fishes that I told you of, that does very seldom break his hold if he be once hooked: but he is so strong, that he will often break both rod and line, if he proves to be a big one.

But the Barbel,[3] though he be of a fine shape, and looks big, yet he is not accounted the best fish to eat, neither for his wholesomeness nor his taste; but the male is reputed much better than the female, whose spawn is very hurtful, as I will presently declare to you.

They flock together like sheep, and are at the worst in April, about which time they spawn; but quickly grow to be in season. He is able to live in the strongest swifts of the water: and, in summer, they love the shallowest and sharpest streams; and love to lurk under weeds, and to feed on gravel, against a rising ground; and will root and dig in the sands with his nose like a hog, and there nests himself: yet sometimes he retires to deep and swift

NOTE *continued.*]
marked with blue spots. It is gregarious, and during spring and summer, approaches the shores of the lakes in such vast shoals, that an instance is recorded of an Ulleswater fisherman taking at one draught between seven and eight thousand. They are never, according to some authorities, taken by any bait, but keep at the bottom of the lake feeding on shells and the leaves of the water gladiol. A writer who styles himself 'Piscator' in the Sporting Magazine for August, 1829, observes, however: "There is a fish in Bala Lake called 'gwyniad,' or whiting. It is the same fish that is called 'sewin' in the north, and shews very tolerable sport. It is taken with any of the trout flies, and is very nimble in its movements. Sir Humphry Davy alludes to it in his 'Salmonia,' and mentions his having taken some in Bala Lake." The statement of Camden alluded to in the text, that the guiniad never wanders into the Dee, and that the salmon never ventures into Pemble Mere, is erroneous, inasmuch as the late Honourable Daines Barrington asserts that he had seen salmon taken in the lake, and had been "most authentically informed" that guiniad had been taken at Landrillo six miles below the lake.

[3] The coat armour of the ancient Counts of Bar was azure semee of cross-crosslets, two *Barbels* addorsed or.

bridges, or flood-gates, or weirs; where he will nest himself amongst piles, or in hollow places; and take such hold of moss or weeds, that be the water never so swift, it is not able to force him from the place that he contends for.[z] This is his constant custom in summer, when he and most living creatures sport themselves in the sun: but at the approach of winter, then he forsakes the swift streams and shallow waters, and, by degrees, retires to those parts of the river that are quiet and deeper; in which places, and I think about that time he spawns; and, as I have formerly told you, with the help of the melter, hides his spawn or eggs in holes, which they both dig in the gravel; and then they mutually labour to cover it with the same sand, to prevent it from being devoured by other fish.

There be such store of this fish in the river Danube, that Rondeletius says they may, in some places of it, and in some months of the year, be taken, by those who dwell near to the river, with their hands, eight or ten load at a time. He says, they begin to be good in May, and that they cease to be so in August: but it is found to be otherwise in this nation. But thus far we agree with him, that the spawn of a Barbel, if it be not poison, as he says, yet that it is dangerous meat, and especially in the month of May,[a] which is so certain, that Gesner and Gasius[4] declare

VARIATION.] [z] With the exception already noticed, the preceding observations on the Barbel, were printed in the *second* edition, as in the text: but in the *first* they were as follows: "*Piscator*. The Barbel is so called, says Gesner, from, or by reason of his beard, or wattles at his mouth, his mouth being under his nose or chaps, and he is one of the leather mouthed fish that has his teeth in his throat: he loves to live in very swift streams and where it is gravelly, and in the gravel will root or dig with his nose like a hog, and there nest himself, taking so fast hold of any weeds or moss that grows on stones, or on piles about weirs or flood-gates, or bridges, that the water is not able, be it ever so swift, to force him from the place which he seems to contend for. This is his constant custom," &c.

[a] and Gesner declares, it had an ill effect upon him to the endangering of his life.—1*st Edit*.

NOTE.] [4] Of the latter person Sir John Hawkins says he could find

it had an ill effect upon them, even to the endangering of their lives.[5]

This fish is of a fine cast and handsome shape, with small scales, which are placed after a most exact and curious manner:

NOTE *continued.*]
no account. The Physician intended was Antonius Gazius of Padua; of whom a short account is given by Moreri. His principal work, to which Walton probably alludes, was his "*Corona Florida Medicinæ, sive De Conservatione Sanitatis*," first published at Venice, in 1491, in folio, when he was only twenty-eight years old: the chapters cxxx.—cxxxvii. of which, inclusive, relate to the different qualities of river-fish as food. He died in 1530: and not in 1528, as several writers have asserted. See Moreri Dictionn. Hist. edit. Par. 1759, tom. V. p. 113. Manget Bibl. Script. Medicor. tom. II. lib. vii. E.

[5] Though the spawn of the Barbel is known to be of a poisonous

and, as I told you, may be rather said not to be ill, than to be good meat. The Chub and he have, I think, both lost part of their credit by ill cookery; they being reputed the worst, or coarsest, of fresh-water fish. But the Barbel affords an angler choice sport, being a lusty and a cunning fish; so lusty and cunning as to endanger the breaking of the angler's line, by running his head forcibly towards any covert, or hole, or bank, and then striking at the line, to break it off, with his tail; as is observed by Plutarch, in his book 'De Industriâ Animalium;' and also so cunning, to nibble and suck off your worm close to the hook, and yet avoid the letting the hook come into his mouth.

The Barbel is also curious for his baits; that is to say, that they be clean and sweet; that is to say, to have your worms well scoured, and not kept in sour and musty moss, for he is a curious feeder: but at a well-scoured lob-worm he will bite as boldly as at any bait, and specially if, the night or two before you fish for him, you shall bait the places where you intend to fish for him, with big worms cut into pieces.[6] And note, that none did ever over-bait the place, nor fish too early or too late for a Barbel. And the Barbel will bite also at gentles, which, not being too much scoured, but green, are a choice bait for him: and so is cheese, which is not to be too hard, but kept a day or two in a wet linen cloth, to make it tough; with

NOTE *continued.*]

nature, yet it is often taken by country people medicinally; who find it, at once, a most powerful emetic and cathartic. And, notwithstanding what is said of the wholesomeness of the *flesh*, with some constitutions it produces the same effects as the *spawn*. About the month of September, in the year 1754, a servant of mine, who had eaten part of a Barbel, though, as I had cautioned him, he abstained from the spawn, was seized with such a violent purging and vomiting, as had like to have cost him his life. H.

[6] Graves, (which are the sediment of tallow melted for the making of candles,) cut into pieces, are an excellent ground-bait for Barbel, Gudgeons, Roach, and many other fish, if thrown in the night before you angle. H.

this you may also bait the water a day or two before you fish for the Barbel, and be much the likelier to catch store; and if the cheese were laid in clarified honey a short time before, as namely, an hour or two, you were still the likelier to catch fish. Some have directed to cut the cheese into thin pieces, and toast it; and then tie it on the hook with fine silk. And some advise to fish for the Barbel with sheep's tallow and soft cheese, beaten or worked into a paste; and that it is choicely good in August: and I believe it. But, doubtless, the lob-worm well scoured, and the gentle not too much scoured, and cheese ordered as I have directed, are baits enough, and I think will serve in any month: though I shall commend any angler that tries conclusions, and is industrious to improve the art. And now, my honest scholar, the long shower and my tedious discourse are both ended together: and I shall give you but this observation, that when you fish for a Barbel, your rod and line be both long and of good strength; for, as I told you, you will find him a heavy and a dogged fish to be dealt withal; yet he seldom or never breaks his hold, if he be once strucken. And if you would know more of fishing for the Umber or Barbel,[7]

NOTE.] [7] Of the haunts of the Barbel, the author has spoken sufficiently. Barbel spawn about the middle of April, and grow in season about a month after. Baits for Barbel, other than what Walton has mentioned, are the young brood of wasps, hornets, and humble bees. In fishing for him, use a very strong rod, and a silk line with a shot and a bullet, as directed for the Trout. Some use a cork float, which, if you do, be sure to fish as close to the bottom as possible, so as the bait does not touch the ground. In angling for lesser fish, the angler will sometimes find it a misfortune to hook a Barbel; a fish so sullen, that, with fine tackle, it is scarcely possible to land one of twelve inches long. A lover of angling told me the following story: He was fishing in the river Lea, at the ferry called Jeremy's, and had hooked a large fish at the time when some Londoners, with their horses, were passing: they congratulated him on his success, and got out of the ferry-boat, but, finding the fish not likely to yield, mounted their horses and rode off. The fact was, that, angling for small fish, his bait had been taken by a Barbel too big for the fisher to manage. Not caring to risk his tackle by attempting to raise him, he hoped to tire him, and, to that

get into favour with Dr. Sheldon,[8] whose skill is above others; and of that, the poor that dwell about him have a comfortable experience.

And now let's go and see what interest the Trouts will pay us, for letting our angle-rods lie so long and so quietly in the water for their use. Come, scholar, which will you take up?

VENATOR. Which you think fit, master.

PISCATOR. Why, you shall take up that; for I am certain, by viewing the line, it has a fish at it. Look you, scholar! well done! Come, now take up the other too: well! now you may tell my brother Peter, at night, that you have caught a leash of Trouts this day. And now let's move towards our lodging, and drink a draught

NOTE *continued.*]
end, suffered himself to be led (to use his own expression) as a blind man is by his dog, several yards up, and as many down the bank of the river, in short, for so many hours, that the horsemen above mentioned (who had been at Walthamstow, and dined) were returned, who, seeing him thus occupied, cried out, "What, master, another large fish?" "No," says *Piscator*, "it is the very same." "Nay," says one of them, "that can never be; for it is five hours since we crossed the river." And not believing him, they rode on their way. At length our angler determined to do that which a less patient one would have done long before: he made one vigorous effort to land his fish, broke his tackle, and lost him.

Fishing for Barbel is, at best, but a dull recreation. They are a sullen fish, and bite but slowly. The angler drops in his bait; the bullet, at the bottom of the line, fixes it to one spot of the river. Tired with waiting for a bite, he generally lays down his rod, and, exercising the patience of a setting-dog, waits till he sees the top of his rod move; then begins a struggle between him and the fish, which he calls his sport; and that being over, he lands his prize, fresh baits his hook, and lays in for another. H.

The Barbel-angler has, however, sometimes occasion to exult at the sport which he finds. As recently as August 9, 1807, at one of the

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[8] Dr. *Gilbert Sheldon*, warden of All Souls College; chaplain to king Charles the First; and, after the Restoration, archbishop of Canterbury. He founded the theatre at Oxford; died in 1677, and lies buried under a stately monument at Croydon in Surrey.

of red-cow's milk as we go; and give pretty Maudlin and her honest mother a brace of Trouts for their supper.

VENATOR. Master, I like your motion very well: and I think it is now about milking-time; and yonder they be at it.

PISCATOR. God speed you, good woman! I thank you both for our songs last night: I and my companion have had such fortune a fishing this day, that we resolve to give you and Maudlin a brace of Trouts for supper; and we will now taste a draught of your red-cow's milk.

MILK-WOMAN. Marry, and that you shall with all my heart; and I will be still your debtor when you come this way. If you will but speak the word, I will make you a good syllabub of new verjuice; and then you may sit down in a haycock, and eat it; and Maudlin shall sit by and sing you the good old song of the 'Hunting in Chevy

NOTE *continued.*]
deeps near Shepperton, which had been prepared by baiting the preceding night, a party of four gentlemen, named Emes, Atkinson, Hall, and Moore, separated into two boats, began fishing between ten and eleven in the forenoon: in about five hours they caught the following quantity:

EMES AND ATKINSON.		HALL AND MOORE.	
2	Fish, weighing.... 20*lbs.*	2	Fish, weighing.... 15*lbs.*
6	—— 32	20	—— 23
30	—— 28	23	—— 32
4	—— thrown over.		
42	80	45	70

Total, 87 fish, weighing 150lbs. E.

In "The Art of Angling," by R. Brookes, 8vo. 1774, p. 23, it is stated that, on August 23rd, 1771, Mr. Warren, a Perfumer of Marybone Street, angled in Walton Deeps, and before noon caught 280lb. weight of large sized Barbel. He usually had the deeps baited with worms over night, and in the morning fished from a boat with a perfumed paste. In June 1772, when Mr. Warren came to the usual fishing hole, a brother angler told him that a sturgeon had carried away his line. Mr. Warren subsequently caught a Barbel of eleven pounds weight, which had his friend's hook sticking in his gills: he punched a hole in his tail and turned him again into the Thames, caught him twice afterwards, and as often released him.

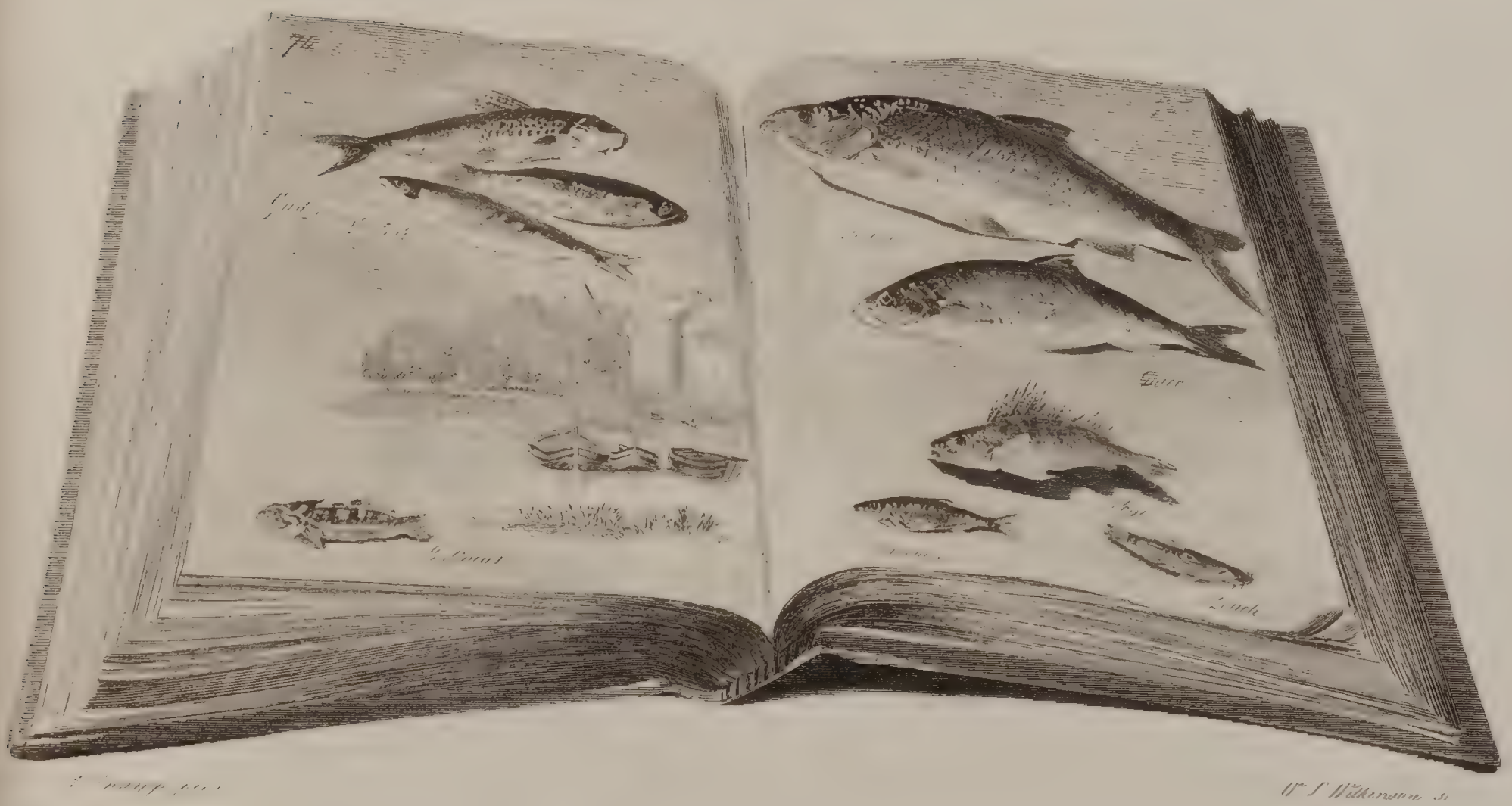
Chace,' or some other good ballad, for she hath store of them: Maudlin, my honest Maudlin, hath a notable memory, and she thinks nothing too good for you, because you be such honest men.

VENATOR. We thank you; and intend, once in a month, to call upon you again, and give you a little warning; and so, good night. Good night, Maudlin. And now, good master, let's lose no time: but tell me somewhat more of fishing; and if you please, first, something of fishing for a Gudgeon.

PISCATOR. I will, honest scholar.[b]

Chap. XV. Of the Gudgeon, the Ruffe, and the Bleak.

PISCATOR. The GUDGEON is reputed a fish of excellent taste, and to be very wholesome. He is of a fine shape, of a silver colour,



VARIATION.] [b] In the *first* edition, Piscator here continues, without beginning a fresh chapter, " The Gudgeon is an excellent fish to eat,

and beautified with black spots both on his body and tail. He breeds two or three times in the year; and always, in summer. He is commended for a fish of excellent nourishment. The Germans call him Groundling, by reason of his feeding on the ground; and he there feasts himself, in sharp streams and on the gravel. He and the Barbel both feed so: and do not hunt for flies at any time, as most other fishes do. He is an excellent fish to enter a young angler, being easy to be taken with a small red worm, on or very near to the ground. He is one of those leather-mouthed fish that has his teeth in his throat, and will hardly be lost off from the hook if he be once strucken.

They be usually scattered up and down every river in the shallows, in the heat of summer: but in autumn, when the weeds begin to grow sour and rot, and the weather colder, then they gather together, and get into the deeper parts of the water; and are to be fished for there, with your hook always touching the ground, if you fish for him with a float, or with a cork. But many will fish for the Gudgeon by hand, with a running line upon the ground, without a cork, as a Trout is fished for: and it is an excellent way, if you have a gentle rod, and as gentle a hand.[9]

There is also another fish called a POPE, and by some a RUFFE; a fish that is not known to be in some rivers: he is much like the Perch for his shape, and taken to be better than the Perch, but will not grow to be bigger than a Gudgeon. He is an excellent fish; no fish that swims is of a pleasanter taste. And he is also excellent to enter

VARIATION *continued.*]
and also good to enter a young angler: he is easy to be taken with a small red worm at the ground, and is one of those leather-mouthed fish," &c. as in a subsequent part of the text. The alterations in the text were made in the *second* edition.

NOTE.] [9] In fishing for Gudgeons, have a rake; and every quarter of an hour rake the bottom of the river, and the fish will flock thither in shoals. H.

Pennant mentions a Gudgeon taken near Uxbridge that weighed half a pound, *Zoology*, edit. 1776. Vol. III. p. 316. E.

a young angler, for he is a greedy biter: and they will usually lie, abundance of them together, in one reserved place, where the water is deep and runs quietly; and an easy angler, if he has found where they lie, may catch forty or fifty or sometimes twice so many, at a standing.

You must fish for him with a small red worm; and if you bait the ground with earth, it is excellent.

There is also a BLEAK or fresh-water Sprat; a fish that is ever in motion, and therefore called by some the river-swallow; for just as you shall observe the swallow to be, most evenings in summer, ever in motion, making short and quick turns when he flies to catch flies, in the air, by which he lives; so does the Bleak at the top of the water. Ausonius would have him called Bleak from his whitish colour: his back is of a pleasant sad or seawater-green; his belly, white and shining as the mountain snow. And doubtless, though he have the fortune, which virtue has in poor people, to be neglected, yet the Bleak ought to be much valued, though we want Allamot salt, and the skill that the Italians have, to turn them into anchovies. This fish may be caught with a Pater-noster line;[1] that is, six or eight very small hooks tied along the line, one half a foot above the other: I have seen five caught thus at one time; and the bait has been gentles, than which none is better.

Or this fish may be caught with a fine small artificial fly, which is to be of a very sad brown colour, and very small, and the hook answerable. There is no better sport than whipping for Bleaks in a boat, or on a bank, in the swift water, in a summer's evening, with a hazel top about five or six foot long, and a line twice the length of the rod. I have heard Sir Henry Wotton say, that there be many that in Italy will catch swallows so, or especially martins;[2]

NOTE.] [1] A rosary, or string of beads, is used by the Roman-Catholic devotees to assist them in numbering their *Pater-nosters*: a line with many hooks at small distances from each other, though it little resembles a string of beads, is thence called a *Pater-noster* line. H.

[2] This is a common practice in England also. H.

this bird-angler standing on the top of a steeple to do it, and with a line twice so long as I have spoken of. And let me tell you, scholar, that both Martins and Bleaks be most excellent meat.

And let me tell you, that I have known a Heron, that did constantly frequent one place, caught with a hook baited with a big minnow or a small gudgeon.[3] The line and hook must be strong: and tied to some loose staff, so big as she cannot fly away with it: a line not exceeding two yards.[c]

Chap. XVI. Is of nothing, or of nothing worth.

Piscator. My purpose was to give you some directions concerning Roach and Dace, and some other inferior fish which make the angler excellent sport; for you know there is more pleasure in hunting the hare than in eating her: but I will forbear, at this time, to say any more, because you see yonder come our brother Peter and honest Coridon. But I will promise you, that as you and I fish and walk to-morrow towards London, if I have now forgotten any thing that I can then remember, I will not keep it from you.

Well met, gentlemen; this is lucky that we meet so just together at this very door. Come, hostess, where

Variation.] [c] After giving the instructions for Bleak fishing, Piscator, in the *first* edition, proceeds: "I might now tell you how to catch Roach and Dace, and some other fish of little note, that I have not yet spoke of: but you see we are almost at our lodging, and, indeed, if we were not, I would omit to give you any directions concerning them, or how to fish for them, not but that they be both good fish, being in season, and especially to some palates, and they also make the angler good sport; and you know the hunter says there is more sport in hunting the hare than in eating of her: but I will forbear to give any directions concerning them, because you may go a few days and take the pleasure of the fresh air, and bear any common angler company, that fishes for them, and by that means learn more than any direction I can give you in words can make you capable of; and I will therefore end my discourse, for yonder comes," &c. as in the text.

Note.] [3] This method of taking wild fowl is frequently practised both on the coasts of England and of France.

are you? is supper ready? Come, first give us drink; and be as quick as you can, for I believe we are all very hungry. Well, brother Peter and Coridon, to you both! Come, drink; and then tell me what luck of fish: we two have caught but ten trouts, of which my scholar caught three. Look! here's eight; and a brace we gave away. We have had a most pleasant day for fishing and talking, and are returned home both weary and hungry; and now meat and rest will be pleasant.

PETER. And Coridon and I have not had an unpleasant day: and yet I have caught but five trouts; for, indeed, we went to a good honest ale-house, and there we played at shovel-board[4] half the day; all the time that it rained we were there, and as merry as they that fished. And I am glad we are now with a dry house over our heads; for, hark! how it rains and blows. Come, hostess, give us more ale, and our supper with what haste you may: and when we have supped, let us have your song, Piscator; and the catch that your scholar promised us; or else, Coridon will be dogged.

PISCATOR. Nay, I will not be worse than my word; you shall not want my song, and I hope I shall be perfect in it.

VENATOR. And I hope the like for my catch, which I have ready too: and therefore let's go merrily to supper, and then have a gentle touch at singing and drinking; but the last with moderation.

NOTE.] [4] Nares in his *Glossary* explains *Shovel Board* to be "a common trivial game, which consisted in pushing or shaking pieces of money on a board to reach certain marks. Shovel Board play is graphically described in a poem entitled *Mensa Lubrica*, written both in Latin and English by Thomas Master. The English Poem is largely cited in Bliss's edition of Wood's Athenæ, vol. iii. p. 84. The Table had lines or divisions marked with figures according to the value of which the player counted his game. It is minutely described by Strutt, in his Sports and Pastimes, p. 267, as still in use in pot houses, and played with a smooth halfpenny. The game was also called Shovil Groat, Shove Board, and Shuffle Board, and was at one time a very general amusement among all classes. In the *Privy Purse Expenses* of Henry VIII. it is stated that his Majesty lost various sums at "Shovill-abourd." pp. 188, 189, 195, 209.

CORIDON. Come, now for your song; for we have fed heartily. Come, hostess,[d] lay a few more sticks on the fire. And now, sing when you will.

PISCATOR. Well then, here's to you, Coridon; and now for my song.

O the gallant[e] Fisher's life,
It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis belov'd of many:
Other joys
Are but toys;
Only this
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise,
Ere Aurora's peeping;
Drink a cup to wash our eyes;
Leave the sluggard sleeping:
Then we go
To and fro,
With our knacks
At our backs,
To such streams
As the Thames,
If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation,
In the fields is our abode,
Full of delectation:
Where in a brook
With a hook,
Or a lake,
Fish we take:
There we sit,
For a bit,
Till we fish entangle.

VARIATION.] [d] give us a little more drink and lay a few more sticks on the fire.—1*st Edit.*

[e] brave.—1*st Edit.*

The Supper:

Cor. Come, now for your Song, for we have fed heartily. Come Hostess sing a few more sticks on the fire —

We have gentles in a horn,
We have paste and worms too;
We can watch both night and morn,
Suffer rain and storms too;
None do here
Use to swear;
Oaths do fray
Fish away:
We sit still,
And watch our quill;
Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat
Make our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get
For a friendly shelter;
Where, in a dike,
Perch or Pike,
Roach or Dace,
We do chase;
Bleak or Gudgeon,
Without grudging;
We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
Making earth our pillow:
Where[f] we may
Think and pray
Before death
Stops our breath.
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

JO. CHALKHILL.[5]

VARIATION.] [f] There.—1*st*, 2*nd*, *and* 3*rd Edit.*

NOTE.] [5] The name is affixed for the first time in the *third* edition. It appears from the statement of Piscator, in page 260, that though this song was chiefly written by Chalkhill, yet that Walton having forgotten some parts of it, had himself supplied the deficiencies; hence it affords another specimen of his poetical talents. Notices of Chalkhill will be found in the Life of Walton. The following song, taken from Charles Cotton's *Poems*, 8vo. 1689, p. 76, is to the same purpose, and well deserves a place here.

VENATOR. Well sung, master; this day's fortune and pleasure, and this night's company and song, do all make me more and more in love with angling. Gentlemen, my master left me alone for an hour this day; and I verily believe he retired himself from talking with me that he might be so perfect in this song; was it not, master?

PISCATOR. Yes indeed, for it is many years since I learned it; and having forgotten a part of it, I was forced to patch it up by the help of mine own invention, who am not excellent at poetry, as my part of the song may

NOTE *continued.*]

I.

Away to the brook,
All your tackle out-look,
Here's a day that is worth a year's wishing.
See that all things be right,
For 'tis a very spight
To want tools when a man goes a fishing.

II.

Your rod with tops two,
For the same will not do
If your manner of angling you vary;
And full well may you think,
If you troll with a pink,
One too weak will be apt to miscarry.

III.

Then basket, neat made
By a master in's trade,
In a belt at your shoulders must dangle;
For none e'er was so vain
To wear this to disdain
Who a true brother was of the angle.

IV.

Next pouch must not fail,
Stuff'd as full as a mail,
With wax, crewels, silks, hair, furs, and feathers,
To make several flies
For the several skies,
That shall kill in despight of all weathers.

testify; but of that I will say no more, lest you should think I mean, by discommending it, to beg your commendations of it. And therefore, without replications, let's hear your catch, scholar; which I hope will be a good one, for you are both musical and have a good fancy to boot.

VENATOR. Marry, and that you shall; and as freely as I would have my honest master tell me some more secrets of fish and fishing, as we walk and fish towards London to-morrow. But, master, first let me tell you, that very

NOTE *continued.*]

V.

The boxes and books
For your lines and your hooks,
And, though not for strict need notwithstanding,
Your scissars and your hone
To adjust your points on;
With a net to be sure of your landing.

VI.

All these being on,
'Tis high time we were gone,
Down and upward, that all may have pleasure;
Till, here meeting at night,
We shall have the delight
To discourse of our fortunes at leisure.

VII.

The day's not too bright,
And the wind hits us right,
And all nature does seem to invite us;
We have all things at will
For to second our skill,
As they all did conspire to delight us.

VIII.

On stream now, or still,
A large pannier we'll fill,
Trout and Grayling to rise are so willing;
I dare venture to say,
'Twill be a bloody day,
And we all shall be weary of killing.

hour which you were absent from me, I sat down under a willow tree by the water side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you then left me; that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so; that he had at this time many law-suits depending; and that they both damped his mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields: for I could there sit quietly; and looking on the water,

NOTE *continued*.]

IX.

Away, then, away,
We lose sport by delay;
But first, leave all our sorrows behind us:
If Misfortune do come,
We are all gone from home,
And a-fishing she never can find us.

X.

The angler is free
From the cares that Degree
Finds itself with, so often, tormented:
And although we should slay
Each a hundred a day,
'Tis a slaughter needs ne'er be repented.

XI.

And though we display
All our arts to betray
What were made for man's pleasure and diet,
Yet both princes and states
May, for all our quaint baits,
Rule themselves and their people in quiet.

XII.

We scratch not our pates,
Nor repine at the rates
Our superiors impose on our living;
But do frankly submit,
Knowing they have more wit
In demanding, than we have in giving.

see some fishes sport themselves in the silver streams, others leaping at flies of several shapes and colours; looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows, could see, here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May: these, and many other field flowers, so perfumed the air, that I thought that very meadow like that field in Sicily of which Diodorus speaks, where the perfumes arising from

NOTE *continued.*]

XIII.

While quiet we sit,
We conclude all things fit;
Acquiescing with hearty submission:
For though simple, we know
That soft murmurs will grow,
At the last, unto downright sedition.

XIV.

We care not who says,
And intends it dispraise,
That an angler to a fool is next neighbour;
Let him prate; what care we?
We're as honest as he;
And so let him take that for his labour.

XV.

We covet no wealth,
But the blessing of health,
And that greater, good conscience within;
Such devotion we bring
To our God, and our King,
That from either no offers can win.

XVI.

While we sit and fish,
We pray, as we wish,
For long life to our king, James the Second.
Honest anglers then may,
Or they've very foul play,
With the best of good subjects be reckon'd.

the place make all dogs that hunt in it to fall off, and to lose their hottest scent.[6] I say, as I thus sat, joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor rich man that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the earth ;[g] or rather, they enjoy what the others possess, and enjoy not; for anglers and meek quiet-spirited men are free from those high, those restless thoughts, which corrode the sweets of life; and they, and they only, can say, as the poet has happily exprest it,

> Hail! blest estate of lowliness;
> Happy enjoyments of such minds
> As, rich in self-contentedness,
> Can, like the reeds, in roughest winds,
> By yielding make that blow but small
> At which proud oaks and cedars fall.

There came also into my mind at that time, certain verses in praise of a mean estate and humble mind: they were written by Phineas Fletcher,[7] an excellent divine, and an excellent angler; and the author of excellent "Piscatory Eclogues," in which you shall see the picture of this good man's mind: and I wish mine to be like it.

> No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
> No begging wants his middle fortune bite:
> But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

VARIATION.] [g] for indeed they are free from those high those restless thoughts, &c.—1*st and* 2*nd Edit.*

NOTE.] [6] *Diodorus Siculus*, lib. v. 3. p. 331, vol. i. ed. Wessellingii.

[7] He is thus noticed in the Second Edition, where this poem first occurs, "written by Phineas Fletcher, an excellent Angler, who in his *Purple Island* has so excellently imitated our Spenser's *Fairie Queen*.

No empty hopes," &c.

Phineas Fletcher was the son of Giles Fletcher, Doctor of Laws, and ambassador from Queen Elizabeth to the Duke of Muscovy. He was fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and the author of an allegorical poem, entitled, the *Purple Island*, printed at Cambridge, with other of his poems, in 4to. 1633; from whence the passage in the text, with a little variation, is taken.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content;
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him,
With coolest shade, till noon-tide's heat be spent.
His life is neither tost in boisterous seas,
Or the vexatious world, or lost in slothful ease;
Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed, more safe than soft, yields quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse has place;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face.
His humble house or poor state ne'er torment him;
Less he could like, if less his God had lent him;
And when he dies, green turfs do for a tomb content him.

Gentlemen, these were a part of the thoughts that then possessed me. And I there made a conversion of a piece of an old catch,[8] and added more to it, fitting them to be sung by us anglers. Come, Master, you can sing well: you must sing a part of it, as it is in this paper.

Man's life is but vain; for 'tis subject to pain,
And sorrow, and short as a bubble;
'Tis a hodge podge of business, and money, and care,
And care, and money, and trouble.

But we'll take no care when the weather proves fair;
Nor will we vex now though it rain;
We'll banish all sorrow, and sing till to-morrow,
And angle, and angle again.

NOTE.] [8] The song here sung can in no sense of the word be termed a *Catch*. It was probably set to musick at the request of Walton, and is to be found in a book, entitled, *Select Ayres and Dialogues for one, two, and three Voyces: to the Theorbo-Lute and Basse Viol.* By John Wilson and Charles Coleman, doctors in musick, Henry Lawes and others. fol. London, 1659. It occurs in the first edition of Walton's book, published in 1653. H.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

Set by Mr. H. Lawes.

A. 2 Voc.

Cantus.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

A. 2 Voc. *Set by Mr. H. Lawes.*

Bassus.

PETER. I marry, Sir, this is musick indeed; this has cheer'd my heart, and made me remember six verses in praise of musick, which I will speak to you instantly.

Musick! miraculous rhetorick, that speak'st sense
Without a tongue, excelling eloquence;
With what ease might thy errors be excus'd,
Wert thou as truly lov'd as th' art abus'd!
But though dull souls neglect, and some reprove thee,
I cannot hate thee, 'cause the Angels love thee.[9]

VENATOR. And the repetition of these last verses of musick has called to my memory what Mr. Edmund Waller, a lover of the angle,[1] says of love and musick.

Whilst I listen to thy voice,
Chloris! I feel my heart[h] decay;
That powerful voice[i]

VARIATION.] [h] In Waller's Poems, "life." "noise."

NOTE.] [9] See these *Verses*, with some small variation, at the end of the book, entitled, *Select Ayres and Dialogues*, referred to from pa. 200, n.; with "*W. D.* knight," under the bottom line, which I take to signify, that they were written by Sir William Davenant. H.

[1] In a poem "Of my Lady Isabella [Thynne] playing on the lute," Waller again praises musick in the following words:

Such moving sounds, from such a careless touch!
So unconcern'd herself, and we so much!
What art is this, that with so little pains
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns?
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for ev'ry kiss aloud:
Small force there needs to make them tremble so;
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too;
Here love takes stand, and while she charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the list'ning deer:
Music so softens, and disarms, the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes:
So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

Some unpublished verses by Waller, addressed 'To a Lady Fishing,' preserved in MS. late in the Royal Society, will be given in the additional notes.

Calls my fleeting soul away:
Oh! suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris! peace, or singing die,
That together you and I
To heaven may go;
For all we know
Of what the blessed do above,
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

PISCATOR. Well remembered, brother Peter; these verses came seasonably, and we thank you heartily. Come, we will all join together, my host and all, and sing my scholar's catch over again; and then each man drink the tother cup, and to bed; and thank God we have a dry house over our heads.

PISCATOR. Well, now, good night to every body.

PETER. And so say I.

VENATOR. And so say I.

CORIDON. Good night to you all; and I thank you.

The Fifth Day.

CHAPTER XVI. TO CHAPTER XXI.

Piscator. Good-morrow, brother Peter; and the like to you, honest Coridon.

Come, my hostess says there is seven shillings to pay: let's each man drink a pot for his morning's draught, and lay down his two shillings, that so my hostess may not have occasion to repent herself of being so diligent, and using us so kindly.

Peter. The motion is liked by every body, and so, hostess, here's your money: We anglers are all beholden to you; it will not be long ere I'll see you again; and now, brother Piscator, I wish you, and my brother your scholar, a fair day and good fortune. Come Coridon, this is our way.

Chap. XVII. Of Roach and Dace.

Venator. Good master, as we go now towards London, be still so courteous as to give me more instructions; for I have several boxes in my memory, in which I will keep them all very safe, there shall not one of them be lost.

Piscator. Well scholar, that I will: and I will hide

nothing from you that I can remember, and can think may help you forward towards a perfection in this art. And because we have so much time, and I have said so little of Roach and Dace, I will give you some directions concerning them.

Some say the Roach is so called from *rutilus*, which they say signifies red fins. He is a fish of no great reputation for his dainty taste; and his spawn is accounted much better than any other part of him. And you may take notice, that as the Carp is accounted the water-fox, for his cunning; so the Roach is accounted the water-sheep, for his simplicity or foolishness. It is noted, that the Roach and Dace recover strength, and grow in season in a fortnight after spawning; the Barbel and Chub in a month; the Trout in four months; and the Salmon in the like time, if he gets into the sea, and after into fresh water.

Roaches be accounted much better in the river than in a pond, though ponds usually breed the biggest. But there is a kind of bastard small Roach, that breeds in ponds, with a very forked tail, and of a very small size; which some say is bred by the Bream and right Roach; and some ponds are stored with these beyond belief; and knowing-men, that know their difference, call them Ruds: they differ from the true Roach, as much as a Herring from a Pilchard. And these bastard breed of Roach are now scattered in many rivers: but I think not in the Thames, which I believe affords the largest and fattest in this nation, especially below London-bridge.[2]

NOTE.] [2] I know not what Roaches are caught below bridge: but above, I am sure they are very large; for on the 15th of September, 1754, at Hampton, I caught one that was fourteen inches and an eighth from eye to fork, and in weight wanted but an ounce of two pounds.

The season for fishing for Roach in the Thames *begins* about the latter end of August, and *continues* much longer than it is either pleasant or safe to fish. It requires some skill to hit the time of taking them exactly; for all the summer long they live on the weed, which they do not forsake, for the deeps, till it becomes putrid, and that is sooner or later, according as the season is wet or dry; for you are to

The Roach is a leather-mouthed fish, and has a kind of saw-like teeth in his throat. And lastly, let me tell you,

NOTE *continued.*]

know, that much rain hastens the rotting of the weed. I say it requires some skill to hit the time; for the fishermen who live in all the towns along the river, from Chiswick to Staines, are, about this time, nightly upon the watch, as soon as the fish come out, to sweep them away with a drag-net: and our poor patient angler is left, baiting the ground and adjusting his tackle, to catch those very fish which, perhaps, the night before had been carried to Billingsgate.

The Thames, as well above as below London-bridge, was formerly much resorted to by London anglers: and, which is strange to think on, considering the unpleasantness of the station, they were used to fish near the starlings of the bridge. This will account for the many fishing-tackle shops that were formerly in Crooked-lane, which leads to the bridge. In the memory of a person not long since living, a waterman that plied at Essex-stairs, his name John Reeves, got a comfortable living by attending anglers with his boat: his method

the Roach makes an angler excellent sport, especially the great Roaches about London, where I think there be the

NOTE *continued.*]
was, to watch when the SHOALS of Roach came down from the country, and, when he had found them, to go round to his customers and give them notice. Sometimes they settled opposite the Temple; at others, at Black-friars or Queen-hithe; but most frequently about the Chalk-hills, near London-bridge. His hire was two shillings a tide. A certain number of persons, who were accustomed thus to employ him, raised a sum sufficient to buy him a waterman's coat, and silver badge, the impress whereof was, "Himself, with an Angler, in his boat;" and he had, annually, a new coat to the time of his death, which might be about the year 1730.

Shepperton and Hampton are the places chiefly resorted to by the Londoners, who angle there in boats: at each there is a large deep, to which Roach are attracted by constant baiting. That at Hampton is opposite the church-yard; and in that cemetery lies an angler, upon whose grave-stone is an inscription, now nearly effaced, consisting of these homely lines.

In memory of Mr. Thomas Tombs, goldsmith, of London, who departed this life *Aug.* 12th, 1758, aged 53 years.

Each brother Bob, that sportive passes here,
Pause at this stone, and drop the silent tear,
For him who lov'd your harmless sport;
Who to this Pitch* did oft resort;
Who in free converse oft would please,
With native humour, mirth and ease;
His actions form'd upon so just a plan,
He liv'd a worthy, died an honest man.

Formerly the fishermen inhabiting the villages on the banks of the Thames were used to inclose certain parts of the river with what they called *stops*, but which were in effect *wiers* or *kidels*,† by stakes driven into the bed thereof; and to these they tied wheels, creating thereby a current, which drove the fish into those traps. This practice, though it may sound oddly to say so, is against *Magna Charta*, and is expressly prohibited by the 23rd chapter of that statute.‡ In the year 1757, the

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* A particular spot, called a Pitch, from the act of pitching or fastening the boat there. H.

† KIDELLUS. Machina piscatoria in fluminibus ad Salmones aliosque pisces intercipiendos: *Bettles* et *Weres*, Angli vocant. DU CANGE. B.

‡ In these words: "Omnes Kidelli deponantur de cætero per Thamesiam et Medweiam et per totam Angliam, nis per costeram." B.

best Roach-anglers.[1] And I think the best Trout-anglers be in Derbyshire;[a] for the waters there are clear to an extremity.

Next, let me tell you, you shall fish for this Roach in Winter, with paste or gentles; in April, with worms or cadis; in the very hot months, with little white snails; or with flies under water, for he seldom takes them at the top, though the Dace will.[b] In many of the hot months, Roaches may also be caught thus: take a May-fly, or ant-fly, sink him with a little lead to the bottom, near to the piles or posts of a bridge, or near to any posts of a wier, I mean any deep place where Roaches lie quietly, and then pull your fly up very leisurely, and usually a Roach will follow your bait up to the very top of the water, and gaze on it there, and run at it and take it, lest the fly should fly away from him.

I have seen this done at Windsor and Henley-bridge,

VARIATIONS.] [a] "and the best Trout-anglers in Derbyshire," *2nd Edit.*

[b] The second edition proceeds thus: "and in August you shall fish for him with a paste made of the crumbs of bread, and much after this manner you shall fish for the Dace or Dare," &c.

NOTE *continued.*]
Lord Mayor, Dickenson, sent the Water-Bailiff up the Thames, in a barge well manned, and furnished with proper implements; who destroyed all those inclosures on this side Staines, by pulling up the stakes and setting them adrift. H.

[1] As Walton has given no specific directions for Roach-fishing, the following, which are usually adopted by London anglers, will perhaps not be deemed irrelevant. Use a light cane rod with a fine stiff top, a single gut line, a goose quill float, and No. 12 hook: the line, when fishing, should not be above twelve inches long above the float, which must be so shotted, that not more than the eighth of an inch appear above water: keep the top of the rod over the float, and when the least movement is noticed, strike quickly, but lightly, letting the movement proceed from the wrist, not from the arm. Use a landing net, particularly if fishing from a high bank. Before beginning to angle plumb the depth accurately, and if the stream be influenced by tides, mills, &c. repeat the same occasionally, fish within six inches of the bottom, and ground bait with graves mixed with bran and clay, or with grains or bread. B.

and great store of Roach taken; and sometimes, a Dace or Chub. And in August you may fish for them with a paste made only of the crumbs of bread, which should be of pure fine manchet; and that paste must be so tempered betwixt your hands till it be both soft and tough too: a very little water, and time, and labour, and clean hands, will make it a most excellent paste. But when you fish with it, you must have a small hook, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, or the bait is lost,[2] and the fish too; if one may lose that which he never had. With this paste you may, as I said, take both the Roach and the Dace or Dare; for they be much of a kind, in matter of feeding, cunning, goodness, and usually in size. And therefore take this general direction, for some other baits which may concern you to take notice of: they will bite almost at any fly, but especially at ant-flies; concerning which take this direction, for it is very good.

Take the blackish ant-fly out of the mole-hill or ant-hill, in which place you shall find them in the month of June; or if that be too early in the year, then, doubtless, you may find them in July, August, and most of September. Gather them alive, with both their wings: and then put them into a glass that will hold a quart or a pottle; but first put into the glass a handful, or more, of the moist earth out of which you gather them, and as much of the roots of the grass of the said hillock; and then put in the flies gently, that they lose not their wings: lay a clod of earth over it; and then so many as are put into the glass without bruising will live there a month or more, and be always in readiness for you to fish with: but if you would have them keep longer, then get any great earthen pot, or barrel of three or four gallons, which is better, then wash your barrel with water and honey; and having put into it a quantity of earth and grass roots, then put in your flies, and cover it, and they will live a quarter of a year.

NOTE.] [2] To make the paste stick on the hook, many anglers mix with it a small quantity of wool. B.

These, in any stream and clear water, are a deadly bait for Roach or Dace, or for a Chub: and your rule is to fish not less than a handful from the bottom.

I shall next tell you a winter-bait for a Roach, a Dace, or Chub; and it is choicely good. About All-hallantide, and so till frost comes, when you see men ploughing up heath ground, or sandy ground, or greenswards, then follow the plough, and you shall find a white worm as big as two maggots, and it hath a red head: you may observe in what ground most are, for there the crows will be very watchful and follow the plough very close: it is all soft, and full of whitish guts; a worm that is, in Norfolk and some other counties,[c] called a grub; and is bred of the spawn or eggs of a beetle, which she leaves in holes that she digs in the ground under cow or horse-dung, and there rests all winter, and in March or April comes to be first a red and then a black beetle. Gather a thousand or two of these, and put them, with a peck or two of their own earth, into some tub or firkin, and cover and keep them so warm that the frost or cold air, or winds, kill them not: these you may keep all winter, and kill fish with them at any time; and if you put some of them into a little earth and honey, a day before you use them, you will find them an excellent bait for Bream, Carp, or indeed for almost any fish.

And after this manner you may also keep gentles all winter; which are a good bait then, and much the better for being lively and tough. Or you may breed and keep gentles thus: take a piece of beast's liver, and, with a cross stick, hang it in some corner, over a pot or barrel half full of dry clay; and as the gentles grow big, they will fall into the barrel and scour themselves, and be always ready for use whensoever you incline to fish; and these gentles may be thus created till after Michaelmas. But if you desire to keep gentles to fish with all the year, then get a dead cat, or a kite, and let it be fly-blown;

VARIATION.] [c] "countries," in the 1*st*, 2*nd*, 3*rd*, *and* 4*th Edit.*

and when the gentles begin to be alive and to stir, then bury it and them in soft moist earth, but as free from frost as you can; and these you may dig up at any time when you intend to use them: these will last till March, and about that time turn to be flies.

But if you be nice to foul your fingers, which good anglers seldom are, then take this bait: get a handful of well-made malt, and put it into a dish of water; and then wash and rub it betwixt your hands till you make it clean, and as free from husks as you can; then put that water from it, and put a small quantity of fresh water to it, and set it in something that is fit for that purpose, over the fire, where it is not to boil apace, but leisurely and very softly, until it become somewhat soft, which you may try by feeling it betwixt your finger and thumb; and when it is soft, then put your water from it: and then take a sharp knife, and turning the sprout end of the corn upward with the point of your knife, take the back part of the husk off from it, and yet leaving a kind of inward husk on the corn, or else it is marr'd; and then cut off that sprouted end, I mean a little of it, that the white may appear; and so pull off the husk on the cloven side, as I directed you; and then cutting off a very little of the other end, that so your hook may enter; and if your hook be small and good, you will find this to be a very choice bait, either for winter or summer, you sometimes casting a little of it into the place where your float swims.

And to take the Roach and Dace, a good bait is the young brood of wasps or bees, if you dip their heads in blood; especially good for Bream, if they be baked, or hardened in their husks in an oven, after the bread is taken out of it; or hardened on a fire-shovel: and so also is the thick blood of sheep, being half dried on a trencher, that so you may cut into such pieces as may best fit the size of your hook; and a little salt keeps it from growing black, and makes it not the worse, but better: this is taken to be a choice bait, if rightly ordered.

There be several oils of a strong smell that I have been told of, and to be excellent to tempt fish to bite, of which I could say much. But I remember I once carried a small bottle from Sir George Hastings[3] to Sir Henry Wotton, they were both chemical men, as a great present: it was sent, and receiv'd, and us'd, with great confidence; and yet, upon inquiry, I found it did not answer the expectation of Sir Henry; which, with the help of this and other circumstances, makes me have little belief in such things as many men talk of. Not but that I think that fishes both smell and hear, as I have exprest in my former discourse: but there is a mysterious knack, which though it be much easier than the philosopher's stone, yet is not attainable by common capacities, or else lies locked up in the brain or breast of some chemical man, that, like the Rosicrucians,[4] will not yet reveal it. But let me nevertheless tell you, that camphire, put with moss into your worm-bag with your worms, makes them, if many anglers be not very much mistaken, a tempting bait, and the angler more fortunate. But I stepped by chance into this discourse of oils, and fishes smelling; and though there might be more said, both of it and of baits for Roach and Dace and other float-fish, yet I will forbear it at this time,[5] and tell you, in the

NOTE.] [3] See note, p. 105.

[4] The *Rosicrucians* were a sect of frantic enthusiasts, who sprung up in Germany about the beginning of the 14th century: they professed to teach the art of making gold; and boasted of a secret, in their power, to protract the period of human life, and even to restore youth. Their founder having been to the Holy Land, pretended to have learned all this from the Arabs. They propagated their senseless philosophy by tradition; and revealed their mysteries only to a chosen few; and to this practice the author alludes. Lemery, in his book *Of Chemistry*, has thus defined their art: "*Ars sine arte; cujus principium mentiri, medium laborare, et finis mendicare.*" An art without art; whose beginning is lying, whose middle is labour, and whose end is beggary. E.

[5] ROACH delight in gravelly or sandy bottoms: their haunts, especially as winter approaches, are in clear deep and still waters; and at other times, they lie in and near weeds, and under the shade of boughs: they spawn about the latter end of May, when they are scabby

next place, how you are to prepare your tackling: concerning which, I will, for sport sake, give you an old

NOTE *continued.*]
and unwholesome: but are again in order in about three weeks. The largest are taken after Michaelmas; and their prime season is in February or March. The Baits for Roach, not already mentioned, are, cad-bait and oak-worms, for the spring: in May, ant's-eggs; and paste made of the crumb of a new roll, both white, and tinged with red, which is done by putting vermilion into the water wherewith you moisten it; this paste will do for the winter also.

The haunts of DACE are, gravelly, sandy, and clayey bottoms; deep holes that are shaded; water-lily leaves; and under the foam caused by an eddy: in hot weather, they are to be found on the shallows. They spawn about the latter end of March: and are in season about three weeks after: they are not very good till about Michaelmas, and are best in February. Baits for Dace, other than those mentioned by Walton, are, the oak-worm, red-worm, brandling, gilt-tail; and indeed any worm, bred on trees or bushes, that is not too big for his mouth; almost all kinds of flies and caterpillars.

Though Dace are often caught with a float, as Roach, yet they are to be taken with an artificial gnat, or ant-fly, or indeed almost any other small fly in its season; but in the Thames, above Richmond, the largest are caught with a green or dun grasshopper, and sometimes with gentles; with both of which you are to fish as with an artificial fly. They are not to be come at till about September, when the weeds begin to rot: but when you have found where they lie, which, in a warm day, is generally on the shallows, 'tis incredible what havoc you may make: pinch off the first joint of the grasshopper's legs, put the point of the hook in at the head, and bring it out at the tail; and in this way of fishing you will catch Chub, especially if you throw under the boughs.

But this can be done only in a boat; for the management whereof, be provided with a staff, and a heavy stone fastened to a strong rope of four or five yards in length: fasten the rope to the head of the boat, and drive down with the stream: when you come to a place where the fish are likely to lie, drop the stone, and, standing in the stern, throw down the stream, and a little to the right and left: after trying a place, push the boat lower down, and throw again. Use a common fly-line, about ten yards long, with a strong single hair next the hook. It is true there is less certainty of catching in this way than with a float or ground-bait: for which reason, I would recommend it only to those who can command a boat for that purpose, and can take advantage of a still, warm, gloomy day; to such it will afford much more diversion than the ordinary inartificial method of fishing in the deeps for Roach and Dace. H.

rhyme out of an old fish-book; which will prove a part, and but a part, of what you are to provide.

My rod and my line, my float and my lead,
My hook and my plummet, my whetstone and knife,
My basket, my baits, both living and dead,
My net, and my meat, for that is the chief:
Then I must have thread, and hairs green[d] and small,
With mine angling purse: and so you have all.

But you must have all these tackling, and twice so many more,[6] with which, if you mean to be a fisher, you must store yourself; and to that purpose I will go with you, either to[7] Mr. Margrave, who dwells amongst the

VARIATION.] [d] great. 1*st Edit.*

NOTE.] [6] I have heard that the tackling hath been prised at fifty pounds, in the inventory of an angler. *Note by Walton.*

[7] In the *First Edition* Piscator says "I will go with you either to Charles Brandons' near to the Swan in Golding-lane, or to Mr. Fletcher's, in the court which did once belong to Dr. Nowel, the Dean of Paul's, that I told you was a good man, and a good Fisher: it is hard by the West end of St. Paul's church: they be both honest men, and will fit an angler with what tackling he wants." *Viator* replies, "Then, good master, let it be at Charles Brandons', for he is nearest to my dwelling, and I pray let's meet there," &c. In the *Second Edition* the same names occur, but after the words St. Paul's church is this passage, "But if you will buy choice hooks, I will one day walk with you to Charles Kerbye's, in Harp-alley in Shoe-lane, who is the most exact and best hook maker that the nation affords. They be all three honest men," &c. The *Third* and *Fourth Editions* agree with the *Second;* but the text has been taken from the *Fifth*, published in 1676, at which time Brandons, Fletcher, and Kerbye were probably dead. At the end of Cotton's Second Part is the following address, which affords some information about Mr. Margrave:

"Courteous Reader,
You may be pleased to take notice that at the sign of the Three Trouts in St. Paul's church-yard, on the north side you may be fitted with all sorts of the best Fishing-tackle, by
John Margrave."

The Charles Kerbye above alluded to, obtained from Prince Rupert a method of tempering his hooks, which long continued in the Family. A lineal descendant of his, whose hooks for their shape and temper exceeded all others, was in 1760, living in Crowthers-well-alley near Aldersgate Street.

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booksellers in St. Paul's Church-yard, or to Mr. John Stubs, near to the Swan in Golding-lane: they be both honest men, and will fit an angler with what tackling he lacks.

VENATOR. Then, good master, let it be at ———[8] for he is nearest to my dwelling. And I pray let's meet there the ninth of May next, about two of the clock; and I'll want nothing that a fisher should be furnished with.

PISCATOR. Well, and I'll not fail you, God willing, at the time and place appointed.

VENATOR. I thank you, good master, and I will not fail you. And, good master, tell me what BAITS more you remember; for it will not now be long ere we shall be at Tottenham-High-Cross; and when we come thither I will make you some requital of your pains, by repeating as choice a copy of Verses as any we have heard since we met together; and that is a proud word, for we have heard very good ones.

PISCATOR. Well, scholar, and I shall be then right glad to hear them. And I will, as we walk, tell you whatsoever comes in my mind, that I think may be worth your hearing. You may make another choice bait thus: take a handful or two of the best and biggest wheat you can get; boil it in a little milk, like as frumity is boiled; boil it so till it be soft; and then fry it, very leisurely, with honey, and a little beaten saffron dissolved in milk: and you will find this a choice bait, and good, I think, for any fish, especially for Roach, Dace, Chub, or Grayling: I know not but that it may be as good for a river Carp, and especially if the ground be a little baited with it.

And you may also note, that the SPAWN[9] of most fish is

NOTE.] [8] See a note in the preceding page.

[9] Barker recommends the spawn of Salmon or Trout to his patron in the following terms:

"Noble Lord,

I have found an experience of late, which you may angle with, and take great store of this kind of fish. First, it is the best bait for a

a very tempting bait, being a little hardened on a warm tile, and cut into fit pieces. Nay, mulberries, and those blackberries which grow upon briars, be good baits for Chubs or Carps: with these many have been taken in ponds, and in some rivers where such trees have grown near the water, and the fruit customarily dropt into it. And there be a hundred other baits, more than can be well named, which, by constant baiting the water, will become a tempting bait for any fish in it.

You are also to know, that there be divers kinds of CADIS, or Case-worms, that are to be found in this nation, in several distinct counties, and in several little brooks that relate to bigger rivers; as namely, one cadis called

NOTE *continued.*]

Trout that I have seen in all my time; and will take great store, and not fail, if they be there. Secondly, it is a special bait for Dace or Dare, good for Chub or Bottlin, or Grayling. The bait is, the ROE OF A SALMON OR TROUT. If it be a large Trout that the spawns be any thing great, you may angle for the Trout with this bait as you angle with the brandling; taking a pair of scissars, and cut so much as a large hazel-nut, and bait your hook; so fall to your sport, there is no doubt of pleasure. If I had known it but twenty years ago, I would have gained a hundred pounds only with that bait. I am bound in duty to divulge it to your honour, and not to carry it to my grave with me. I do desire that men of quality should have it, that delight in that pleasure. The greedy angler will murmur at me, but for that I care not. For the angling for the Scale-fish: They must angle either with cork or quill, plumming their ground; and with feeding with the same bait, taking them [the spawns] asunder, that they may spread abroad, that the fish may feed, and come to your place; there is no doubt of pleasure, angling with fine tackle; as single hair lines, at least five or six length long; a small hook, with two or three spawns. The bait will hold one week: if you keep it on any longer, you must hang it up to dry a little; when you go to your pleasure again, put the bait in a little water, it will come in kind again."

Others, to preserve Salmon spawn, sprinkle it with salt, and lay it upon wool in a pot, one layer of wool and another of spawn. It is said to be a killing bait for the winter or spring; especially where Salmon are used to spawn; for thither the fish gather, and there expect it. *Cheetham's Angler's Vade Mecum*, 53. *ed.* 1700.

The inhabitants of the villages on the banks of the Thames adopt

a piper,[1] whose husk, or case, is a piece of reed about an inch long, or longer, and as big about as the compass of a two-pence. These worms being kept three or four days in a woollen bag, with sand at the bottom of it, and the bag wet once a day, will in three or four days turn to be yellow; and these be a choice bait for the Chub or Chavender, or indeed for any great fish, for it is a large bait.

There is also a lesser cadis-worm, called a Cock-spur,[2] being in fashion like the spur of a cock, sharp at one end; and the case, or house, in which this dwells, is made of small husks, and gravel, and slime, most curiously made of these, even so as to be wondered at, but not to be made

NOTE *continued.*]
the following method of dressing large Roach and Dace, which, as 'tis said, renders them very pleasant and savoury food: without scaling the fish, lay him on a gridiron, over a slow fire, and strew on him a little flour; when he begins to grow brown, make a slit, not more than skin deep, in his back, from head to tail, and lay him on again: when he is broiled enough, the skin, scales and all, will peel off, and leave the flesh, which will have become very firm, perfectly clean; then open the belly, and take out the inside, and use anchovy and butter for sauce.

Having promised the reader Mr. Barker's recipe for anointing boots and shoes, (and having no further occasion to make use of his authority,) it is here given in his own words:

"Take a pint of linseed-oil, with half a pound of mutton-suet, six or eight ounces of bees-wax, and half a pennyworth of rosin: boil all this in a pipkin together; so let it cool till it be milk-warm; then take a little hair-brush, and lay it on your new boots; but it is best that this stuff be laid on before the boot-maker makes the boots; then brush them once over after they come from him: as for old boots, you must lay it on when your boots be dry." H.

[1] The Piper-cadis is supposed to be the largest of the tribe: it is found in rivers running upon beds of lime-stone or large pebbles, and is common in the Northern and Western streams. It advances to an Aurelia towards May, and is then usually termed by Sportsmen, the Stone-fly: but in Wales it is called the water-cricket. B.

[2] Bowlker expressly says, in his "Art of Angling," p. 70, that the Cock-spur produces the May-fly or yellow cadew. B.

by man, no more than a king-fisher's nest can,[e] which is made of little fishes' bones,[3] and have such a geometrical interweaving and connection as the like is not to be done by the art of man. This kind of cadis is a choice bait for any float-fish; it is much less than the piper-cadis, and to be so ordered: and these may be so preserved, ten, fifteen, or twenty days, or it may be longer.

There is also another cadis, called by some a Straw-worm, and by some a Ruff-coat,[4] whose house, or case, is made of little pieces of bents, and rushes, and straws, and water-weeds, and I know not what; which are so knit together with condensed slime, that they stick about her husk or case, not unlike the bristles of a hedge-hog. These three cadises are commonly taken in the beginning of summer; and are good, indeed, to take any kind of fish, with float or otherwise. I might tell you of many more, which as these do early, so those have their time also of turning to be flies later in summer; but I might lose myself, and tire you, by such a discourse: I shall therefore but remember you, that to know these, and their several kinds, and to what flies every particular cadis turns, and then how to use them, first as they be cadis, and after as they be flies, is an art, and an art that every one that professes to be an angler has not leisure to search after, and, if he had, is not capable of learning.[f]

VARIATION.] [e] No more than the nest of a bird is.—1*st and* 2*nd Edit.*

[f] That every one that professes angling is not capable of.—1*st and* 2*nd Edit.*

NOTE.] [3] Dr. Shaw tells us that the Kingfishers deposit their eggs in cavities formed in the banks of rivers: the hole or nest, he adds, if it may be properly so named, being often deeply lined at the bottom by a stratum of small fish bones and scales. *Gener. Zool.* vol. viii. part i. p. 53. Pennant thinks these the fragments only of the food of the owner and its young. *Brit. Zool.* vol. i. p. 249. E.

[4] The Straw-worm or Rough Coat is found in most streams. It produces various flies, as the withy fly, ash-coloured duns, and light and dark browns of different shapes and dimensions. B.

I'll tell you, scholar; several countries have several kinds of cadises, that indeed differ as much as dogs do; that is to say, as much as a very cur and a greyhound do. These be usually bred in the very little rills, or ditches, that run into bigger rivers; and, I think, a more proper bait for those very rivers than any other. I know not how, or of what, this cadis receives life, or what coloured fly it turns to; but doubtless they are the death of many Trouts: and this is one killing way:

Take one, or more if need be, of these large yellow cadis: pull off his head, and with it pull out his black gut; put the body, as little bruised as is possible, on a very little hook, armed on with a red hair, which will shew like the cadis-head; and a very little thin lead, so put upon the shank of the hook that it may sink presently. Throw this bait, thus ordered, which will look very yellow, into any great still hole where a Trout is, and he will presently venture his life for it, it is not to be doubted, if you be not espied; and that the bait first touch the water before the line. And this will do best in the deepest stillest water.

Next, let me tell you, I have been much pleased to walk quietly by a brook, with a little stick in my hand, with which I might easily take these, and consider the curiosity of their composure: and if you should ever like to do so, then note, that your stick must be a little hazel, or willow, cleft, or have a nick at one end of it, by which means you may, with ease, take many of them in that nick out of the water, before you have any occasion to use them. These, my honest scholar, are some observations, told to you as they now come suddenly into my memory, of which you may make some use: but for the practical part, it is that that makes an angler: it is diligence, and observation, and practice,[g] and an ambition to

VARIATION.] [g] In the *first* edition this chapter concludes. "It is diligence and observation, and practice that must do it;" and the next

be the best in the art, that must do it. I will tell you, scholar, I once heard one say, "I envy not him that eats better meat than I do; nor him that is richer, or that wears better clothes than I do: I envy nobody but him, and him only, that catches more fish than I do." And such a man is like to prove an angler; and this noble emulation I wish to you, and all young anglers.

Chap. XVIII. Of the Minnow, or Penk; Loach; Bull-Head, or Miller's-Thumb: and the Stickle-bag.

PISCATOR. There be also three or four other little fish that I had almost forgot;[5] that are all without scales; and may, for excellency of meat, be compared to any fish of greatest value and largest size. They be usually full of eggs or spawn, all the months of summer; for they breed often, as 'tis observed mice and many of the smaller four-footed creatures of the earth do; and as those, so these come quickly to their full growth and perfection. And it is needful that they breed both often and numerously; for they be, besides other accidents of ruin, both a prey and baits for other fish. And first I shall tell you of the Minnow or Penk.

The MINNOW hath, when he is in perfect season, and

VARIATION *continued.*]
begins, "Well, scholar, I have held you too long about these Cadis, and my spirits are almost spent, and so I doubt is your patience; but being we are now within sight of Tottenham, where I first met you, and where we are to part, I will give you a little direction how to colour the hair of which you make your lines," &c.

NOTE.] [5] Since Walton wrote, there has been brought into England, from Germany, a species of small fish, resembling Carp in shape and colour, called *Crucians*, with which many ponds are now plentifully stocked: and from China, those beautiful creatures *Gold and Silver Fish;* which are usually kept in ponds, basins, and small reservoirs of water; to which they are a delightful ornament. It is now a common practice to keep them in a large glass vessel like a punch-bowl, with fine gravel strewed at the bottom; frequently changing the water, and feeding them with bread and gentles. Those who can take more pleasure in angling for, than in beholding them, which I confess I could never do, may catch them with gentles: but though costly, they are but coarse food. H.

not sick, which is only presently after spawning, a kind of dappled or waved colour, like to a panther, on his sides, inclining to a greenish and sky-colour; his belly being milk white; and his back almost black, or blackish. He is a sharp biter at a small worm, and in hot weather makes excellent sport for young anglers, or boys, or women that love that recreation. And in the spring they make of them excellent Minnow-tansies; for being washed well in salt, and their heads and tails cut off, and their guts taken out, and not washed after, they prove excellent for that use; that is, being fried with yolks of eggs, the flowers of cowslips and of primroses, and a little tansy; thus used they make a dainty dish of meat.

The LOACH is, as I told you, a most dainty fish: he breeds and feeds in little and clear swift brooks or rills, and lives there upon the gravel, and in the sharpest streams: he grows not to be above a finger long, and no thicker than is suitable to that length. This Loach is not unlike the shape of the Eel: he has a beard or wattles like a barbel. He has two fins at his sides, four at his belly, and one at his tail; he is dappled with many black or brown spots; his mouth is barbel-like under his nose. This fish is usually full of eggs or spawn; and is by Gesner, and other learned physicians, commended for great nourishment, and to be very grateful both to the palate and stomach of sick persons. He is to be fished for with a very small worm, at the bottom; for he very seldom, or never, rises above the gravel, on which I told you he usually gets his living.

The MILLER'S-THUMB, or BULL-HEAD, is a fish of no pleasing shape. He is by Gesner compared to the Sea-toad-fish, for his similitude and shape. It has a head big and flat, much greater than suitable to his body; a mouth very wide, and usually gaping; he is without teeth, but his lips are very rough, much like to a file. He hath two fins near to his gills, which be roundish or crested; two fins also under the belly; two on the back; one below

the vent; and the fin of his tail is round. Nature hath painted the body of this fish with whitish, blackish, brownish spots. They be usually full of eggs or spawn all the summer, I mean the females; and those eggs swell their vents almost into the form of a dug. They begin to spawn about April, and, as I told you, spawn several months in the summer. And in the winter, the Minnow, and Loach, and Bull-head dwell in the mud, as the Eel doth; or we know not where, no more than we know where the cuckow and swallow, and other half-year birds,[h] which first appear to us in April, spend their six cold, winter, melancholy months. This BULL-HEAD does usually dwell, and hide himself, in holes, or amongst stones in clear water; and in very hot days will lie a long time very still, and sun himself, and will be easy to be seen upon any flat stone, or any gravel; at which time he will suffer an angler to put a hook, baited with a small worm, very near unto his very mouth: and he never refuses to bite, nor indeed to be caught with the worst of anglers. Matthiolus[6] commends him much more for his taste and nourishment, than for his shape or beauty.

There is also a little fish called a STICKLEBAG, a fish without scales, but hath his body fenced with several prickles. I know not where he dwells in winter; nor what he is good for in summer, but only to make sport for boys and women-anglers, and to feed other fish that be fish of prey, as Trouts in particular, who will bite at him as at a Penk; and better, if your hook be rightly baited with him, for he may be so baited as, his tail turning like the sail of a wind-mill, will make him turn more quick than any Penk or Minnow can. For note, that the nimble turning of that, or the Minnow, is the perfection of Minnow-fishing. To which end, if you put your hook into his

VARIATION.] [h] Summer birds.—*2nd, 3rd, and 4th Edit.*

NOTE.] [6] *Petrus Andreas Matthiolus*, of Sienna, an eminent physician of the sixteenth century, famous for his *Commentaries* on some of the writings of Dioscorides. H.

mouth, and out at his tail; and then, having first tied him with white thread a little above his tail, and placed him after such a manner on your hook as he is like to turn, then sew up his mouth to your line, and he is like to turn quick, and tempt any Trout: but if he does not turn quick, then turn his tail, a little more or less, towards the inner part, or towards the side of the hook; or put the Minnow or Sticklebag a little more crooked or more straight on your hook, until it will turn both true and fast; and then doubt not but to tempt any great Trout that lies in a swift stream.[7] And the Loach that I told you of will do the like: no bait is more tempting, provided the Loach be not too big.

And now, scholar, with the help of this fine morning, and your patient attention, I have said all that my present memory will afford me, concerning most of the several fish that are usually fished for in fresh waters.

VENATOR. But, master, you have by your former civility made me hope that you will make good your promise, and say something of the several rivers that be of most note in this nation; and also of fish-ponds, and the ordering of them: and do it I pray, good master; for I love any discourse of rivers, and fish and fishing; the time spent in such discourse passes away very pleasantly.

Chap. XIX.[8] Of Rivers, and some Observations of Fish.

PISCATOR. Well, scholar, since the ways and weather do both favour us, and that we yet see not Tottenham-Cross, you shall see my

NOTE.] [7] The Minnow, if used in this manner, is so tempting a bait, that few fish are able to resist it. The present Earl of ——— told me, that in the month of June last, at Kimpton Hoo, near Wellwyn, in Hertfordshire, he caught (with a Minnow) a *Rud*, a fish described in page 272, which, insomuch as the *Rud* is not reckoned, nor does the situation of his teeth, which are in his throat, bespeak him to be a fish of prey, is a fact more extraordinary than that related by Sir George Hastings, in Chap. IV. of a *Fordidge Trout* (of which kind of fish none had ever been known to be taken with an angle), which he caught, and supposed it bit for wantonness. H.

[8] No portion of this chapter occurs in the 1*st* but was added in the 2*nd* and subsequent editions.

willingness to satisfy your desire. And, first, for the rivers of this nation: there be, as you may note out of Doctor Heylin's Geography,[9] and others, in number three hundred and twenty-five; but those of chiefest note he reckons and describes as followeth.

The chief is THAMISIS, compounded of two rivers, Thame and Isis; whereof the former, rising somewhat beyond Thame in Buckinghamshire, and the latter near Cirencester in Gloucestershire, meet together about Dorchester in Oxfordshire; the issue of which happy conjunction is the Thamisis, or Thames;[1] hence it flieth betwixt Berks, Buckinghamshire, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Essex: and so weddeth himself to the Kentish Medway, in the very jaws of the ocean. This glorious river feeleth the violence and benefit of the sea more than any river in Europe; ebbing and flowing, twice a day, more than sixty miles; about whose banks are so many

NOTE.] [9] It should be Dr. Heylin's *Cosmography*.

[1] Though the current opinion is, that the Thames had its name from the conjunction of *Thame* and *Isis*, it plainly appears that the *Isis* was always called *Thames*, or *Tems*, before it came near the *Tame*. Gibson's *Camden*, edit. 1753. p. 99. And although the head of the Thame is generally supposed to be in Oxfordshire, Camden (whom Walton probably followed), *Brit.* 215, says it is in Buckinghamshire. Lambarde, however, adopting the authority of Leland, says, "Tame springeth out of the hilles of Hertfordshire, at a place called Bulburne, a few myles from Penlye, (the house of a family of gentlemen called Verneys); it runneth from thence to Aylesbury in Buckinghamshire, and to Tame (a market-town in Oxfordshire, whearunto it gyveth the name,) then passinge under Whetley-bridge, it cometh to Dorchester, and hard by joyneth with Isis, or Ouse, and from that place joyneth with it in name also." *Dictionarium Topographicum*, voce THAME. Unfortunately, Leland's manuscript has lost twenty-five leaves in that part of it where one might expect to find this passage. But the following extract from an author of great authority, and who had a seat in the county of Hertford, will determine the question. "The *Thame* (the most famous river of England) issues from three heads in the parish of Tring: the first rises in an orchard, near the parsonage-house; the second in a place called Dundell; and the other proceeds from a spring named Bulbourne, which ast stream joins the other waters at a place called New-mill; whence all, gliding together

fair towns and princely palaces, that a German[2] poet thus truly spake:

Tot campos, &c.
We saw so many woods and princely bowers,
Sweet fields, brave palaces, and stately towers;
So many gardens drest with curious care,
That Thames with royal Tiber may compare.

2. The second river of note is SABRINA or SEVERN: it hath its beginning in Plinilimmon-hill, in Montgomeryshire; and his end seven miles from Bristol; washing, in the mean space, the walls of Shrewsbury, Worcester, and Gloucester, and divers other places and palaces of note.

3. TRENT, so called from thirty kind of fishes that are found in it, or for that it receiveth thirty lesser rivers; who, having his fountain in Staffordshire, and gliding through the counties of Nottingham, Lincoln, Leicester, and York, augmenteth the turbulent current of Humber, the most violent stream of all the isle. This Humber is not, to say truth, a distinct river having a spring-head of his own, but it is rather the mouth or *æstuarium* of divers rivers here confluent and meeting together, namely, your Derwent, and especially of Ouse and Trent; and, as the

NOTE *continued.*]
in one current, through Puttenham in this county, pass by Aylesbury (a fair market-town in Buckinghamshire) to Etherop, (an ancient pleasant seat of that noble family of the Dormers, earls of Caernarvon;) and crossing that county, by Notley-abbey, to Thame, (a market-town in Oxfordshire, which borrows its name from this river,) hastneth away by Whately-bridge to Dorchester, (an ancient episcopal seat,) and thence congratulates the *Isis;* but both emulating each other for the name, and neither yielding, they are complicated by that of *Thamisis.*" Sir Henry Chauncy's *Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire*, p. 2. H.

[2] Who this German poet was is not known; but the verses, in the original Latin, are in Heylin's *Cosmography*, page 240, and are as follow:

Tot campos, sylvas, tot regia tecta, tot hortos,
Artifici excultos dextra, tot vidimus arces;
Ut nunc Ausonio, Thamisis, *cum* Tibride *certet.*

Danow, having received into its channel the river Dravus, Savus, Tibiscus, and divers others, changeth his name into this of *Humberabus*, as the old geographers call it.

4. MEDWAY, a Kentish river; famous for harbouring the royal navy.

5. TWEED, the north-east bound of England; on whose northern banks is seated the strong and impregnable town of Berwick.

6. TYNE, famous for Newcastle, and her inexhaustible coal-pits.[3] These, and the rest of principal note, are thus comprehended in one of Mr. Drayton's Sonnets:

Our floods' queen, Thames, for ships and swans is crown'd;
And stately Severn for her shore is prais'd;
The crystal Trent, for fords and fish renown'd;
And Avon's fame to Albion's cliffs is rais'd.

Carlegion Chester vaunts her holy Dee;
York many wonders of her Ouse can tell;
The Peak, her Dove, whose banks so fertile be,
And Kent will say her Medway doth excel:

Cotswold commends her Isis to the Tame;
Our northern borders boast of Tweed's fair flood;
Our Western parts extol their Willy's fame,
And the old Lea brags of the Danish blood.[4]

NOTE.] [3] It is unnecessary to give here such a description and history of the rivers of this kingdom as some readers would wish for. They may, however, find a great variety of curious and useful learning on the subject, in Selden's *Notes on the Polyolbion*. H.

[4] "LEE *flu*. Lyȝan, Saxon. *Luy*, Mar. [*forsan* Marcellinus] *Lea*, Polydoro. The name of the water which (runnyn betwene Ware and London) devydethe, for a great part of the way, Essex and Hertfordshyre. It begynnethe near a place called Whitchurche; and from thence, passinge by Hertford, Ware, and Waltham, openethe into the Thamise at Ham in Essex; wheare the place is, at this day, called *Lee Mouthe*. It hathe, of longe tyme, borne vessells from London, 20 miles towarde the head; for, in tyme of Kinge Alfrede, the Danes entered Leymouthe, and fortified, at a place adjoyninge to this ryver, 20 myles from London; where, by fortune, king Alfrede passinge by, espied that the channell of the ryver might be in such sorte weakened, that they should want water to returne withe their

These observations are out of learned Dr. Heylin, and my old deceased friend, Michael Drayton; and because you say you love such discourses as these, of rivers, and fish, and fishing, I love you the better, and love the more to impart them to you. Nevertheless, scholar, if I should begin but to name the several sorts of strange fish that are usually taken in many of those rivers that run into the sea, I might beget wonder in you, or unbelief, or both: and yet I will venture to tell you a real truth concerning one lately dissected by Dr. Wharton, a man of great learning and experience, and of equal freedom to communicate it; one that loves me and my art; one to whom I have been beholden for many of the choicest observations that I have imparted to you. This good man, that dares do any thing rather than tell an untruth, did, I say, tell me he had lately dissected one strange fish, and he thus described it to me:

"The fish was almost a yard broad, and twice that length; his mouth wide enough to receive, or take into it,

NOTE *continued.*]

shippes: he caused therefore the water to be abated by two greate trenches, and settinge the Londoners upon theim, he made theim batteil; wherein they lost four of their captaines, and a great nomber of their common souldiers; the rest flyinge into the castle which they had builte. Not longe after, they weare so pressed that they forsoke all, and lefte their shippes as a pray to the Londoners; which breakinge some, and burninge other, conveyed the rest to London. This castle, for the distance, might seme *Hertforde;* but it was some other upon that banke, which had no longe continuance; for Edward the elder, and son of this Alfrede, builded *Hertforde* not longe after." *Vide* Lambarde's *Dictionarium Topographicum*, voce LEE. Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song the Twelfth, and the first Note thereon. Other authors, who confirm this fact, also add, That for the purpose aforesaid he opened the mouth of the river. *See* Sir William Dugdale's *History of the embanking and draining the Fens*, and Sir John Spelman's *Life of* Ælfred *the Great*, published by Hearne, in 8vo. 1709; the perusal of which last-named author will leave the reader in very little doubt but that these trenches are the very same that now branch off from the river between Temple-Mills and Old-Ford, and, crossing the Stratford road, enter the Thames, together with the principal stream, a little below Blackwall. H.

the head of a man; his stomach, seven or eight inches broad. He is of a slow motion; and usually lies or lurks close in the mud; and has a moveable string on his head, about a span or near unto a quarter of a yard long; by the moving of which, which is his natural bait, when he lies close and unseen in the mud, he draws other smaller fish so close to him, that he can suck them into his mouth, and so devours and digests them."[i]

And, scholar, do not wonder at this; for besides the credit of the relator, you are to note, many of these, and fishes which are of the like and more unusual shapes, are very often taken on the mouths of our sea-rivers, and on the sea-shore. And this will be no wonder to any that have travelled Egypt; where, 'tis known, the famous river Nilus does not only breed fishes that yet want names, but, by the overflowing of that river, and the help of the sun's heat on the fat slime which that river leaves on the banks when it falls back into its natural channel, such strange fish and beasts are also bred, that no man can give a name to; as Grotius in his 'Sopham,'[5] and others, have observed.

But whither am I strayed in this discourse. I will end it by telling you, that at the mouth of some of these rivers of ours, Herrings are so plentiful, as namely, near to Yarmouth in Norfolk,[6] and in the west country Pilchers

VARIATION.] [i] "And then sucks them into his mouth, and devours them."—1*st*, 2*nd*, *and* 3*rd Edit.*

NOTE.] [5] "Of Artificial meat, so many dishes,
The several kinds unknown to Nile of Fishes,
Strange beasts from Africk, which yet want a name,
And birds which from the Arabian desart came."
Grotius. His Sophompaneas or Joseph, a tragedy, by Francis Goldsmith, Esq. 12mo, Lond. 1652.

[6] The town of Yarmouth is bound by charter to send annually to the Sheriffs of Norwich, a hundred herrings, which are to be baked in twenty-four pies or pasties, and delivered to the Lord of the Manor of Eastcarlton, who is to convey them to the King. Beckwith's *Fragmenta Antiquitatis*, ed. 1784, p. 135.

so very plentiful, as you will wonder to read what our learned Camden relates of them in his 'Britannia,'[7]

Well, scholar, I will stop here, and tell you what by reading and conference I have observed concerning fish-ponds.

Chap. XX.[7] Of Fish-Ponds.

Doctor Lebault, the learned Frenchman, in his large discourse of *Maison Rustique*, gives this direction for making of fish-ponds. I shall refer you to him, to read it at large: but I think I shall contract it, and yet make it as useful.[8]

He adviseth, that when you have drained the ground, and made the earth firm where the head of the pond must be, that you must then, in that place, drive in two or three rows of oak or elm piles, which should be scorched in the fire, or half-burnt, before they be driven into the earth; for being thus used, it preserves them much longer from rotting. And having done so, lay faggots or bavins of smaller wood betwixt them; and then earth betwixt and above them: and then, having first very well rammed them and the earth, use another pile in like manner as the first were: and note, that the second pile is to be of or about the height that you intend to make your sluice or flood-gate, or the vent that you intend shall convey the overflowings of your pond in any flood that shall endanger the breaking of the pond-dam.

Then he advises, that you plant willows or owlers,[k]

Variation.] [k] Osiers.

[7] Note.] p. 178, 186.

[8] The whole of this chapter was added to the *second* edition.

[9] One of the best French Editions of the Work here alluded to is mentioned by De Bure, "L'Agriculture et Maison Rustique de M.M. Charles Estienne, et Iean Liebavlt, Docteurs en Médecine. Edition dernière." 4to. *Lyon.* 1594. A translation of this Work, under the Title of "Maison Rustique, or the Country Farme, compiled by Charles Steuens and John Liebault, Doctors of Physicke, and translated into English by Richard Surflet," appeared in quarto, *Lond.* 1600: and a second edition, with large additions, by Gervase Markham, fol. *Lond.* 1616. The latter is, no doubt, the "large Discourse" to which Walton alludes. This xxth Chapter of Walton is contracted from the xiith, xiiith, xiiiith, xivth and xvth chapters of Liebault's fourth book. E.

about it, or both: and then cast in bavins, in some places not far from the side, and in the most sandy places, for fish both to spawn upon, and to defend them and the young fry from the many fish, and also from vermin, that lie at watch to destroy them, especially the spawn of the Carp and Tench, when 'tis left to the mercy of ducks or vermin.

He, and Dubravius, and all others advise, that you make choice of such a place for your pond, that it may be refreshed with a little rill, or with rain-water, running or falling into it; by which fish are more inclined both to breed, and are also refreshed and fed the better, and do prove to be of a much sweeter and more pleasant taste.

To which end it is observed, that such pools as be large and have most gravel, and shallows where fish may sport themselves, do afford fish of the purest taste. And note, that in all pools it is best for fish to have some retiring place; as namely, hollow banks, or shelves, or roots of trees, to keep them from danger, and, when they think fit, from the extreme heat of summer; as also from the extremity of cold in winter. And note, that if many trees be growing about your pond, the leaves thereof falling into the water, make it nauseous to the fish, and the fish to be so to the eater of it.

'Tis noted, that the Tench and Eel love mud: and the Carp loves gravelly ground, and in the hot months to feed on grass. You are to cleanse your pond, if you intend either profit or pleasure, once every three or four years, especially some ponds, and then let it lie dry six or twelve months, both to kill the water-weeds, as water-lilies, candocks, reate, and bulrushes, that breed there; and also that as these die for want of water, so grass may grow in the pond's bottom, which Carps will eat greedily in all the hot months, if the pond be clean. The letting your pond dry, and sowing oats in the bottom, is also good, for the fish feed the faster: and being sometimes let dry, you may observe what kind of fish either increases or thrives

best in that water; for they differ much, both in their breeding and feeding.

Lebault also advises, that if your ponds be not very large and roomy, that you often feed your fish, by throwing into them chippings of bread, curds, grains, or the entrails of chickens or of any fowl or beast that you kill to feed yourselves; for these afford fish a great relief. He says, that frogs and ducks do much harm, and devour both the spawn and the young fry of all fish, especially of the Carp; and I have, besides experience, many testimonies of it. But Lebault allows water-frogs to be good meat, especially in some months, if they be fat: but you are to note, that he is a Frenchman; and we English will hardly believe him, though we know frogs are usually eaten in his country: however, he advises to destroy them and king-fishers out of your ponds. And he advises not to suffer much shooting at wild fowl; for that, he says, affrightens, and harms, and destroys the fish.

Note, that Carps and Tench thrive and breed best when no other fish is put with them into the same pond; for all other fish devour their spawn, or at least the greatest part of it. And note, that clods of grass thrown into any pond feed any Carps in summer; and that garden-earth and parsley thrown into a pond recovers and refreshes the sick fish. And note, that when you store your pond, you are to put into it two or three melters for one spawner, if you put them into a breeding-pond; but if into a nurse-pond, or feeding-pond, in which they will not breed, then no care is to be taken whether there be most male or female Carps.

It is observed, that the best ponds to breed Carps are those that be stony or sandy, and are warm, and free from wind; and that are not deep, but have willow-trees and grass on their sides, over which the water does sometimes flow: and note, that Carps do more usually breed in marle-pits, or pits that have clean clay bottoms; or in new

ponds, or ponds that lie dry a winter season, than in old ponds that be full of mud and weeds.[1]

Well, Scholar, I have told you the substance of all that either observation or discourse, or a diligent survey of Dubravius and Lebault hath told me: not that they, in their long discourses, have not said more; but the most of the rest are so common observations, as if a man should tell a good arithmetician that twice two is four. I will

NOTE.] [1] It is observable, that the author has said very little of pond-fishing; which is, in truth, a dull recreation; and to which I have heard it objected, that fish in ponds are already caught. Nevertheless, I find that in the canal at St. James's Park, which, though a large one, is yet a pond, it was, in the reign of Charles II. the practice of ladies to angle.

"Beneath, a shole of silver fishes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' sides;
The ladies, angling in the chrystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take:
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fishes and the men their prize."

WALLER. Poem *on St. James's Park, lately improved by his Majesty.*

As the method of ordering fish-ponds is now very well known, and there are few books of gardening but what give some directions about it, it is hoped the reader will think the following quotation from Bowlker sufficient, by way of annotation on this chapter.

"When you intend to stock a pool with Carp or Tench, make a close *ethering hedge*, across the head of the pool, about a yard distance of the dam, and about three feet above the water; which is the best refuge for them I know of, and the only method to preserve pool-fish; because if any one attempts to rob the pool, muddies the water, or disturbs it with nets, most of the fish, if not all, immediately fly between the hedge and the dam, to preserve themselves: and in all pools where there are such shelters and shades, the fish delight to swim backwards and forwards, through and round the same, rubbing and sporting themselves therewith. This hedge ought to be made chiefly of orls, and not too close; the boughs long and straggling towards the dam; by which means you may feed and fatten them as you please. The best baits for drawing them together, at first, are maggots, or young wasps; the next are bullock's brains and lob-worms, chopped together, and thrown into the pools in large quantities, about two hours before sunset, summer and winter. By thus using these ground-baits, once a day, for a fortnight together, the fish will come as constantly and na-

therefore put an end to this discourse; and we will here sit down and rest us.

Chap. XXI. PISCATOR. WELL, Scholar, I have held you too long about these cadis, and smaller fish, and rivers, and fish-ponds; and my spirits are almost spent, and so I doubt is your patience: but being we are now almost at Tottenham, where I first met you, and where we are to part, I will lose no time, but give you a little direction how to make and order your lines, and to colour the hair[1] of

VARIATION.] [1] In the *first* edition the chapter commences thus:—"Well, Scholar, I have held you too long about these cadis, and my spirits are almost spent, and so I doubt is your patience; but being we are now within sight of Totenham, where I first met you, and where we are to part, I will give you a little direction how to colour the hair," &c.

NOTE *continued.*]
turally to the place as cattle to their fodder; and to satisfy your curiosity, and to convince you herein, after you have baited the pool for some time, as directed, take about the quantity of a two-penny loaf of wheaten bread, cut it into slices, and wet it; then throw it into the pool where you had baited, and the Carp will feed upon it: after you have used the wet bread three or four mornings, then throw some dry bread in, which will lie on the top of the water; and if you watch, out of sight of the fish, you will presently see them swim to it, and suck it in. I look upon wheaten bread to be the best food for them, though barley or oaten bread is very good. If there be Tench and Pearch in the same pond, they will feed upon the four former baits, and not touch the bread. Indeed there is no pool-fish so shy and nice as a Carp. When the water is disturbed, Carp will fly to the safest shelter they can; which I one day observed, when assisting a gentleman to fish his pool; for another person disturbed the water by throwing the casting-net, but caught never a Carp; whereupon two or three of us stripped and went into the pool, which was provided with such a sort of a hedge in it as is before described, whither the Carp had fled for safety; then fishing with our hands on both sides the hedge, that is, one on either side, we catched what quantity of Carp was wanting." *Bowlker*, p. 62.

The reader may also consult a book published about the year 1712, intitled, *A Discourse of Fish and Fish-ponds*, by a Person of Honour; who, I have been told by one that knew him, was the Hon. Roger North, author of the *Life of the Lord Keeper Guildford*. See before, page 201. [The first edition of this work was without a date, in octavo. It was published again in 1713 and 1715. An edition in quarto appeared about 1770, with the name of the author in the title. It is also found as an appendage to "The Gentleman Farmer," 8vo. *Lond.* 1726.]

which you make your lines, for that is very needful to be known of an angler; and also how to paint your rod, especially your top; for a right-grown top is a choice commodity, and should be preserved from the water soaking into it, which makes it in wet weather to be heavy and fish ill-favouredly, and not true; and also it rots quickly for want of painting:[m] and I think a good top is worth preserving, or I had not taken care to keep a top above twenty years.

[n]But first for your Line. First note, that you are to take care that your hair be round and clear, and free from galls, or scabs, or frets: for a well-chosen, even, clear, round hair, of a kind of glass-colour, will prove as strong as three uneven scabby hairs that are ill-chosen, and full of galls or unevenness. You shall seldom find a black hair but it is round, but many white are flat and uneven; therefore, if you get a lock of right, round, clear, glass-colour hair, make much of it.

And for making your line, observe this rule: first, let your hair be clean washed ere you go about to twist it; and then choose not only the clearest hair for it, but hairs that be of an equal bigness, for such do usually stretch all together, and break all together, which hairs of an unequal bigness never do, but break singly, and so deceive the angler that trusts to them.[o]

When you have twisted your links, lay them in water for a quarter of an hour at least, and then twist them over again before you tie them into a line: for those that do not so shall usually find their line to have a hair or two shrink, and be shorter than the rest, at the first fishing

VARIATIONS.] [m] "Which makes it in wet weather to be heavy, and fish ill-favouredly, and also to rot quickly." 1*st* ed. In the 2*nd* ed. is added "for want of painting:" the 3*rd* and subsequent editions correspond with the text.

[n] No portion of this and the two following paragraphs occurs in the *first* edition: but they were inserted in the *second.*

[o] "for such do usually stretch altogether, and not break singly one by one, but altogether."—*2nd and 3rd Edit.*

with it, which is so much of the strength of the line lost for want of first watering it and then re-twisting it; and this is most visible in a seven-hair line, one of those which hath always a black hair in the middle.[p]

And for dyeing of your hairs, do it thus: take a pint of strong ale, half a pound of soot, and a little[q] quantity of the juice of walnut-tree leaves, and an equal quantity of alum; put these together into a pot, pan, or pipkin, and boil them half an hour; and having so done, let it cool; and being cold, put your hair into it, and there let it lie; it will turn your hair to be a kind of water or glass colour, or greenish; and the longer you let it lie, the deeper coloured it will be. You might be taught to make many other colours, but it is to little purpose; for doubtless the water-colour or glass-coloured hair is the most choice and most useful for an angler, but let it not be too green.[r]

But if you desire to colour hair greener, then do it thus: take a quart of small ale, half a pound of alum; then put these into a pan or pipkin, and your hair into it with them; then put it upon a fire, and let it boil softly for half an hour; and then take out your hair, and let it dry; and having so done, then take a pottle of water, and put into it two handfuls of marigolds, and cover it with a tile or what you think fit, and set it again on the fire, where it is to boil again softly for half an hour, about which time the scum will turn yellow; then put into it half a pound of copperas, beaten small, and with it the hair that you intend to colour; then let the hair be boiled softly till half the liquor be wasted, and then let it cool three or four hours, with your hair in it; and you are to observe, that the more copperas you put into it, the greener it will be; but doubtless the pale green is best.

VARIATIONS.] [p] "a seven-hair line with one of them black in the middle."—*2nd Edit.*

[q] "like."—1*st Edit.*

[r] "but let it not be too green," added in the *second* and subsequent editions.

But if you desire yellow hair, which is only good when the weeds rot, then put in more marigolds; and abate most of the copperas, or leave it quite out, and take a little verdigris instead of it.

This for colouring your hair.

And as for painting your Rod, which must be in oil, you must first make a size with glue and water, boiled together until the glue be dissolved, and the size of a lye-colour: then strike your size upon the wood with a bristle, or a brush or pencil, whilst it is hot: that being quite dry, take white-lead, and a little red-lead, and a little coal-black, so much as altogether will make an ash-colour; grind these altogether with linseed oil; let it be thick, and lay it thin upon the wood with a brush or pencil: this do for the ground of any colour to lie upon wood.

For a green, take pink and verdigris, and grind them together in linseed oil, as thin[s] as you can well grind it: then lay it smoothly on with your brush, and drive it thin; once doing, for the most part, will serve, if you lay it well; and if twice, be sure your first colour be thoroughly dry before you lay on a second.[t]

Well, Scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High-Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we two met

VARIATIONS.] [s] "thick."—1*st Edit.*

[t] In the *first*, *second*, and *third* editions, Piscator continues:—"Well, Scholar, you now see Tottenham, and I am weary, and therefore glad that we are so near it: but if I were to walk many more days with you, I could still be telling you more and more of the mysterious art of angling: but I will hope for another opportunity, and then I will acquaint you with many more both necessary and true observations concerning fish and fishing: but now no more, lets turn into yonder arbour, for it's a clean and a cool place." To which Venator replies:—"'Tis a fair motion, and I will requite a part of your courtesies with a bottle of sack, and milk, and oranges, and sugar, which all put together, make a drink too good for any body but us anglers," &c.

together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and tooth-ache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunderstrucken; and we have been freed from these, and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature: let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the insupportable burthen of an accusing tormenting conscience; a misery that none can bear: and therefore let us praise Him for his preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat and drunk, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, Scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says, that Solomon says, 'The diligent hand maketh rich;' and it is true indeed: but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, 'That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them.' And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty; and grant, that having a competency, we may be content and thank-

ful. Let not us repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness: few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably, unconscionably got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and a competence; and above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, Scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and, having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country-fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God, that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping, or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not shew her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty; but a wife that nature had made peevish, and

her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a law-suit with a dogged neighbour who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other: and this law-suit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well! this wilful, purse-proud law-suit lasted during the life of the first husband; after which his wife vext and chid, and chid and vext, till she also chid and vext herself into her grave: and so the wealth of these poor rich people was curst into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches; and several houses, all beautiful, and ready furnished; and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another: and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, "If he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul." And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's Gospel; for he there says,—"Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And, Blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven: but in the mean time, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes towards that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbu-

lent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vext when he sees others possest of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share: but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

My honest Scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness; and to incline you the more, let me tell you, and though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in holy scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms; where there is such a commixture, of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man after his own heart: and let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can; let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise Him because they be common; let us not forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in its full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises: but let not us; because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that

sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a fishing.

Well, Scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High-Cross; and our short walk thither shall put a period to my too long discourse; in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul; that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have shewed you, that riches without them, do not make any man happy. But let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor: but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin,[2] "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health: and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy; and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not: but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them: and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, Scholar, I have heard a grave Divine say,[3] that God has two dwellings; one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart; which Almighty God grant to me,

NOTE.] [2] *Nicholas Caussin*, a native of Troyes in Champagne, wrote a book called *The Holy Court*, of which there is an English translation in folio. He was esteemed a person of great probity; and of such a spirit, that he attempted to displace Cardinal Richelieu; but that minister proved too hard for him, and got him banished. He returned to Paris after the Cardinal's death, and died there in the convent of Jesuits, July 1651. H.

[3] His admired spiritual father, Dr. Donne, in his Sermons.

T. Stothard R.A. Aug.s Fox sc.

THE PARTING AT TOTTENHAM.

Venus.— Lets now rest ourselves, in this
sweet shady arbour, which nature
herself has woven with her own fine
fingers; &c.

Published by William Pickering, Chancery Lane, Dec. 19, 1835.

and to my honest Scholar. And so you are welcome to Tottenham High-Cross.

VENATOR. Well, Master, I thank you for all your good directions; but for none more than this last, of thankfulness, which I hope I shall never forget. And pray let's now rest ourselves in this sweet shady arbour, which nature herself has woven with her own fine fingers; 'tis such a contexture of woodbines, sweetbriar, jasmine, and myrtle; and so interwoven, as will secure us both from the sun's violent heat, and from the approaching shower. And being set down, I will requite a part of your courtesies with a bottle of sack, milk, oranges, and sugar, which, all put together, make a drink like nectar; indeed, too good for any but us Anglers. And so, Master, here is a full glass to you of that liquor: and when you have pledged me, I will repeat the Verses which I promised you: it is a Copy printed among some of Sir Henry Wotton's,[4] and doubtless made either by him, or by a lover of angling. Come, Master, now drink a glass to me, and then I will pledge you, and fall to my repetition; it is a description of such country recreations as I have enjoyed since I had the happiness to fall into your company.

Quivering fears, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
  Fly, fly to courts,
  Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strain'd sardonic smiles are glosing still,
And Grief is forc'd to laugh against her will:
  Where mirth's but mummery,
  And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troops of human misery.
  Come, serene looks,
  Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azur'd heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty:
  Peace and a secure mind,
  Which all men seek, we only find.

NOTE.] [4] See *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 8vo. 1685. page 390.

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comforts grow,
  You'd scorn proud towers,
  And seek them in these bowers;
Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps may shake,
But blust'ring care could never tempest make,
  Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
  Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastick mask, nor dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance;
  Nor wars are seen
  Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother:
  And wounds are never found,
  Save what the plough-share gives the ground

Here are no false entrapping baits,
To hasten too, too hasty Fates,
  Unless it be
  The fond credulity
Of silly fish, which worldling like, still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook;
  Nor envy, unless among
  The birds, for prize of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seek
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek:
  We all pearls scorn,
  Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass:
  And gold ne'er here appears,
  Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves, oh may ye be,
For ever, mirth's best nursery!
  May pure contents
  For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains:
Which we may, every year,
Meet when we come a fishing here.

PISCATOR. Trust me, Scholar, I thank you heartily for these Verses: they be choicely good, and doubtless made

by a lover of angling. Come, now, drink a glass to me, and I will requite you with another very good copy: it is a farewell to the vanities of the world, and some say written by Sir Harry Wotton,[u] who I told you was an excellent angler. But let them be writ by whom they will, he that writ them had a brave soul, and must needs be possest with happy thoughts at the time of their composure.

[5] Farewell ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo; Gold, pure clay;
Honour the darling but of one short day;
Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd skin;
State, but a golden prison, to live in
And torture free-born minds; embroider'd Trains,
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And Blood allied to greatness is alone
Inherited, not purchas'd, nor our own.
Fame, Honour, Beauty, State, Train, Blood and Birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill:
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke:
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind: [6]
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free:
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud:
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorn'd, if poor;
Great, fear'd; fair, tempted; high, still envy'd more.
I have wish'd all; but now I wish for neither,
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair: poor I'll be rather.

VARIATION.] [u] "and I will requite you with a very good copy of verses: it is a farewell to the vanities of the world, and some say written by Dr. D." *1st and 2nd edit.*

NOTE.] [5] These verses are also said to have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh, when a prisoner in the Tower, shortly before his execution. Walton expresses himself doubtful as to the author.

[6] Mine.

Would the World now adopt me for her heir;
Would beauty's Queen entitle me the fair;
Fame speak me fortune's minion; could I "vie
Angels" with India;[7] with a speaking eye

NOTE.] [7] An *angel* is a piece of coin, value ten shillings. The words to "*vie angels*" are a metonymy, and signify to *compare wealth*. In the old ballad *of the Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal-green*, a competition of this kind is introduced: a young knight, about to marry the beggar's daughter, is dissuaded from so unequal a match by some gentlemen, his relations, who urge the poverty of her father: the beggar challenges them to *drop angels* with him, and fairly empties the purses of them all. The contest, and its issue, are related in the following stanzas, part of the ballad.

Then spake the blind beggar: "Although I be poor,
Yet rail not against my child at my own door:
Though she be not deck'd in velvet and pearl,
Yet I will *drop angels* with you for my girl.

"And then, if my gold may better her birth,
And equal the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neither rail nor grudge you, to see
The blind beggar's daughter a lady to be.

"But first you shall promise, and have it well known,
The gold that you drop shall all be your own."
With that they replied, "Contented be we."
"Then here's" (quoth the beggar), "for pretty Besse."

With that, an angel he cast on the ground;
And dropped, in angels, full three thousand pound;
And oftentimes, it was proved most plain,
For the gentlemen's one the beggar dropt twain;

So that the place wherein they did sit,
With gold it was covered, every whit.
The gentlemen, then, having dropt all their store,
Said, "Now, beggar, hold, for *we* have no more;
Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright."—
"Then marry my girl," quoth he to the knight;
"And here," added he, "I will now throw you down
A hundred pounds more, to buy her a gown."

The neighbourhood of Bethnal-Green is seldom without a public-house with a sign representing *The Beggar, and the Dissuaders of the match, dropping gold; the Young-woman, and the Knight her lover, standing between them.* H.

Command bare heads, bow'd knees; strike justice dumb,
As well as blind and lame; or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs; be call'd "great master"
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster?
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives;
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine;
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome pure thoughts; welcome ye silent groves;
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves.
Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring:
A pray'r-book, now, shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-fac'd fears;
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect an holy melancholy:
And if contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven, again.

VENATOR. Well, Master, these verses be worthy to keep a room in every man's memory. I thank you for them; and I thank you for your many instructions, which, God willing, I will not forget.[x] And as St. Austin, in his Confessions,[s] commemorates the kindness of his friend

VARIATION.] [x] In the 1*st* edition Venator proceeds,—"Your company and discourse have been so pleasant, that I may truly say, I have only lived since I enjoyed you and them and turned Angler. I am sorry to part with you here, here in this place where I first met you, but it must be so. I shall long for the ninth of May, for then we are to meet at Charles Brandon's. This intermitted time will seem to me as it does to men in sorrow, to pass slowly, but I will hasten it as fast as I can by my wishes, and in the mean time the blessing of Saint Peter's Master be with mine:"—to which Piscator replies—"And the like be upon my honest scholar, and upon all that hate contentions, and love quietness and virtue and angling."

NOTE.] [s] Book 4, chap. 3. The passage to which Walton alludes will be found in a translation of the life of St. Augustine, printed for John Crook, and sold at the sign of the Ship in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1660. lib. 9, cap. 3.

Verecundus, for lending him and his companion a country house, because there they rested and enjoyed themselves, free from the troubles of the world, so,[y] having had the like advantage, both by your conversation and the art you have taught me, I ought ever to do the like; for, indeed, your company and discourse have been so useful and pleasant, that, I may truly say, I have only lived since I enjoyed them and turned angler, and not before. Nevertheless, here I must part with you; here in this now sad place, where I was so happy as first to meet you: but I shall long for the ninth of May; for then I hope again to enjoy your beloved company, at the appointed time and place. And now I wish for some somniferous potion, that might force me to sleep away the intermitted time, which will pass away with me as tediously as it does with men in sorrow; nevertheless I will make it as short as I can, by my hopes and wishes: and, my good Master, I will not forget the doctrine which you told me Socrates taught his scholars, that they should not think to be honoured so much for being philosophers, as to honour philosophy by their virtuous lives. You advised me to the like concerning Angling, and I will endeavour to do so; and to live like those many worthy men, of which you made mention in the former part of your discourse. This is my firm resolution. And as a pious man advised his friend, that, to beget mortification, he should frequent churches, and view monuments, and charnel-houses, and then and there consider how many dead bodies time had piled up at the gates of death, so when I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows, by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures that are not only created, but fed, man knows not how, by the

VARIATION.] [y] "because there they rested themselves from the troubles of the world."—*2nd and 3rd edit.*

goodness of the God of Nature, and therefore trust in him. This is my purpose; and so, let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord: and let the blessing of St. Peter's Master be with mine.

PISCATOR. And upon all that are lovers of virtue; and dare trust in his providence; and be quiet; and go a Angling.[z]

"Study to be quiet."[9]

VARIATION.] [z] "And the like be upon my honest ingenuous Scholar, and upon all that love virtue, and to be quiet, and go a fishing." —*4th edit.*

NOTE.] [9] 1 Thes. iv. 11.

A SHORT DISCOURSE[1] BY WAY OF POSTSCRIPT, TOUCHING THE LAWS OF ANGLING.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

I CANNOT but tender my particular thanks to you, for that you have been pleased by three Editions of your COMPLETE ANGLER, freely to dispense your dear-bought experiences to all the lovers of that art; and have thereby so excellently vindicated the legality thereof, as to Divine approbation, that if I should go about to say more in that behalf, it indeed were to light a candle to the sun: but since all pleasures (though never so innocent in themselves) lose that stamp, when they are either pursued with inordinate affections, or to the prejudice of another; therefore as to the former, every man ought to endeavour, through a serious consideration of the vanity of worldly contentments, to moderate his affections thereunto, whereby they may be made of excellent use, as some poisons allayed are in physic: and as to the latter, we are to have recourse to the known laws, ignorance whereof excuseth no man, and therefore by their directions so to square our actions, that we hurt no man, but keep close to that golden rule, "To do to all men as we would ourselves be done unto."

Now concerning the Art of Angling, we may conclude, Sir, that as you have proved it to be of great antiquity, so I find it favoured by the laws of this kingdom; for where provision is

NOTE.

[1] This "Discourse," which was prefixed to the third and subsequent editions of *The Complete Angler*, was evidently written by a friend and admirer of Walton; it could not, therefore, with propriety be omitted in an edition of that work. The numerous additions and alterations which have been made in the Laws of Angling since Walton lived, render it impossible to state those changes in notes; and the publication of "An Essay on Aquatic Rights, intended as an illustration of the Law relative to Fishing, by Henry Schultes, 8vo. 1811," would, under any circumstances, render such notes superfluous.

made by our statutes primo Elizab. cap. 17. against taking Fish by Nets that be not of such and such a size there set down, yet those law-makers had so much respect to Anglers, as to except them, and leave them a liberty to catch as big as they could, and as little as they would catch. And yet though this Apostolical recreation be simply in itself lawful, yet no man can go upon another man's ground to fish, without his license, but that he is a trespasser; but if a man have license to enter into a close or ground for such a space of time, there, though he practise Angling all that time, he is not a trespasser, because his fishing is no abuse of his license: but this is to be understood of running streams, and not of ponds or standing pools; for in case of a pond or standing pool, the owner thereof hath a property in the fish, and they are so far said to be his, that he may have trespass for the fish against any one that shall take them without his license, though it be upon a common, or adjoining to the king's highway, or adjoining to another man's ground, who gives license: but in case of a river, where one or more have libera piscaria only, it is otherwise, for there the fishes are said to be feræ naturæ, and the taking of them with an angle is not trespass, for that no man is said to have a property in them till he have caught them, and then it is a trespass for any to take them from him: but this is not to be understood of fishes confined to a man's own ground by gates or otherwise, so that they cannot pass away, but may be taken out or put in at pleasure, for in that case the party hath a property in them, as in the case of a standing pool.

But where any one hath seperalis piscaria, as in Child and Greenhill's Case in Trin. 15. Car. 1. in the King's Bench, there it seemeth that the fish may be said to be his, because no man else may take them whilst they are within his several fishing; therefore what is meant by a several fishing is necessary to be considered: and though the difference between a free fishing and a several fishing be often treated of in the ancient books of the law, and some opinions will have the difference to be great, and others small or nothing at all; yet the certainest definition of a several fishing is, where one hath the royalty, and owneth the ground on each side of the water: which agreeth with Sir William Calthrop's Case,[2] where an action was brought by him

NOTE.

[2] Mich. 17. E. 4, 6. and Pasc. 18. E. 4. 4.

against another for fishing in his several fishing, &c. to which the defendant pleaded, that the place wherein the trespass was supposed to be done, contained ten perches of land in length, and twenty perches in breadth, which was his own freehold at the time when the trespass was supposed to be done, and that he fished there as was lawful for him to do: and this was adjudged a good plea by the whole court, and upon argument in that very case it was agreed, that no man could have a several fishing but in his own soil, and that free fishing may be in the soil of another man, which was all agreed unto by Littleton our famous English lawyer. So that from all this may be drawn this short conclusion, that if the Angler take care that he offend not with his feet, there is no great danger of his hands.

But there are some covetous rigid persons, whose souls hold no sympathy with those of the innocent Anglers, having either got to be lords of royalties, or owners of lands adjoining to rivers, and these do, by some apted clownish nature and education for the purpose, insult and domineer over the innocent angler, beating him, breaking his rod, or at least taking it from him, and sometimes imprisoning his person, as if he were a felon: whereas a true bred gentleman scorns those spider-like attempts, and will rather refresh a civil stranger at his table, than warn him from coming on his ground upon so innocent an occasion. It would therefore be considered how far such furious drivers are warranted by the law, and what the Angler may (in case of such violence) do in defence of himself: if I come upon another man's ground without his license, or the license of the law, I am a trespasser, for which the owner may have an action of trespass against me; and if I continue there after warning to depart by the owner, or his servant thereunto authorised, the owner, or his servant by his command, may put me off by force, but not beat me, but in case of resistance by me, for then I (by resisting) make the assault; but if he beat me, I not resisting, in that case he makes the assault, and I may beat him in defence of myself, and to free myself from his violence: and in case I shall leave my rod behind in his ground, he may take it damage feasant, but he can neither take it from my person by force, nor break it, but he is a trespasser to me: which seems clear by the case of Reynell and Champernon,[3] where Reynell brought an

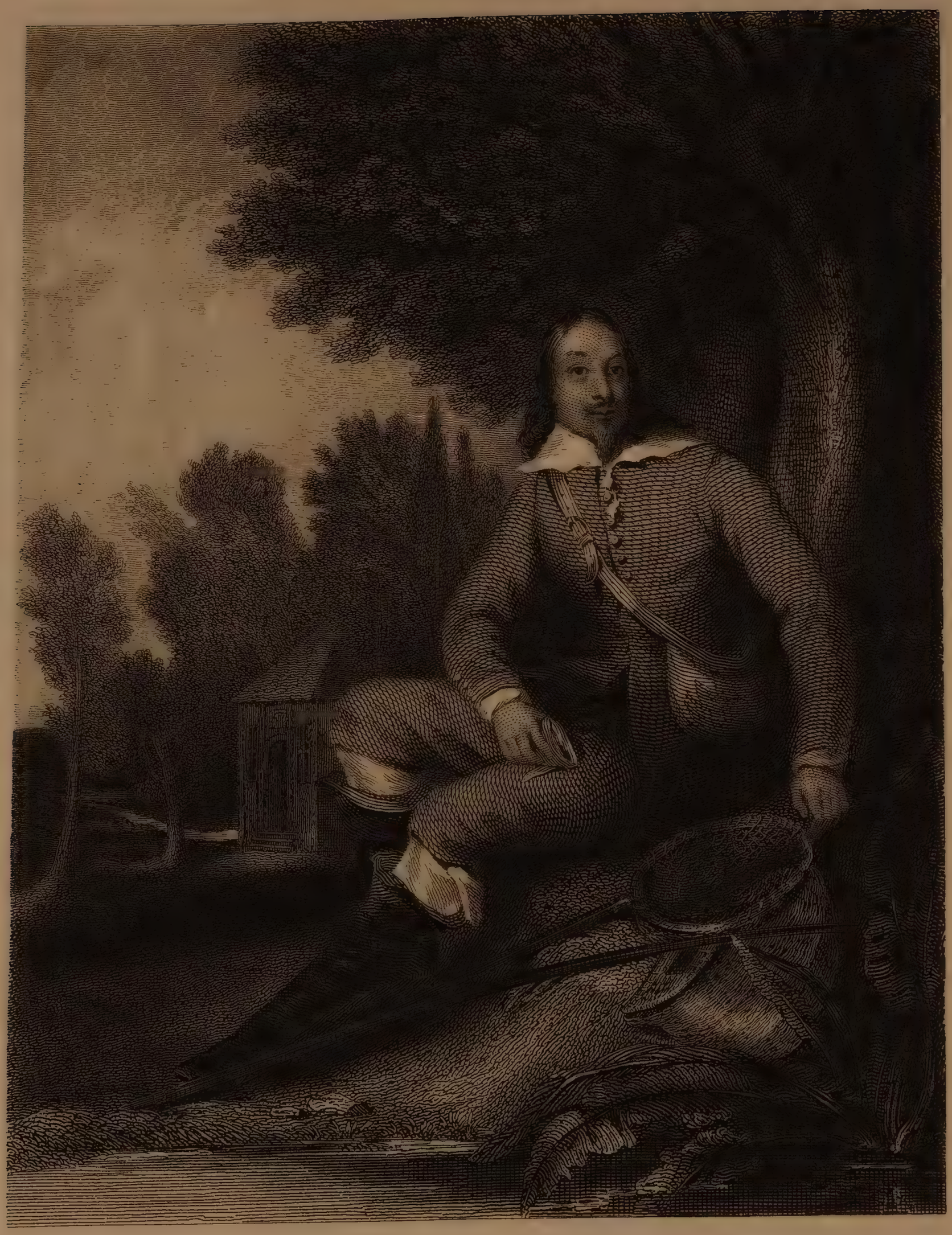
NOTE.

[3] Mich. 7. Car. 1.

action of trespass against Champernon for taking and cutting his nets, the defendant justified for that he was seised in fee of a several fishing, and that the plaintiff with others endeavoured to row upon his water, and with the nets to catch his fish, and that for the safeguard of his fishing he took and cut the nets and oars; to which plea the plaintiff demurred; and there it was adjudged by the whole court, that he could not by such colour cut the nets and oars, and judgment was thereupon given for the plaintiff.

Doubtless our forefathers well considered, that man to man was a wolf, and therefore made good laws to keep us from devouring one another, and amongst the rest a very good statute was made in the three-and-fortieth year of Queen Elizabeth, whereby it is provided, that in personal actions in the Courts at Westminster, (being not for land or battery) when it shall appear to the judges, (and be so by them signified) that the debt or damages to be recovered amount not to the sum of forty shillings or above, the said judges shall award to the plaintiff no more costs than damages, but less at their discretion.

And now with my acknowledgment of the advantage I have had both by your friendship and your book, I wish nothing may ever be that looks like an alteration in the first, nor any thing in the last, unless by reason of the useful pleasure of it, you had called it the ARCADIA OF ANGLING, for it deserves that title, and I would deserve the continuance of your friendship.



J. Huskipp pinx.t

W. Humphrys sculp.

Charles Cotton

William Pickering, 177, Piccadilly Lane, London, Oct. 1 1836.

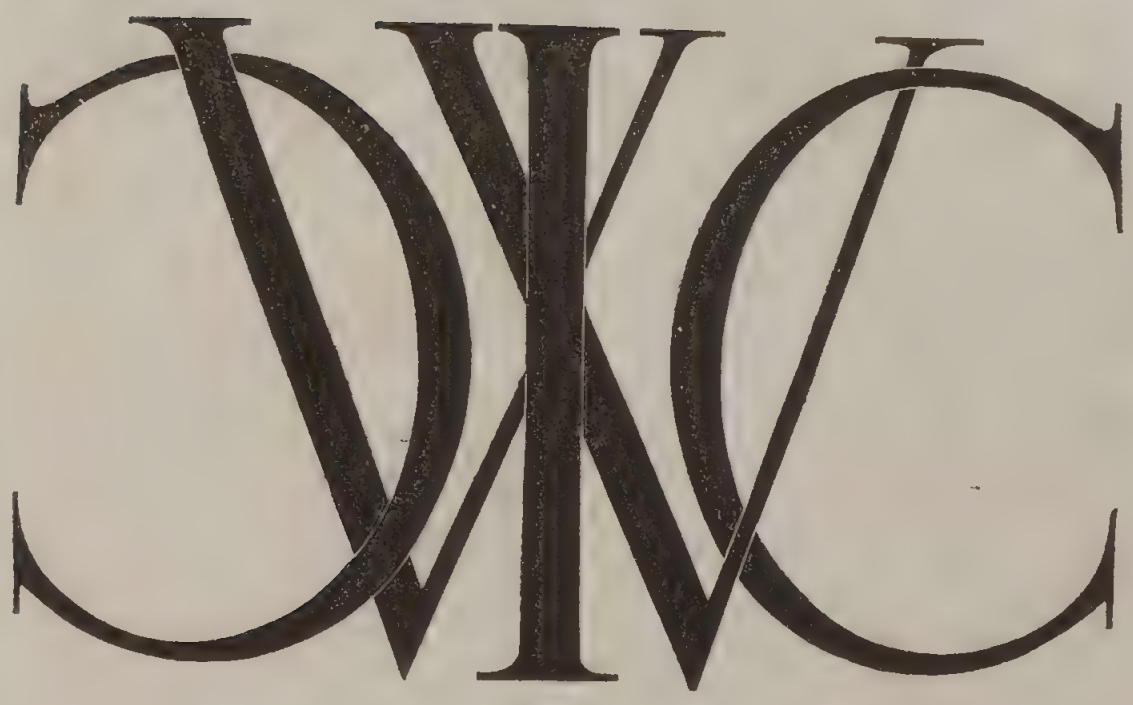
THE COMPLETE ANGLER

BEING INSTRUCTIONS

HOW TO ANGLE FOR A TROUT OR GRAYLING

IN A CLEAR STREAM

PART II



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Et fuerit scriptis æquior ille meis.

LONDON
PRINTED FOR RICHARD MARRIOTT AND HENRY BROME
IN ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD
M DC LXXVI

T T

L. THOMPSON SC 1834

TO MY MOST WORTHY FATHER[1] AND FRIEND,
MR. IZAAK WALTON THE ELDER.

SIR,

BEING you were pleased, some years past, to grant me your free leave to do what I have here attempted, and observing you never retract any promise when made in favour even of your meanest friends; I accordingly expect to see these following particular Directions for the taking of a Trout, to wait upon your better and more general Rules for all sorts of Angling. And, though mine be neither so perfect, so well digested, nor indeed so handsomely couched, as they might have been, in so long a time as since your leave was granted, yet I dare affirm them to be generally true: and they had appeared too

NOTE.] [1] It was a practice with the pretended masters of the Hermetic science, to adopt favourite persons for their sons, to whom they imparted their secrets. Ashmole, in his *Diary*, p. 25, says, "Mr. Backhouse told me, I must now needs be his son, because he had communicated so many secrets to me." And a little after, p. 27. "My father Backhouse, lying sick in Fleet-street, told me, in syllables, the true matter of the philosopher's stone, which he bequeathed to me as a legacy." See more of this practice, and of the tremendous solemnities with which the secret was communicated, in Ashmole's *Theat. Chem. Brit.* p. 440.

In a similar manner, Ben Jonson adopted several persons his sons, to the number of twelve or fourteen; among whom were Cartwright, Randolph, and Alexander Brome. And it should seem, by the text, that Walton followed the above-mentioned examples, by adopting Cotton for his son.

in something a neater dress, but that I was surprized with the sudden news of a sudden new edition of your COMPLETE ANGLER; so that, having but a little more than ten days time to turn me in, and rub up my memory, (for, in truth, I have not, in all this long time, though I have often thought on't, and almost as often resolved to go presently about it), I was forced, upon the instant, to scribble what I here present you: which I have also endeavoured to accommodate to your own method. And, if mine be clear enough for the honest Brothers of the Angle readily to understand, (which is the only thing I aim at,) then I have my end; and shall need to make no further apology; a writing of this kind not requiring, (if I were master of any such thing), any eloquence to set it off, or recommend it; so that if you, in your better judgment, or kindness rather, can allow it passable, for a thing of this nature, you will then do me honour if the Cypher fixt and carved in the front of my little fishing-house, may be here explained: and, to permit me to attend you in publick, who, in private, have ever been, am, and ever resolve to be,

SIR,

Your most affectionate

Son and Servant,

CHARLES COTTON.

Beresford, 10th of
March, 1675-6.

TO MY MOST HONOURED FRIEND,

CHARLES COTTON, ESQ.

SIR,

You now see I have returned you your very pleasant and useful Discourse of The Art of Fly-fishing, printed just as it was sent me; for I have been so obedient to your desires, as to endure all the praises you have ventured to fix upon me in it. And when I have thanked you for them, as the effects of an undissembled love, then, let me tell you, Sir, that I will really endeavour to live up to the character you have given of me, if there were no other reason, yet for this alone, that you, that love me so well, and always think what you speak, may not, for my sake, suffer by a mistake in your judgment.

And, Sir, I have ventured to fill a part of your margin, by way of paraphrase, for the reader's clearer understanding the situation both of your Fishing-House, and the pleasantness of that you dwell in. And I have ventured also to give him a Copy of Verses that you were pleased to send me, now, some years past, in which he may see a good picture of both; and so much of your own mind too, as will make any reader, that is blest

with a generous soul, to love you the better. I confess, that for doing this you may justly judge me too bold: if you do, I will say so too; and so far commute for my offence that, though I be more than a hundred miles from you, and in the eighty-third year of my age, yet I will forget both, and next month begin a pilgrimage to beg your pardon; for I would die in your favour, and till then will live,

SIR,

Your most affectionate

Father and Friend,

IZAAK WALTON.[1]

London,
April 29, 1676.

NOTE.] [1] This Letter, and the Retirement, are placed at the close of the Second Part, in the edition of 1676.

THE RETIREMENT.

STANZES IRREGULIERS TO MR IZAAK WALTON.

I.

FAREWELL, thou busy world, and may
We never meet again;
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day
Than he who his whole age out-wears
Upon thy most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought, but[a] vanity and vice appears.

II.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace! what unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd fashion
Is all our business, all our[b] recreation!

III.

Oh how happy here's our leisure!
Oh how innocent our pleasure!
Oh ye vallies, Oh ye mountains!
Oh ye groves and crystal fountains,
How I love at liberty,
By turn to come and visit ye!

VARIATIONS *from Cotton's Posthumous Poems*, 8vo. 1689.

[a] Vice and vanity do reign.
[b] Conversation.

IV.

Dear solitude,[c] the soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders to intend:
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still,
For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

V.

How calm and quiet a delight
It is alone
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, and offending none!
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
And pleasing a man's self, none other to displease!

VI.

Oh my beloved nymph! fair Dove;
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie;
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam,
And in it all thy wanton fry
Playing at liberty,
And with my angle upon them
The all of treachery
I ever learnt, industriously to try.[d]

VII.

Such streams Rome's yellow Tyber cannot show,
Th' Iberian Tagus, nor Ligurian Po;
The Meuse, the Danube, and the Rhine
Are puddle-water all compar'd with thine;
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine, much purer to compare:
The rapid Garonne, and the winding Seine,

VARIATIONS.

[c] O solitude.
[d] I ever learn'd to practise and to try!

Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority;
Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoin'd, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

VIII.

Oh my beloved rocks! that rise
To awe the earth, and brave the skies,
From some aspiring mountain's crown,
How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down;
And, from the vales to view the noble heights above!

IX.

Oh my beloved caves! from dog-star's heat
And all anxieties, my safe retreat:[e]
What safety, privacy, what true delight,
In the artificial night,
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!
How oft when grief has made me fly,
To hide me from society
Even of my dearest friends, have I,
In your recesses' friendly shade,
All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes, intrusted to your privacy!

X.

Lord! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be;
Might I in this desert place,
(Which most men in discourse[f] disgrace,)
Live but undisturb'd and free!
Here, in this despis'd recess,
Would I, maugre winter's cold,
And the summer's worst excess,

VARIATIONS.

[e] And hotter persecution safe retreats.
[f] By their voice disgrace.

Try to live-out to sixty full years old;[1]
And, all the while,
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

C. C.

NOTE.

[1] This he did not; for he was born 1630, and died in 1687.

The First Day.

CHAP. I.

PISCATOR JUNIOR, AND VIATOR.

PISCATOR. You are happily overtaken, Sir: may a man be so bold as to enquire, how far you travel this way?

VIATOR. Yes sure, Sir, very freely; though it be a question I cannot very well resolve you, as not knowing myself how far it is to Ashbourn, where I intend to-night to take up my inn.

PISCATOR. Why then, Sir, seeing I perceive you to be a stranger in these parts, I shall take upon me to inform you, that from the town you last came through, called Brailsford,[1] it is five miles; and you are not, yet, above half a mile on this side.

VIATOR. So much! I was told it was but ten miles from Derby; and, methinks, I have rode almost so far already.

PISCATOR. O, Sir, find no fault with large measure of good land; which Derbyshire abounds in, as much as most counties of England.

VIATOR. It may be so; and good land, I confess,

NOTE.] [1] Brailsford is six miles from Ashbourn, and Ashbourn thirteen miles from Derby.

affords a pleasant prospect: but by your good leave, Sir, large measure of foul way is not altogether so acceptable.

PISCATOR. True, Sir, but the foul way serves to justify the fertility of the soil, according to the proverb, "There is good land where there is foul way;" and is of good use to inform you of the riches of the country you are come into, and of its continual travel and traffick to the country-town you came from: which is also very observable by the fulness of its road, and the loaden horses you meet every-where upon the way.

VIATOR. Well, Sir! I will be content to think as well of your country as you would desire. And I shall have a great deal of reason both to think, and to speak very well of you, if I may obtain the happiness of your company to the forementioned place, provided your affairs lead you that way, and that they will permit you to slack your pace, out of complacency to a traveller utterly a stranger in these parts, and who am still to wander further out of my own knowledge.

PISCATOR. Sir, you invite me to my own advantage. And I am ready to attend you, my way lying through that town; but my business, that is my home, some miles beyond it: however, I shall have time enough to lodge you in your quarters, and afterwards to perform my own journey. In the mean time, may I be so bold as to inquire the end of your journey?

VIATOR. 'Tis into Lancashire, Sir, and about some business of concern to a near relation of mine; for I assure you, I do not use to take so long journeys as from Essex upon the single account of pleasure.

PISCATOR. From thence, Sir! I do not then wonder you should appear dissatisfied with the length of the miles, and the foulness of the way, though I am sorry you should begin to quarrel with them so soon; for believe me, Sir, you will find the miles much longer, and the way much worse, before you come to your journey's end.

VIATOR. Why! truly, Sir! for that I am prepared to

expect the worst; but methinks the way is mended since I had the good fortune to fall into your good company.

PISCATOR. You are not obliged to my company for that, but because you are already past the worst, and the greatest part of your way to your lodging.

VIATOR. I am very glad to hear it, both for the ease of myself and my horse; but, especially, because I may then expect a freer enjoyment of your conversation: though the shortness of the way will, I fear, make me lose it the sooner.

PISCATOR. That, Sir, is not worth your care; and I am sure you deserve much better, for being content with so ill company. But we have already talked away two miles of your journey; for, from the brook before us, that runs at the foot of this sandy hill, you have but three miles to Ashbourn.

VIATOR. I meet, every-where in this country, with these little brooks; and they look as if they were full of fish: have they not Trouts in them?

PISCATOR. That is a question which is to be excused in a stranger, as you are: otherwise, give me leave to tell you, it would seem a kind of affront to our country, to make a doubt of what we pretend to be famous for, next, if not before, our malt, wool, lead, and coal; for you are to understand, that we think we have as many fine rivers, rivulets, and brooks, as any country whatever; and they are all full of Trouts, and some of them the best, it is said, by many degrees, in England.

VIATOR. I was first, Sir, in love with you; and now shall be so enamoured of your country, by this account you give me of it, as to wish myself a Derbyshire man, or at least that I might live in it: for you must know I am a pretender to the angle, and, doubtless, a Trout affords the most pleasure to the angler of any sort of fish whatever; and the best Trouts must needs make the best sport: but this brook, and some others I have met with upon this way, are too full of wood for that recreation.

PISCATOR. This, Sir! why this, and several others like it, which you have past, and some that you are like to pass, have scarce any name amongst us: but we can shew you as fine rivers, and as clear from wood or any other incumbrance to hinder an angler, as any you ever saw; and for clear beautiful streams, Hantshire itself, by Mr. Izaac Walton's good leave, can shew none such; nor I think any country in Europe.

VIATOR. You go far, Sir, in the praise of your country rivers, and I perceive have read Mr. Walton's Complete Angler, by your naming of Hantshire; and I pray what is your opinion of that book?

PISCATOR. My opinion of Mr. Walton's book is the same with every man's that understands any thing of the art of angling, that it is an excellent good one; and that the fore-mentioned gentleman understands as much of fish and fishing as any man living. But I must tell you, further, that I have the happiness to know his person, and to be intimately acquainted with him; and in him to know the worthiest man, and to enjoy the best and the truest friend any man ever had: nay, I shall yet acquaint you further that he gives me leave to call him Father, and I hope is not yet ashamed to own me for his adopted Son.[2]

VIATOR. In earnest, Sir, I am ravished to meet with a friend of Mr. Izaac Walton's, and one that does him so much right in so good and true a character: for I must boast to you, that I have the good fortune to know him too, and came acquainted with him much after the same manner I do with you; that he was my master, who first taught me to love Angling, and then to become an Angler; and, to be plain with you, I am the very man deciphered in his book under the name of Venator; for I was wholly addicted to the Chace, till he taught me as good, a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous diversion.

PISCATOR. Sir, I think myself happy in your acquaint-

NOTE.] [2] Vide p. 326.

ance; and before we part, shall entreat leave to embrace you. You have said enough to recommend you to my best opinion: for my father Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men, which is one of the best arguments, or at least of the best testimonies I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me one of those, seeing I have not yet found him weary of me.

VIATOR. You speak like a true friend; and, in doing so, render yourself worthy of his friendship. May I be so bold as to ask your name?

PISCATOR. Yes surely, Sir, and, if you please, a much nicer question: my name is ———, and I intend to stay long enough in your company, if I find you do not dislike mine, to ask yours too. In the mean time, (because we are now almost at Ashbourn,) I shall freely and bluntly tell you, that I am a brother of the angle too, and, peradventure, can give you some instructions, How to angle for a Trout in a clear river, that my father Walton himself will not disapprove, though he did either purposely omit, or did not remember them, when you and he sat discoursing under the sycamore-tree.[3] And, being you have already told me whither your journey is intended, and that I am better acquainted with the country than you are; I will heartily and earnestly entreat you will not think of staying at this town, but go on with me six miles further to my house, where you shall be extremely welcome; it is directly in your way, we have day enough to perform our journey, and, as you like your entertainment, you may there repose yourself a day or two, or as many more as your occasions will permit, to recompense the trouble of so much a longer journey.

VIATOR. Sir, you surprise me with so friendly an invitation upon so short acquaintance; but how advantageous soever it would be to me, and that my haste, perhaps, is not so great but it might dispense with such a diver-

NOTE.] [3] Vide p. 143.

tisement as I promise myself in your company, yet I cannot, in modesty, accept your offer, and must therefore beg your pardon: I could otherwise, I confess, be glad to wait upon you, if upon no other account but to talk of Mr. I. Walton, and to receive those instructions you say you are able to give me for the deceiving a Trout; in which art I will not deny but that I have an ambition to be one of the greatest deceivers: though I cannot forbear freely to tell you, that I think it hard to say much more than has been read to me upon that subject.

PISCATOR. Well, Sir, I grant that, too; but you must know that the variety of rivers require different ways of angling: however, you shall have the best rules I am able to give, and I will tell you nothing I have not made myself as certain of, as any man can be in thirty years' experience; (for so long I have been a dabbler in that art;) and that, if you please to stay a few days, you shall not, in a very great measure, see made good to you. But of that hereafter; and now, Sir, if I am not mistaken, I have half overcome you; and that I may wholly conquer that modesty of yours, I will take upon me to be so familiar as to say, you must accept my invitation, which, that you may the more easily be persuaded to do, I will tell you that my house stands upon the margin of one of the finest rivers for Trouts and Grayling in England; that I have lately built a little fishing-house upon it, dedicated to anglers, over the door of which, you will see the two first letters of my father Walton's name and mine twisted in cypher;[4] that you shall lie in the same [5]bed

NOTE.] [4] *As in the Title-page* [of PART II.] *Iz. Wa.*

[5] Tradition does not point out the room; but Mr. Bagster has, in his edition of Cotton, given an engraving of the carved mantel-piece of a Bed-room, "which," he observes, "though it may not be the very room that Walton slept in, many circumstances unite to lead to that conclusion." In 1825, there were two bed-rooms with similar carved mantel-pieces existing, which were then used only as lumber or cheese rooms; and in Alstonefield church is a pew with the back finely carved with the Arms of Cotton on the pannels. P.

he has sometimes been contented with, and have such country entertainment as my friends sometimes accept, and be as welcome, too, as the best friend of them all.

VIATOR. No doubt, Sir, but my master Walton found good reason to be satisfied with his entertainment in your house; for you who are so friendly to a mere stranger, who deserves so little, must needs be exceedingly kind and free to him who deserves so much.

PISCATOR. Believe me, no: and such as are intimately acquainted with that gentleman know him to be a man who will not endure to be treated like a stranger. So that his acceptation of my poor entertainments has ever been a pure effect of his own humility and good-nature, and nothing else. But, Sir, we are now going down the

Spittle-hill into the town ;[6] and therefore let me importune you suddenly to resolve, and most earnestly not to deny me.

VIATOR. In truth, Sir, I am so overcome by your bounty, that I find I cannot, but must render myself wholly to be disposed by you.

PISCATOR. Why that's heartily and kindly spoken, and I as heartily thank you. And, being you have abandoned yourself to my conduct, we will only call and drink a glass on horseback at the Talbot, and away.

VIATOR. I attend you. But what pretty river is this, that runs under this stone bridge? has it a name?

PISCATOR. Yes, it is called Henmore ;[7] and has in it both Trout and Grayling: but you will meet with one or two better anon. And so soon as we are past through the town, I will endeavour, by such discourse as best likes you, to pass away the time till you come to your ill quarters.

VIATOR. We can talk of nothing with which I shall be more delighted than of rivers and angling.

PISCATOR. Let those be the subjects then. But we are now come to the Talbot :[8] what will you drink, Sir? ale or wine?

VIATOR. Nay, I am for the country liquor, Derbyshire ale, if you please ; for a man should not, methinks, come from London to drink wine in the Peak.

PISCATOR. You are in the right: and yet, let me tell

NOTE.] [6] The old road, to the left of the turnpike, before the traveller enters Ashbourn.

[7] At that time it was commonly so called, because it flowed through Hen-moor; but its proper name is Schoo Brook. See a singular contest regarding the right of fishing in this brook, as reported in Burrows, 2279. Richard Hayne, Esq. of Ashbourn, *v.* Uriah Corden, Esq. of Clifton.

[8] This inn stood in the market-place, and till about sixty years since was the first inn at Ashbourn. About that period a wing was divided off for a private dwelling; and the far-famed Talbot was reduced to an inferior pot-house, and continued thus degraded until the year 1786, when it was totally demolished by Mr. Langdale, then a builder in that town, who erected a very handsome structure on its site. Mr. Langdale is now (1815) a bookseller in the town, and acts as clerk to the magistrates of the hundred.

you, you may drink worse French wine in many taverns in London than they have sometimes at this house. What ho! bring us a flagon of your best ale. And now, Sir, my service to you: a good health to the honest gentleman you know of, and you are welcome into the Peak.

VIATOR. I thank you, Sir, and present you my service again, and to all the honest brothers of the angle.

PISCATOR. I'll pledge you, Sir: so, there's for your ale, and farewell. Come, Sir, let us be going, for the sun grows low, and I would have you look about you as you ride; for you will see an odd country, and sights that will seem strange to you.

CHAP. II.

PISCATOR. So, Sir, now we are got to the top of the hill out of town, look about you, and tell me how you like the country.

VIATOR. Bless me! what mountains are here! are we not in Wales?

PISCATOR. No, but in almost as mountainous a country; and yet these hills, though high, bleak, and craggy, breed and feed good beef and mutton above ground, and afford good store of lead within.

VIATOR. They had need of all those commodities to make amends for the ill landscape: but I hope our way does not lie over any of these, for I dread a precipice.

PISCATOR. Believe me, but it does; and down one, especially, that will appear a little terrible to a stranger; though the way is passable enough, and so passable that we who are natives of these mountains, and acquainted with them, disdain to alight.

VIATOR. I hope, though, that a foreigner is privileged to use his own discretion, and that I may have the liberty to entrust my neck to the fidelity of my own feet, rather than to those of my horse, for I have no more at home.

PISCATOR. 'Twere hard else. But, in the mean time, I think 'twere best, while this way is pretty even, to mend our pace, that we may be past that hill I speak of, to the end your apprehension may not be doubled for want of light to discern the easiness of the descent.

VIATOR. I am willing to put forward as fast as my beast will give me leave, though I fear nothing in your company. But what pretty river is this we are going into?

PISCATOR. Why this, Sir, is called Bentley-brook,[1] and is full of very good Trout and Grayling, but so encumbered with wood in many places as is troublesome to an angler.

VIATOR. Here are the prettiest rivers, and the most of them, in this country that ever I saw: do you know how many you have in the country?

PISCATOR. I know them all, and they were not hard to reckon, were it worth the trouble: but the most considerable of them I will presently name you. And to begin where we now are, for you must know we are now upon the very skirts of Derbyshire, we have, first, the river Dove, that we shall come to by and by, which divides the two counties of Derby and Stafford for many miles together, and is so called from the swiftness of its current, and that swiftness occasioned by the declivity of its course, and by being so straitened in that course betwixt the rocks, by which (and those very high ones) it is, hereabout, for four or five miles, confined into a very narrow stream: a river that from a contemptible fountain, which I can cover with my hat, by the confluence of other rivers, rivulets, brooks, and rills, is swelled, before it fall into Trent, a little below Eggington, where it loses the name, to such a breadth and depth, as to be in most places navigable, were not the passage frequently interrupted with fords and wiers; and has as fertile banks as any river in England, none excepted. And this river, from its head for a mile or two, is a black water, as all the rest of the Derbyshire rivers of note, originally are, for they all spring from the mosses; but is in a few miles travel so clarified by the addition of several clear and very great springs, bigger than itself, which

NOTE.] [1] A narrow swift stream, two miles beyond Ashbourn, in the present high road, but considerably nearer to it in the old road.

gush out of the limestone-rocks, that, before it comes to my house, which is but six or seven miles from its source, you will find it one of the purest crystalline streams you have seen.[2]

VIATOR. Does Trent spring in these parts?

PISCATOR. Yes, in these parts; not in this county, but somewhere towards the upper end of Staffordshire, I think not far from a place called Trentham; and thence runs down, not far from Stafford, to Wolseley-bridge, and, washing the skirts and purlieus of the forest of Needwood, runs down to Burton in the same county; thence it comes into this, where we now are, and, running by Swarkeston and Dunnington, receives Derwent at Wildon; and, so, to Nottingham; thence, to Newark; and, by Gainsborough, to Kingston upon Hull, where it takes the name of Humber,[3] and thence falls into the sea: but that the Map will best inform you.

VIATOR. Know you whence this river Trent derives its name?

PISCATOR. No, indeed; and yet I have heard it often discours'd upon: when some have given its denomination from the fore-named Trentham, though that seems rather a derivative from it; others have said it is so called from thirty rivers that fall into it,[4] and there lose their names;

NOTE.] [2] Between Beresford Hall and Ashbourn lies Dove Dale, whose crested cliffs and swift torrents are again noticed by Cotton in his "Wonders of the Peak." Through this singularly deep valley the Dove runs for about two miles, changing its course, its motion, and its appearance perpetually; never less than ten, and rarely so many as twenty yards in width; making a continued noise by rolling over or falling among loose stones. The rocks which form its sides are heaved up in enormous piles, sometimes connected with each other, and sometimes detached; some perforated in natural cavities, others adorned with foliage; with here and there a tall rock, having nothing to relieve the bareness of its appearance but a mountain-ash flourishing at the top. The grandeur of its scenery is probably unrivalled in England. E.

[3] Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name.—*Milton.*

[4] — Trent, who, like some Earth-born giant spreads
His thirty arms along the indented meads.—*Ibid.*

which cannot be, neither, because it carries that name from its very fountain, before any other rivers fall into it: others derive it from thirty several sorts of fish that breed there; and that is the most likely derivation: but be it how it will, it is doubtless one of the finest rivers in the world, and the most abounding with excellent Salmon, and all sorts of delicate fish.

VIATOR. Pardon me, Sir, for tempting you into this digression: and then proceed to your other rivers, for I am mightily delighted with this Discourse.

PISCATOR. It was no interruption, but a very seasonable question; for Trent is not only one of our Derbyshire rivers, but the chief of them, and into which all the rest pay the tribute of their names, which I had, perhaps, forgot to insist upon, being got to the other end of the county, had you not awoke my memory. But I will now proceed. And the next river of note, for I will take them as they lie eastward from us, is the river Wye: I say of note, for we have two lesser betwixt us and it, namely Lathkin and Bradford; of which Lathkin is, by many degrees, the purest and most transparent stream that I ever yet saw, either at home or abroad, and breeds, it is said, the reddest, and the best Trouts in England: but neither of these are to be reputed rivers, being no better than great springs. The river Wye, then, has its source near unto Buxton, a town some ten miles from hence, famous for a warm bath, and which you are to ride through in your way to Manchester: a black water, too, at the fountain, but, by the same reason with Dove, becomes very soon a most delicate clear river, and breeds admirable Trout and Grayling, reputed by those, who, by living upon its banks are partial to it, the best of any: and this, running down by Ashford, Bakewell, and Haddon, at a town a little lower, called Rowsley, falls into Derwent, and there loses its name.[5] The next in order

NOTE.] [5] By this it appears, that there are two rivers in England that bear the name of Wye: the former Wye, occasionally mentioned in this work, has, as well as the Severn, its head in the Plinlimmon

is Derwent, a black water too, and that not only from its fountain but quite through its progress, not having these crystal springs to wash and cleanse it which the two fore-mentioned have, but abounds with Trout and Grayling, such as they are, towards its source, and with Salmon below. And this river, from the upper and utmost part of this county, where it springs, taking its course by Chatsworth, Darley, Matlock, Derby, Burrow-Ash, and Awberson, falls into Trent, at a place called Wildon; and there loses its name. The east side of this county of Derby is bounded by little inconsiderable rivers, as Awber, Eroways, and the like, scarce worth naming, but trouty too; and further we are not to enquire. But, Sir, I have carried you, as a man may say, by water, till we are now come to the descent of the formidable hill I told you of (at the foot of which runs the river Dove, which I cannot but love above all the rest); and therefore prepare yourself to be a little frighted.

VIATOR. Sir, I see you would fortify me that I should not shame myself: but I dare follow where you please to lead me. And I see no danger yet; for the descent, methinks, is thus far green, even, and easy.

PISCATOR. You will like it worse presently, when you come to the brow of the hill: and now we are there, what think you?

VIATOR. What do I think? why I think it the strangest place that ever, sure, men and horses went down; and

NOTE *continued.*]

hill, on the borders of Montgomery and Cardiganshire; from whence, as its Latin name, Vaga, imports, wandering through part of Brecknockshire, it, near the Hay, enters Herefordshire, and at Mordiford, within four miles of Hereford, receives the Lug; from thence, passing on to Ross, it enters Monmouthshire, and falls into the Severn below Chepstow.

It abounds with that small species of fish called Last-springs, and also with Grayling.

And here it may be necessary to remark, that the names of Avon, Ouse, Stoure, and some others, are common to many rivers in England, as that of Dulas is to numbers in Wales. See *Notes on the Polyolbion*, Song the sixth. E.

that, if there be any safety at all, the safest way is to alight.

PISCATOR. I think so too, for you who are mounted upon a beast not acquainted with these slippery stones: and though I frequently ride down, I will alight too to bear you company and to lead you the way. And, if you please, my man shall lead your horse.

VIATOR. Marry, Sir! and thank you too: for I am afraid I shall have enough to do to look to myself: and with my horse in my hand should be in a double fear, both of breaking my neck, and my horse's falling on me, for it is as steep as a penthouse.

PISCATOR. To look down from hence it appears so, I confess: but the path winds and turns, and will not be found so troublesome.

VIATOR. Would I were well down though! Hoist thee! there's one fair 'scape! these stones are so slippery I cannot stand! yet again! I think I were best lay my heels in my neck and tumble down.

PISCATOR. If you think your heels will defend your neck, that is the way to be soon at the bottom. But give me your hand at this broad stone, and then the worst is past.

VIATOR. I thank you, Sir, I am now past it, I can go myself. What's here? the sign of a bridge? Do you use to travel with wheelbarrows in this country?

PISCATOR. Not that I ever saw, Sir; why do you ask that question?

VIATOR. Because this bridge certainly was made for nothing else: why! a mouse can hardly go over it: 'tis not two fingers broad.

PISCATOR. You are pleasant, and I am glad to see you so; but I have rid over the bridge many a dark night.

VIATOR. Why, according to the French proverb, and 'tis a good one, among a great many of worse sense and sound that language abounds in, *Ce que Dieu garde est bien gardé*, "They whom God takes care of are in safe

protection:" but, let me tell you, I would not ride over it for a thousand pounds, nor fall off it for two: and yet I think I dare venture on foot, though, if you were not by to laugh at me, I should do it on all four.

PISCATOR. Well, Sir, your mirth becomes you, and I am glad to see you safe over, and now you are welcome into Staffordshire.

VIATOR. How, Staffordshire! What do I there, trow? there is not a word of Staffordshire in all my direction.

PISCATOR. You see you are betrayed into it, but it shall be in order to something that will make amends; and 'tis but an ill mile or two out of your way.

VIATOR. I believe all things, Sir, and doubt nothing. Is this your beloved river Dove? 'Tis clear and swift, indeed, but a very little one.

PISCATOR. You see it, here, at the worst: we shall come to it anon again, after two miles riding, and so near as to lie upon the very banks.

VIATOR. Would we were there once: but I hope we have no more of these Alps to pass over.

PISCATOR. No, no, Sir, only this ascent before you, which you see is not very uneasy, and then you will no more quarrel with your way.

VIATOR. Well, if ever I come to London, of which many a man there, if he were in my place, would make a question, I will sit down and write my travels; and, like Tom Coriate,[6] print them at my own charge. Pray what do you call this hill, we came down?

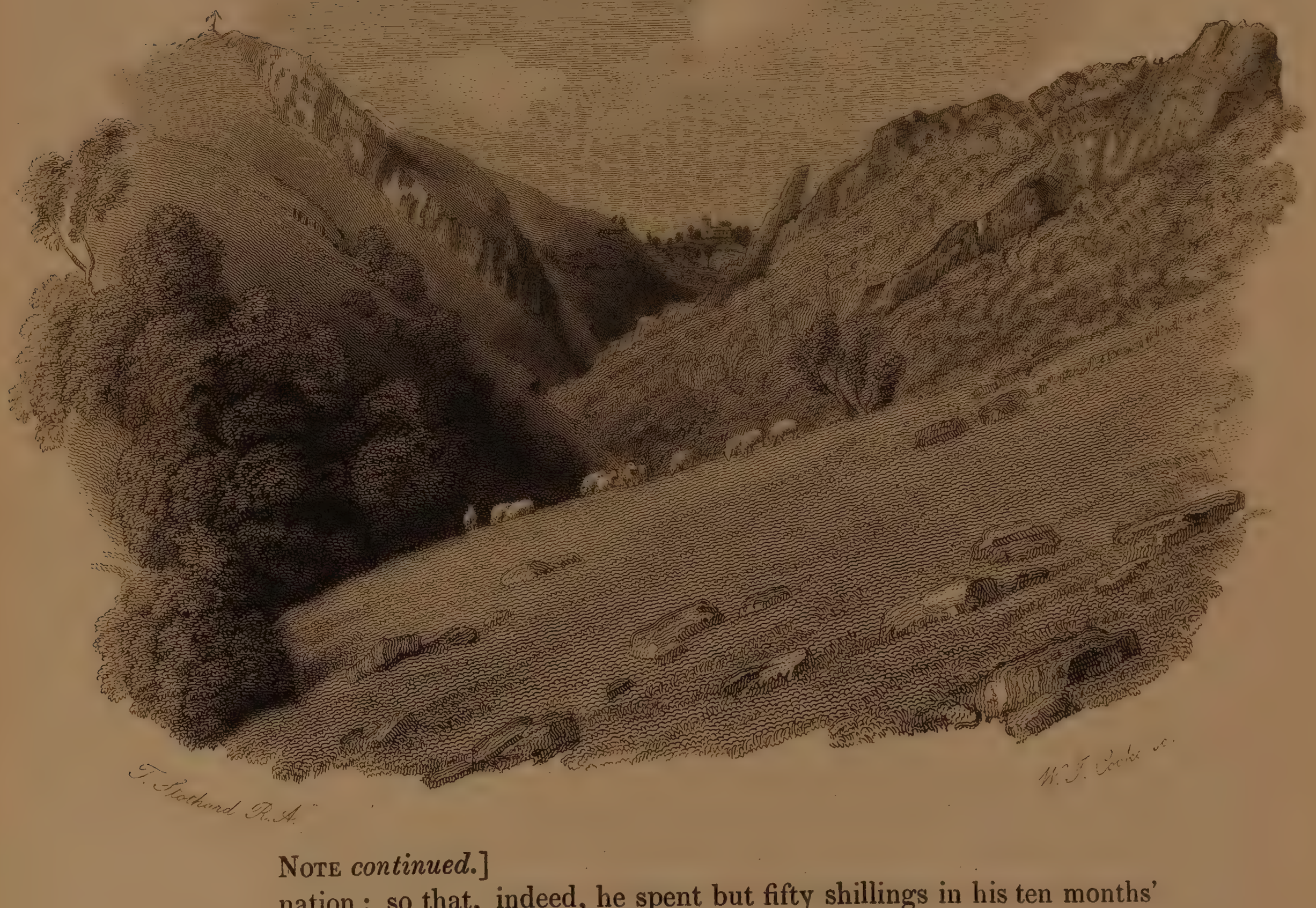
NOTE.] [6] *Tom Coriate* lived in the reign of King James the First; and, as Anthony Wood calls him, was the whetstone of all the wits of that age: and indeed, the allusions to him, and to the singular oddness of his character, are numberless. He travelled almost over Europe on foot; and in that tour walked 900 miles with one pair of shoes, which he got mended at Zurich. Afterwards he visited Turkey, Persia, and the Great Mogul's dominions, travelling in so frugal a manner, that —as he tells his mother, in a letter to her—in his ten months' travels, between Aleppo and the Mogul's court, he spent but three pounds sterling; living remarkably well for about two-pence sterling a day; and of that three pounds he elsewhere says, he was cozened of no less than ten shillings sterling by certain Christians of the Armenian

PISCATOR. We call it Hanson-Toot.

VIATOR. Why, farewell Hanson-Toot! I'll no more on thee: I'll go twenty miles about, first: Puh! I sweat, that my shirt sticks to my back.

PISCATOR. Come, Sir, now we are up the hill; and now how do you?

VIATOR. Why, very well, I humbly thank you, Sir, and warm enough, I assure you. What have we here, a church? As I'm an honest man, a very pretty church!



NOTE *continued.*]

nation; so that, indeed, he spent but fifty shillings in his ten months' travels. In these his travels, he attained to great proficiency both in the Persian and Indostan languages; in the former, he made and pronounced an oration to the Great Mogul; and his skill in the latter, he took occasion to manifest in the following very signal instance.

Have you churches in this country, Sir?

PISCATOR. You see we have: but had you seen none, why should you make that doubt, Sir?

VIATOR. Why, if you will not be angry, I'll tell you; I thought myself a stage or two beyond Christendom.

PISCATOR. Come! come! we'll reconcile you to our country, before we part with you; if shewing you good sport with angling will do it.

NOTE *continued.*]
In the service of the English ambassador, then resident, was a woman of Indostan, a laundress, whose frequent practice it was to scold, brawl, and rail, from sun-rising to sun-set. This formidable shrew did Coriate one day undertake to scold with, in her own language; and succeeded so well in the attempt, that, by eight of the clock in the morning, he had totally silenced her, leaving her not a word to speak. See *A Voyage to East-India*, by Edward Terry, chaplain to Sir Tho. Row, ambassador to the Great Mogul, 12mo. 1655. Further it appears, that he was a zealous champion for the Christian religion against the Mahometans and Pagans; in the defence whereof, he sometimes risqued his life. In Turkey, when a priest, as the custom is, was proclaiming from a mosque-tower that Mahomet was a true prophet, Tom, in the fury of his zeal, and in the face of the whole city, told the priest he lied, and that his prophet was an impostor: and at a city called Moltan, in the East-Indies, he, in publick, disputed with a Mahometan, who had called him Giaur, or infidel, in these words: "But I pray thee, tell me, thou Mahometan! dost thou, in sadness, call me Giaur? That I do, quoth he: Then, quoth I, in very sober sadness, I retort that shameful word in thy throat; and tell thee plainly, that I am a Mussulman, and thou art a Giaur." He concludes thus: "Go to then, thou false believer, since by thy injurious imputation laid on me, in that thou calledst me Giaur, thou hast provoked me to speak thus. I pray thee, let this mine answer be a warning for thee not to scandalize me in the like manner any more; for the Christian religion, which I profess, is so dear and tender unto me, that neither thou, nor any other Mahometan, shall, scot free, call me Giaur, but that I shall quit you with an answer much to the wonder of those Mahometans. Dixi." He died of the flux, occasioned by drinking sack at Surat, in 1617: having published his European travels in a quarto volume, which he called his *Crudities:* and to this circumstance the passage in the text is a manifest allusion. See *Athen. Oxon.* by Bliss, Vol. II. p. 208.; Purchas's *Pilgrims*, Part I. Book 4. Chap. 17; Coriate's *Letter from the Court of the Great Mogul*, Quarto, 1616; and, above all, Terry's *Voyage* before cited, the author whereof was, as he himself asserts, his chamber-fellow, or tent-mate, in East-India. H.

VIATOR. My respect to you, and that together, may do much, Sir: otherwise, to be plain with you, I do not find myself much inclined that way.

PISCATOR. Well, Sir, your raillery upon our mountains has brought us almost home; and look you where the same river of Dove has again met us to bid you welcome, and to invite you to a dish of Trouts to-morrow.

VIATOR. Is this the same we saw at the foot of Pen-men-Maure? It is much a finer river, here.

PISCATOR. It will appear yet much finer to-morrow. But look you, Sir, here appears the house,

that is now like to be your inn, for want of a better.

VIATOR. It appears on a sudden, but not before 'twas looked for; it stands prettily, and here's wood about it too, but so young, as appears to be of your own planting.

PISCATOR. It is so. Will it please you to alight, Sir? And now permit me, after all your pains and dangers, to take you in my arms, and to assure you, that you are infinitely welcome.

VIATOR. I thank you, Sir, and am glad with all my heart I am here; for, in downright truth, I am exceeding weary.

PISCATOR. You will sleep so much the better; you shall presently have a light supper, and to bed. Come, Sirs, lay the cloth, and bring what you have presently, and let the gentleman's bed be made ready in the mean time in my father Walton's chamber. And now, Sir, here is my service to you; and, once more, welcome!

VIATOR. I marry, Sir, this glass of good sack has refreshed me. And I'll make as bold with your meat; for the trot has got me a good stomach.

PISCATOR. Come, Sir, fall to then; you see my little supper is always ready when I come home, and I'll make no stranger of you.

VIATOR. That your meal is so soon ready, is a sign your servants know your certain hours, Sir; I confess I did not expect it so soon: but now 'tis here, you shall see I will make myself no stranger.

PISCATOR. Much good do your heart: and I thank you for that friendly word: and now, Sir, my service to you in a cup of More-Land's ale; for you are now in the More-Lands, but within a spit and a stride of the Peak. Fill my friend his glass.

VIATOR. Believe me you have good ale in the More-Lands, far better than that at Ashbourn.

PISCATOR. That it may soon be; for Ashbourn has, (which is a kind of a riddle,) always in it, the best malt and the worst ale in England. Come, take away, and bring us some pipes, and a bottle of ale: and go to your own suppers. Are you for this diet, Sir?

VIATOR. Yes, Sir, I am for one pipe of tobacco; and I perceive yours is very good by the smell.

PISCATOR. The best I can get in London, I assure you. But, Sir, now you have thus far complied with my designs, as to take a troublesome journey into an ill country, only to satisfy me; how long may I hope to enjoy you?

VIATOR. Why truly, Sir, as long as I conveniently can; and longer, I think, you would not have me.

PISCATOR. Not to your inconvenience by any means, Sir: but I see you are weary, and therefore I will presently wait on you to your chamber, where, take counsel of your pillow; and, to-morrow, resolve me. Here, take the lights; and pray follow them, Sir: Here you are like to lie; and now I have shewed you your lodging, I beseech you, command anything you want, and so I wish you good rest.

VIATOR. Good night, Sir.

The Second Day.

CHAP. III.

PISCATOR. GOOD morrow, Sir: what! up and drest, so early?

VIATOR. Yes, Sir, I have been drest this half hour: for I rested so well, and have so great a mind either to take, or to see a Trout taken in your fine river,[1] that I could no longer lie a-bed.

PISCATOR. I am glad to see you so brisk this morning, and so eager of sport: though I must tell you this day proves so calm, and the sun rises so bright, as promises no great success to the angler: but, however, we'll try and, one way or other, we shall, sure, do something.

NOTE.] [1] Cotton's beautiful description of this river must here be brought to the reader's recollection.

Oh! my beloved Nymph! fair Dove,
Princess of Rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam,
And in it all thy wanton fry
Playing at liberty;
And with my Angle upon them,
The all of treachery
I ever learn'd to practise and to try!

What will you have to your breakfast, or what will you drink this morning?

VIATOR. For breakfast I never eat any, and for drink am very indifferent; but if you please to call for a glass of ale, I'm for you: and let it be quickly if you please, for I long to see the little fishing-house you spoke of, and to be at my lesson.

PISCATOR. Well, Sir, you see the ale is come without calling; for though I do not know yours, my people know my diet, which is always one glass so soon as I am drest, and no more, till dinner: and so my servants have served you.

VIATOR. My thanks. And now, if you please, let us look out, this fine morning.

PISCATOR. With all my heart. Boy, take the key of my fishing-house, and carry down those two angle-rods in the hall-window, thither, with my fish-pannier, pouch, and landing-net; and stay you there till we come. Come, Sir, we'll walk after, where, by the way, I expect you should raise all the exceptions against our country you can.

VIATOR. Nay, Sir, do not think me so ill-natur'd, nor so uncivil: I only made a little bold with it last night to divert you, and was only in jest.

PISCATOR. You were then in as good earnest, as I am now with you: but had you been really angry at it, I could not blame you; for, to say the truth, it is not very taking at first sight. But look you, Sir, now you are abroad, does not the sun shine as bright here as in Essex, Middlesex, or Kent, or any of your Southern countries?

VIATOR. 'Tis a delicate morning, indeed, and I now think this a marvellous pretty place.

PISCATOR. Whether you think so or no, you cannot oblige me more than to say so: and those of my friends who know my humour, and are so kind as to comply with it, usually flatter me that way. But look you, Sir, now you are at the brink of the hill, how do you like my river;

the vale it winds through, like a snake; and the situation of my little fishing-house?[2]

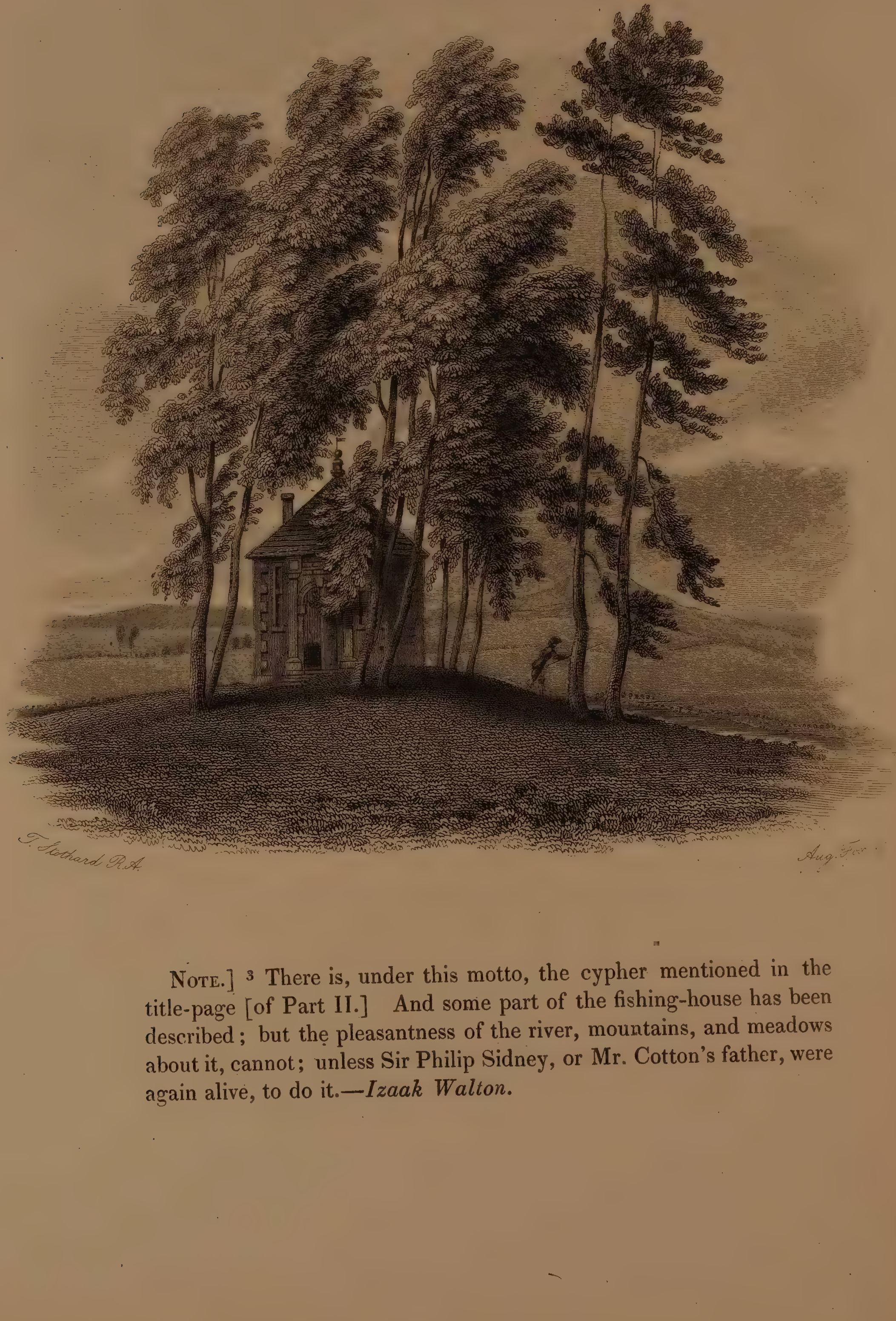
VIATOR. Trust me, 'tis all very fine; and the house seems, at this distance, a neat building.

PISCATOR. Good enough for that purpose. And here is a bowling-green too, close by it; so, though I am myself no very good bowler, I am not totally devoted to my own pleasure, but that I have also some regard to other men's. And now, Sir, you are come to the door; pray walk in, and there we will sit, and talk as long as you please.

NOTE.] [2] Cotton in his "Epistle to John Bradshaw, Esq." printed in his Posthumous Poems, thus alludes to his Fishing-house:

> My River still through the same channel glides
> Clear from the tumult, salt, and dirt of tides,
> And my poor Fishing-house, my Seat's best grace,
> Stands firm and faithfull in the self same place,
> I left it four months since, and ten to one
> I go a fishing ere two days are gone.

VIATOR. Stay, what's here over the door? "PISCATORIBUS SACRUM."[3] Why then, I perceive I have some title here; for I am one of them, though one of the worst. And here, below it, is the cypher too you spoke of; and 'tis



NOTE.] [3] There is, under this motto, the cypher mentioned in the title-page [of Part II.] And some part of the fishing-house has been described; but the pleasantness of the river, mountains, and meadows about it, cannot; unless Sir Philip Sidney, or Mr. Cotton's father, were again alive, to do it.—*Izaak Walton.*

prettily contrived. Has my master Walton ever been here to see it; for it seems new built?[4]

PISCATOR. Yes, he saw it cut in the stone before it was

NOTE.] [4] In the edition of 1784, Sir John Hawkins says, "I have been favoured with an accurate description of the Fishing-house, by a person [Mr. White, since of Crickhowel] who, being in that country, with a view to oblige me, went to see it. The account he gave of it was, that it was of stone, and the room inside a cube of fifteen feet; that it was paved with black and white marble, and that in the middle was a square black marble table supported by two stone feet. The room was wainscoted with curious mouldings that divided the pannels up to the ceiling. In the larger pannels were represented, in painting, some of the most pleasant of the adjacent scenes, with persons fishing; and in the smaller, the various sorts of tackle and implements used in angling. In the further corner, on the left, was a fire-place with a chimney; on the right a large buffet, with folding doors, whereon were the portraits of Mr. Cotton with a boy-servant, and Walton, in the dress of the time. Underneath was a cup-board; on the door whereof, the figures of a Trout and of a Grayling were well pourtrayed. At this time the edifice was in but indifferent condition; the paintings, and even the wainscoting, in many places, being much decayed.

To which Mr. Bagster adds, that on visiting it, Sept. 5th, 1814, he found it in a much worse condition than is here described. The pavement, the glass from the windows, and the wainscoting, gone; the Inscription over the door tolerably legible, with the date of 1674 beneath: and on the key-stone which forms the arch of the door-way Cotton and Walton's cypher. Above the roof, beneath the ball and vane, are the remains of a small stone sun-dial. The fire-place in the further corner of the interior, had at each corner the initials of Cotton, thus IC. under that on the left, IZ. and that on the right WA.

In June 1825, the publisher of this edition and Mr. Stothard visited Beresford Hall, which was then rented by a widow named Gibbs. It had undergone many alterations in the interior, and very little of the original ornaments remained, with the exception of two carved mantel-pieces, and one or two panes of stained glass; but since that period, some of the roofs have fallen in, consequently it is fast going to decay. The Fishing-house was much in the state described above. The stone walls, fire-place, and outer doors, were the only parts remaining. The stone table had been removed, and all the windows had either fallen to decay or been taken away; but the motto and cypher on the key-stone of the arched doorway was entire. The manor, hall, and about eighty-four acres of land, were sold by auction on the 10th August, 1825, and was purchased by William Viscount Beresford for £5500, which included £750 for timber.

set up; but never in the posture it now stands: for the house was but building when he was last here, and not raised so high as the arch of the door. And I am afraid he will not see it, yet: for he has lately writ me word, he doubts his coming down this summer; which, I do assure you, was the worst news he could possibly have sent me.

VIATOR. Men must sometimes mind their affairs to make more room for their pleasures. And 'tis odds he is as much displeased with the business that keeps him from you, as you are that he comes not. But I am the most pleased with this little house, of any thing I ever saw: it stands in a kind of peninsula too, with a delicate clear river about it.

T. Stothard. R.A.

I dare hardly go in, lest I should not like it so well within as without: but by your leave, I'll try. Why, this is better and better, fine lights, finely wainscoted, and all exceeding neat, with a marble table and all in the middle!

PISCATOR. Enough, Sir, enough, I have laid open to you the part where I can worst defend myself, and now you attack me there. Come, boy, set two chairs; and whilst I am taking a pipe of tobacco, which is always my breakfast, we will, if you please, talk of some other subject.

VIATOR. None fitter, then, Sir, for the time and place, than those instructions you promis'd.

PISCATOR. I begin to doubt, by something I discover in you, whether I am able to instruct you or no; though, if you are really a stranger to our clear northern rivers, I still think I can: and therefore, since it is yet too early in the morning at this time of the year, to-day being but the seventh of March, to cast a fly upon the water, if you will direct me what kind of fishing for a Trout I shall read you a lecture on, I am willing and ready to obey you.

VIATOR. Why, Sir, if you will so far oblige me, and that it may not be too troublesome to you, I would entreat you would run through the whole body of it; and I will not conceal from you that I am so far in love with you, your courtesy, and pretty More-Land seat, as to resolve to stay with you long enough by intervals, for I will not oppress you, to hear all you can say upon that subject.

PISCATOR. You cannot oblige me more than by such a promise: and therefore, without more ceremony, I will begin to tell you, that my father Walton having read to you before, it would look like a presumption in me, (and, peradventure, would do so in any other man,) to pretend to give lessons for angling after him, who, I do really believe, understands as much of it at least as any man in England, did I not pre-acquaint you, that I am not tempted to it by any vain opinion of myself, that I am able to give

you better directions; but having, from my childhood, pursued the recreation of angling in very clear rivers, truly, I think, by much (some of them, at least) the clearest in this kingdom, and the manner of angling here with us, by reason of that exceeding clearness, being something different from the method commonly used in others, which, by being not near so bright, admit of stronger tackle, and allow a nearer approach to the stream, I may peradventure give you some instructions, that may be of use, even in your own rivers, and shall bring you acquainted with more flies and shew you how to make them, and with what dubbing too, than he has taken notice of in his COMPLETE ANGLER.[5]

VIATOR. I beseech you, Sir, do; and if you will lend me your steel, I will light a pipe the while, for that is, commonly, my breakfast in a morning, too.[6]

Chap. IV.

PISCATOR. WHY, then Sir, to begin methodically, as a master in any art should do, and I will not deny, but that I think myself a master in this, I shall divide Angling for Trout, or Grayling, into these three ways; at the top; at the bottom; and in the middle. Which three ways, though they are all of them, as I shall hereafter endeavour to make it appear,

NOTE.] [5] See Part I. chap. v. p. 144.

[6] It should seem by what Walton says, Chap. X. that he was a smoker: and the reader sees, by the passage in the text, that Piscator, by whom we are to understand Cotton himself, was also, and so curious as to have his tobacco from London. *Vide* p. 350.

Smoking, or, as the phrase was, "taking tobacco," was, in Queen Elizabeth's and her successor's time, esteemed the greatest of all foppery. Ben Jonson, who mortally hated it, has numberless sarcasms against smoking and smokers; all which are nothing, compared to those contained in that work of our King James the First, "*A Counter-blast to Tobacco.*" Nor was the ordinary conversation of this monarch less fraught with reasons and invectives against the use of that weed, as will appear from the following saying of his, extracted from "A Collection of witty apophthegms, delivered by him and others, at several times, and on sundry occasions," published in 12mo. 1671.

"That tobacco was the lively image and pattern of hell; for that it

in some sort common to both those kinds of fish; yet are they not so generally and absolutely so, but that they will necessarily require a distinction, which, in due place, I will also give you.

That which we call angling at the top, is with a fly; at the bottom, with a ground-bait; in the middle, with a minnow or ground-bait.

Angling at the top is of two sorts; with a quick[7] fly, or with an artificial fly.

That we call Angling at the bottom, is also of two sorts; by hand, or with a cork or float.

That we call Angling in the middle, is also of two sorts; with a Minnow, for a Trout, or with a ground-bait for a Grayling.

Of all which several sorts of angling, I will, if you can have the patience to hear me, give you the best account I can.

VIATOR. The trouble will be yours, and mine the pleasure and the obligation: I beseech you therefore to proceed.

PISCATOR. Why then first of fly-fishing.

Chap. V.

PISCATOR. FLY-fishing, or fishing at the top, is, as I said before, of two sorts; with a natural and living fly, or with an artificial and made fly.

NOTE *continued.*]
had, by allusion, in it all the parts and vices of the world whereby hell may be gained; to wit: First, It was a smoke; so are the vanities of this world. Secondly, It delighteth them who take it; so do the pleasures of the world delight the men of the world. Thirdly, It maketh men drunken, and light in the head; so do the vanities of the world: men are drunken therewith. Fourthly, He that taketh tobacco saith he cannot leave it, it doth bewitch him: even so the pleasures of the world make men loath to leave them, they are for the most part so inchanted with them. And further, besides all this, It is like hell in the very substance of it, for it is a stinking loathsome thing; and so is hell. And further, his Majesty professed that, were he to invite the devil to dinner, he should have three dishes; 1. A pig; 2. A pole of ling and mustard; and 3. A pipe of tobacco for digesture."

[7] Living.

First then, of the Natural Fly; of which we generally use but two sorts; and those but in the two months of May and June only; namely, the Green-drake, and the Stone-fly: though I have made use of a third, that way, called the Camlet-fly, with very good success, for Grayling, but never saw it angled with by any other, after this manner, my master only excepted, who died many years ago, and was one of the best anglers that ever I knew.

These are to be angled with with a short line, not much more than half the length of your rod, if the air be still; or with a longer very near, or all out, as long as your rod, if you have any wind to carry it from you. And this way of fishing we call daping, dabbing, or dibling; wherein you are always to have your line flying before you up or down the river, as the wind serves, and to angle as near as you can to the bank of the same side whereon you stand, though where you see a fish rise near you you may guide your quick fly over him, whether in the middle, or on the contrary side; and if you are pretty well out of sight, either by kneeling, or the interposition of a bank or bush, you may almost be sure to raise, and take him too, if it be presently done; the fish will, otherwise, peradventure be removed to some other place, if it be in the still deeps, where he is always in motion, and roving up and down to look for prey, though, in a stream, you may always almost, especially if there be a good stone near, find him in the same place. Your Line ought in this case to be three good hairs next the hook; both by reason you are, in this kind of angling, to expect the biggest fish, and also that, wanting length to give him line after he is struck, you must be forced to tug for it: to which I will also add, that not an inch of your line being to be suffered to touch the water in dibling, it may be allowed to be the stronger. I should now give you a description of those flies, their shape and colour; and, then, give you an account of their breeding; and, withal

shew you how to keep and use them; but shall defer them to their proper place and season.

VIATOR. In earnest, Sir, you discourse very rationally of this affair, and I am glad to find myself mistaken in you; for, in plain truth, I did not expect so much from you.

PISCATOR. Nay, Sir, I can tell you a great deal more than this; and will conceal nothing from you. But I must now come to the second way of Angling at the top; which is with an artificial fly, which also I will shew you how to make before I have done: but, first, shall acquaint you, that, with this, you are to angle with a line longer by a yard and a half, or sometimes two yards, than your rod: and, with both this and the other in a still day, in the streams, in a breeze that curls the water, in the still deeps, where excepting in May and June, that the best Trouts will lie in shallow streams to watch for prey, and even then too, you are like to hit the best fish.

For the length of your rod, you are always to be governed by the breadth of the river you shall choose to angle at: and for a Trout-river, one of five or six yards long is commonly enough; and longer, though never so neatly and artificially made, it ought not to be, if you intend to fish at ease; and if otherwise, where lies the sport?

Of these, the best that ever I saw, are made in Yorkshire; which are all of one piece, that is to say, of several, six, eight, ten, or twelve pieces, so neatly pieced and tied together with fine thread below and silk above as to make it taper like a switch, and to ply with a true bent to your hand. And these, too, are light, being made of fir-wood for two or three lengths nearest to the hand, and of other wood nearer to the top, that a man might, very easily, manage the longest of them that ever I saw, with one hand. And these, when you have given over angling for a season, being taken to pieces and laid

up in some dry place, may afterwards be set together again in their former postures, and will be as strait, sound, and good, as the first hour they were made, and being laid in oil and colour, according to your master Walton's direction, will last many years.

The length of your line, to a man that knows how to handle his rod, and to cast it, is no manner of incumbrance, excepting in woody places and in landing of a fish, which every one that can afford to angle for pleasure has somebody to do for him. And the length of line is a mighty advantage to the fishing at distance; and to fish fine and far-off, is the first and principal rule for Trout-angling.

Your line in this case should never be less, nor ever exceed two hairs next to the hook; for one (though some, I know, will pretend to more art than their fellows,) is indeed too few, the least accident, with the finest hand, being sufficient to break it: but he that cannot kill a Trout of twenty inches long with two, in a river clear of wood and weeds, as this and some others of ours are, deserves not the name of an Angler.

Now, to have your whole line as it ought to be, two of the first lengths nearest the hook should be of two hairs apiece; the next three lengths above them of three; the next three above them of four; and, so, of five, and six, and seven, to the very top: by which means, your rod and tackle will, in a manner, be taper from your very hand to your hook; your line will fall much better and straiter, and cast your fly to any certain place to which the hand and eye shall direct it, with less weight and violence, that would otherwise circle the water and fright away the fish.

In casting your line, do it always before you,[8] and so

NOTE.] [8] The tyro in the art of fly-fishing, who may be desirous of further instructions for "casting his line" than those given by Cotton in the text, is referred to the "Complete Angler's Vade Mecum," by Captain Williamson, who has endeavoured "to supply the learner

that your fly may first fall upon the water, and as little of your line with it as possible: though if the wind be stiff, you will then, of necessity, be compelled to drown a good part of your line, to keep your fly in the water. And in casting your fly you must aim at the further, or nearer bank, as the wind serves your turn, which also will be with and against you, on the same side, several times in an hour, as the river winds in its course, and you will be forced to angle up and down by turns accordingly, but are to endeavour, as much as you can, to have the wind, evermore, on your back. And always be sure to stand as far off the bank as your length will give you leave when you throw to the contrary side: though when the wind will not permit you so to do, and that you are constrained to angle on the same side whereon you stand, you must then stand on the very brink of the river, and cast your fly to the utmost length of your rod and line, up or down the river, as the gale serves.

It only remains, touching your line, to enquire, whether your two hairs next to the hook are better twisted or open? And for that I should declare that I think the open way the better, because it makes less shew in the water, but that I have found an inconvenience or two, or three, that have made me almost weary of that way; of which one is, that, without dispute, they are not so strong open as twisted;[9] another, that they are not, easily, to be fastened of so exact an equal length in the arming that the one will not cause the other to bag, by which means a man

NOTE *continued.*
with such plain matter-of-fact directions, with respect to the management of his fly-rod, as may at once enable him to cast his line without restraint;" and to Taylor's Art of Angling; but it is almost needless to observe, that one day's instruction from an experienced fly-fisher will be found of more value than all the directions ever written. H.

[9] In the original, the words are *twisted as open*, contrary to what is, evidently, from the connection, the Author's meaning: the Editor has therefore transposed the words.

has but one hair upon the matter to trust to; and the last is, that these loose flying hairs are not only more apt to catch upon every twig, or bent, they meet with, but moreover, the hook, in falling upon the water, will, very often, rebound and fly back betwixt the hairs, and there stick, (which, in a rough water especially, is not presently to be discerned by the angler,) so as the point of the hook shall stand reversed; by which means, your fly swims backward, makes a much greater circle in the water, and till taken home to you and set right, will never raise any fish, or, if it should, I am sure, but by a very extraordinary chance, can hit none.[1]

Having done with both these ways of fishing at the top, the length of your rod, and line, and all, I am next to teach you how to make a fly; and, afterwards, of what dubbing you are to make the several flies I shall hereafter name to you.

In making a fly, then, which is not a hackle or palmer-fly, (for of those, and their several kinds, we shall have occasion to speak every month in the year,) you are, first, to hold your hook fast betwixt the fore-finger and thumb of your left hand, with the back of the shank upwards, and the point towards your fingers' ends; then take a strong small silk of the colour of the fly you intend to make, wax it well with wax of the same colour too, to which end you are always, by the way, to have wax of all colours about you, and draw it betwixt your finger and thumb to the head of the shank; and then whip it twice or thrice about the bare hook, which, you must know, is done, both to prevent slipping, and also that the shank of the hook may not cut the hairs of your towght, which sometimes it will otherwise do. Which being done, take your line, and draw it likewise betwixt your finger and thumb, holding the hook so fast, as only to

NOTE.] [1] This, and the other inconveniences mentioned in this paragraph, are effectually avoided by the use of a fine grass, or gut, of about half a yard long, next the hook.

suffer it to pass by, until you have the knot of your towght almost to the middle of the shank of your hook, on the inside of it; then whip your silk twice or thrice about both hook and line as hard as the strength of the silk will permit. Which being done, strip the feather for the wings proportionable to the bigness of your fly, placing that side downwards which grew uppermost before upon the back of the hook, leaving so much only as to serve for the length of the wing of the point of the plume lying reversed from the end of the shank upwards: then whip your silk twice or thrice about the root-end of the feather, hook, and towght; which being done, clip off the root-end of the feather close by the arming, and then whip the silk fast and firm about the hook and towght, until you come to the bend of the hook, but not further as you do at London, and so make a very unhandsome, and, in plain English, a very unnatural and shapeless fly. Which being done, cut away the end of your towght, and fasten it. And then take your dubbing which is to make the body of your fly, as much as you think convenient, and holding it lightly, with your hook, betwixt the finger and thumb of your left hand, take your silk with the right, and twisting it betwixt the finger and thumb of that hand, the dubbing will spin itself about the silk, which when it has done, whip it about the armed-hook backward, till you come to the setting-on of the wings. And then take the feather for the wings, and divide it equally into two parts; and turn them back towards the bend of the hook, the one on the one side, and the other on the other of the shank; holding them fast in that posture betwixt the fore-finger and thumb of your left hand: which done, warp them so down as to stand and slope towards the bend of the hook; and having warped up to the end of the shank, hold the fly fast, betwixt the finger and thumb of your left hand, and then take the silk betwixt the finger and thumb of your right hand; and, where the warping

ends, pinch or nip it with your thumb nail, against your finger, and strip away the remainder of your dubbing from the silk: and then with the bare silk, whip it once or twice about; make the wings to stand in due order; fasten, and cut it off. After which, with the point of a needle, raise up the dubbing gently from the warp; twitch off the superfluous hairs of your dubbing; leave the wings of an equal length, your fly will never else swim true; and the work is done. And this way of making a fly, which is certainly the best of all other, was taught me by a kinsman of mine, one Captain Henry Jackson, a near neighbour, an admirable fly-angler; by many degrees the best fly-maker that ever I yet met with. And now that I have told you how a fly is to be made, you shall presently see me make one, with which you may peradventure take a Trout this morning, notwithstanding the unlikeliness of the day; for it is now nine of the clock, and fish will begin to rise, if they will rise to-day. I will walk along by you, and look on: and, after dinner, I will proceed in my lecture of fly-fishing.

VIATOR. I confess I long to be at the river; and yet I could sit here all day to hear you: but some of the one, and some of the other, will do well; and I have a mighty ambition to take a Trout in your river Dove.

PISCATOR. I warrant you shall: I would not, for more than I will speak of, but you should; seeing I have so extolled my river to you: nay I will keep you here a month, but you shall have one good day of sport before you go.

VIATOR. You will find me, I doubt, too tractable that way; for, in good earnest, if business would give me leave, and that if it were fit, I could find in my heart to stay with you for ever.

PISCATOR. I thank you, Sir, for that kind expression. And now let me look out my things to make this fly.

Chap. VI.

PISCATOR. BOY! come, give me my dubbing-bag here presently; and now, Sir, since I find you so honest a man, I will make no scruple to lay open my treasure before you.

VIATOR. Did ever any one see the like! what a heap of trumpery is here! certainly never an angler in Europe has his shop half so well furnished as you have.

PISCATOR. You, perhaps, may think now, that I rake together this trumpery, as you call it, for shew only, to the end that such as see it, which are not many I assure you, may think me a great master in the art of angling: but let me tell you, here are some colours, as contemptible as they seem here, that are very hard to be got, and scarce any one of them which, if it should be lost, I should not miss, and be concerned about the loss of it too, once in the year. But look you, Sir, amongst all these I will choose out these two colours only; of which, this is bear's hair, this darker, no great matter what; but I am sure I have killed a great deal of fish with it; and with one or both of these, you shall take Trout or Grayling this very day, notwithstanding all disadvantages, or my art shall fail me.

VIATOR. You promise comfortably, and I have a great deal of reason to believe every thing you say: but I wish the fly were made, that we were at it.

PISCATOR. That will not be long in doing: and pray observe then. You see, first, how I hold my hook; and thus I begin. Look you, here are my first two or three whips about the bare hook; thus I join hook and line; thus I put on my wings; thus I twirl and lap on my dubbing; thus I work it up towards the head; thus I part my wings; thus I nip my superfluous dubbing from my silk; thus fasten; thus trim and adjust my fly. And there's a fly made; and now how do you like it?

VIATOR. In earnest, admirably well; and it perfectly resembles a fly: but we about London make the bodies

of our flies both much bigger and longer, so long as even almost to the very beard of the hook.

PISCATOR. I know it very well, and had one of those flies given me by an honest gentleman, who came with my father Walton to give me a visit; which, to tell you the truth, I hung in my parlour-window to laugh at: but, Sir, you know the proverb, "They who go to Rome, must do as they at Rome do;" and believe me, you must here make your flies after this fashion, or you will take no fish. Come, I will look you out a line, and you shall put it on, and try it. There, Sir, now I think you are fitted; and now beyond the farther end of the walk you shall begin: I see, at that bend of the water above, the air crisps the water a little: knit your line first here, and then go up thither, and see what you can do.

VIATOR. Did you see that, Sir?

PISCATOR. Yes, I saw the fish: and he saw you too, which made him turn short. You must fish further off, if you intend to have any sport here; this is no New River, let me tell you. That was a good Trout, believe me: did you touch him?

VIATOR. No, I would I had, we would not have parted so. Look you, there was another: this is an excellent fly.

PISCATOR. That fly I am sure would kill fish, if the day were right: but they only chew at it, I see, and will not take it. Come, Sir, let us return back to the fishing-house: this still water, I see, will not do our business to-day: you shall now, if you please, make a fly yourself, and try what you can do in the streams with that; and I know a Trout taken with a fly of your own making, will please you better than twenty with one of mine. Give me that bag again, sirrah: look you, Sir, there is a hook, towght, silk, and a feather for the wings: be doing with those, and I will look you out a dubbing that I think will do.

VIATOR. This is a very little hook.

PISCATOR. That may serve to inform you, that it is for

a very little fly, and you must make your wings accordingly; for as the case stands, it must be a little fly, and a very little one too, that must do your business. Well said! believe me, you shift your fingers very handsomely. I doubt I have taken upon me to teach my master. So, here's your dubbing now.

VIATOR. This dubbing is very black.

PISCATOR. It appears so in hand; but step to the doors and hold it up betwixt your eye and the sun, and it will appear a shining red; let me tell you, never a man in England can discern the true colour of a dubbing any way but that; and therefore choose always to make your flies on such a bright sun-shine day as this, which also you may the better do, because it is worth nothing to fish in. Here, put it on; and be sure to make the body of your fly as slender as you can. Very good! upon my word, you have made a marvellous handsome fly.

VIATOR. I am very glad to hear it; 'tis the first that ever I made of this kind, in my life.

PISCATOR. Away, away! You are a doctor at it: but I will not commend you too much, lest I make you proud. Come, put it on; and you shall now go downward, to some streams betwixt the rocks, below the little foot-bridge you see there,[2] and try your fortune. Take heed of slipping into the water as you follow me under this rock. So now you are over: and now throw in.

VIATOR. This is a fine stream indeed. There's one! I have him!

PISCATOR. And a precious catch you have of him; pull him out! I see you have a tender hand. This is a diminutive gentleman; e'en throw him in again, and let him grow till he be more worthy your anger.

VIATOR. Pardon me, Sir, all's fish that comes to the hook with me now. Another!

PISCATOR. And of the same standing.

NOTE.] [2] This bridge has been removed. See the *Note* in p. 373.

VIATOR. I see I shall have good sport now. Another! and a grayling. Why you have fish here at will.

PISCATOR. Come, come, cross the bridge; and go down the other side, lower, where you will find finer streams and better sport, I hope, than this. Look you, Sir, here is a fine stream now. You have length enough; stand a little further off, let me entreat you; and do but fish this stream like an artist, and peradventure a good fish may fall to your share. How now! what! is all gone?

VIATOR. No, I but touched him; but that was a fish worth taking.

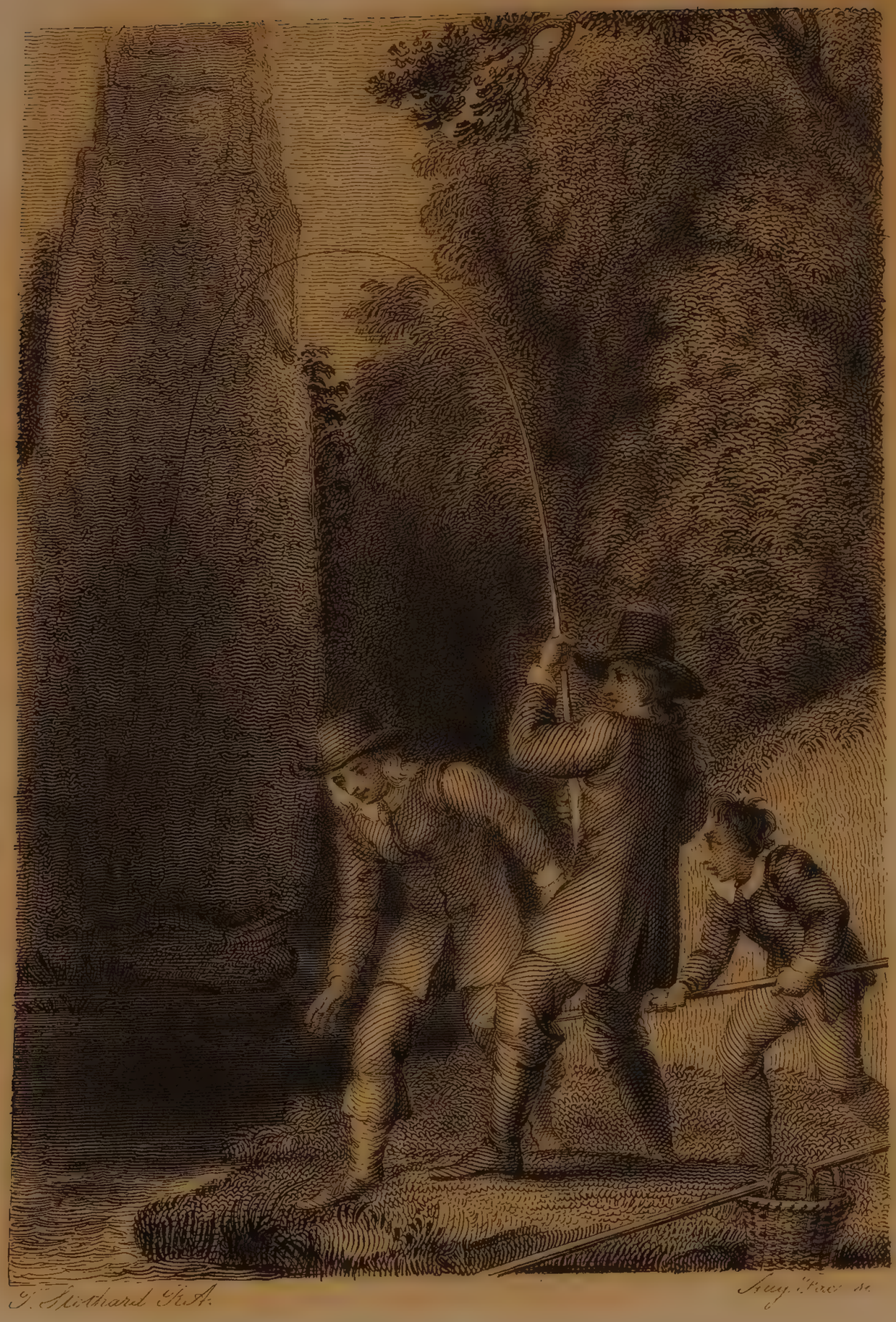
PISCATOR. Why now let me tell you, you lost that fish by your own fault, and through your own eagerness and haste; for you are never to offer to strike a good fish, if he do not strike himself, till first you see him turn his head after he has taken your fly, and then you can never strain your tackle in the striking, if you strike with any manner of moderation. Come, throw in one again, and fish me this stream by inches; for I assure you, here are very good fish: both Trout and Grayling lie here; and at that great stone on the other side, 'tis ten to one a good Trout gives you the meeting.

VIATOR. I have him now: but he is gone down towards the bottom. I cannot see what he is, yet he should be a good fish by his weight; but he makes no great stir.

PISCATOR. Why then, by what you say, I dare venture to assure you 'tis a Grayling, who is one of the deadest-hearted fishes in the world; and the bigger he is, the more easily taken. Look you, now you see him plain; I told you what he was. Bring hither that landing-net, boy. And now, Sir, he is your own; and, believe me, a good one; sixteen inches long I warrant him: I have taken none such this year.

VIATOR. I never saw a Grayling before look so black.

PISCATOR. Did you not? why then let me tell you, that you never saw one before in right season; for then a Grayling is very black about his head, gills, and down



T. Stothard R.A. Engd. Finden sc.

LANDING THE GRAYLING.

Viator. I have him now, but he is gone towards the bottom — he should be a good fish by his weight — Piscator bring hither that landing-net Boy.

London, William Pickering, Jan. 1 1836.

his back; and has his belly of a dark grey, dappled with black spots, as you see this is; and I am apt to conclude, that from thence he derives his name of Umber. Though I must tell you, this fish is past his prime, and begins to decline, and was in better season at Christmas than he is now. But move on; for it grows towards dinner-time; and there is a very great and fine stream below, under that rock, that fills the deepest pool in all the river, where you are almost sure of a good fish.

VIATOR. Let him come, I'll try a fall with him. But I had thought that the Grayling had been always in season with the Trout, and had come in and gone out with him.

PISCATOR. Oh no! assure yourself a Grayling is a winter-fish; but such a one as would deceive any but such as know him very well indeed; for his flesh, even in his worst season, is so firm, and will so easily calver, that in plain truth he is very good meat at all times: but in his perfect season, which by the way, none but an overgrown Grayling will ever be, I think him so good a fish, as to be little inferior to the best Trout that ever I tasted in my life.

VIATOR. Here's another skip-jack; and I have raised five or six more at least, whilst you were speaking. Well, go thy way, little Dove! thou art the finest river that ever I saw, and the fullest of fish. Indeed, Sir, I like it so well, that I am afraid you will be troubled with me once a year, so long as we two live.

PISCATOR. I am afraid I shall not, Sir: but were you once here a May or a June, if good sport would tempt you, I should then expect you would sometimes see me; for you would then say it were a fine river indeed, if you had once seen the sport at the height.

VIATOR. Which I will do, if I live, and that you please to give me leave. There was one, and there another.

PISCATOR. And all this in a strange river, and with a fly of your own making! why what a dangerous man are you!

VIATOR. I, Sir: but who taught me? and as Damatas says by his man Dorus, so you may say by me,

If my man such praises have,
What then have I that taught the knave?[3]

But what have we got here? a Rock springing up in the middle of the river! this is one of the oddest sights that ever I saw.

PISCATOR. Why, Sir, from that Pike[4] that you see standing up there distant from the rock, this is called PIKE POOL.

NOTE.] [3] From Sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia*. Book I. which reads,

For if my man must praises have,
What then must I, that keep the knave?

[4] 'Tis a rock, in the fashion of a spire-steeple, and almost as

And young Mr. Izaak Walton was so pleased with it, as to draw it in landscape, in black and white, in a blank book I have at home, as he has done several prospects of my house also, which I keep for a memorial of his favour, and will shew you when we come up to dinner.

VIATOR. Has young master Izaak Walton been here, too?

PISCATOR. Yes, marry has he, Sir, and that again and again too; and in France since, and at Rome, and at Venice, and I can't tell where: but I intend to ask him a great many hard questions so soon as I can see him, which will be, God willing, next month. In the mean time, Sir, to come to this fine stream at the head of this great pool, you must venture over these slippery, cobling stones.[5] Believe me, Sir, there you were nimble, or else you had been down. But now you are got over, look to yourself: for, on my word, if a fish rise here, he is like to be such a one as will endanger your tackle. How now!

VIATOR. I think you have such command here over the fishes, that you can raise them by your word, as they say conjurors can do spirits, and afterward make them do what you bid them; for here's a Trout has taken my fly; I had rather have lost a crown. What luck's this! he was a lovely fish, and turned up a side like a Salmon.

NOTE *continued.*

big. It stands in the midst of the river Dove; and not far from Mr. Cotton's house, below which place this delicate river takes a swift career betwixt many mighty rocks, much higher and bigger than St. Paul's church before 'twas burnt. And this Dove being oppos'd by one of the highest of them, has, at last, forced itself a way through it; and after a mile's concealment, appears again with more glory and beauty than before that opposition, running through the most pleasant valleys and most fruitful meadows that this nation can justly boast of.—WALTON.

[5] Mr. Bagster, who visited the spot in the autumn of 1814, for the purpose of identifying the scenery, and who went *step by step* over the ground which is the scene of this dialogue, says that, "The undeviating accuracy of delineation is very striking; but at this spot an alteration was made a few years since, by cutting away *part* of the rock, and removing the bridge, the site of which is still marked by fragments of stone."

PISCATOR. O Sir, this is a war where you sometimes win, and must sometimes expect to lose. Never concern yourself for the loss of your fly; for ten to one I teach you to make a better. Who's that calls?

SERVANT. Sir, will it please you to come to dinner?

PISCATOR. We come. You hear, Sir, we are called: and now take your choice, whether you will climb this steep hill before you, from the top of which you will go directly into the house,

or back again, over these stepping stones, and about by the bridge.

VIATOR. Nay, sure the nearest way is best; at least my stomach tells me so; and I am now so well acquainted with your rocks, that I fear them not.

PISCATOR. Come then, follow me. And so soon as we have dined, we will down again to the little house: where I will begin, at the place I left off, about fly-fishing, and read you another lecture; for I have a great deal more to say upon that subject.

VIATOR. The more the better; I could never have met with a more obliging master, my first excepted. Nor such sport can all the rivers about London ever afford, as is to be found in this pretty river.

PISCATOR. You deserve to have better; both because I see you are willing to take pains, and for liking this little so well; and better I hope to show you before we part.

Chap. VII.

VIATOR. COME, Sir, having now well din'd, and being again set in your little house, I will now challenge your promise, and entreat you to proceed in your instruction for fly-fishing: which, that you may be the better encouraged to do, I will assure you, that I have not lost, I think, one syllable of what you have told me; but very well retain all your directions, both for the rod, line, and making a fly, and now desire an account of the flies themselves.

PISCATOR. Why, Sir, I am ready to give it you, and shall have the whole afternoon to do it in, if nobody come in to interrupt us; for you must know, (besides the unfitness of the day,) that the afternoons, so early in March, signify very little to angling with a fly, though with a minnow, or a worm, something might (I confess) be done.

To begin, then, where I left off, My father Walton tells us of but twelve artificial flies only, to angle with at the top, and gives their names; of which some are common with us here; and I think I guess at most of them by his description, and I believe they all breed and

are taken in our rivers, though we do not make them either of the same dubbing or fashion. And it may be in the rivers about London, which I presume he has most frequented, and where 'tis likely he has done most execution, there is not much notice taken of many more: but we are acquainted with several others here, though perhaps I may reckon some of his by other names too; but if I do, I shall make you amends by an addition to his catalogue. And although the fore-named great master in the art of angling, for so in truth he is, tells you that no man should, in honesty, catch a Trout till the middle of March, yet I hope he will give a man leave sooner to take a Grayling, which, as I told you, is in the dead months in his best season: and do assure you, which I remember by a very remarkable token, I did once take upon the sixth day of December one, and only one, of the biggest Graylings, and the best in season, that ever I yet saw or tasted; and do usually take Trouts too, and with a fly, not only before the middle of this month, but almost every year in February, unless it be a very ill spring indeed; and have sometimes in January, so early as New-year's tide, and in frost and snow, taken Grayling in a warm sunshine day for an hour or two about noon; and to fish for him with a Grub, it is then the best time of all.

I shall therefore begin my fly-fishing with that month, (though, I confess, very few begin so soon, and that such as are so fond of the sport as to embrace all opportunities can rarely in that month find a day fit for their purpose,) and tell you, that, upon my knowledge, these flies, in a warm sun, for an hour or two in the day, are certainly taken.

JANUARY.

1. A RED BROWN with wings of the male of a mallard almost white; the dubbing of the tail of a black long-coated cur, such as they commonly make muffs of; for the hair on the tail of

such a dog dyes, and turns to a red brown, but the hair of a smooth-coated dog of the same colour will not do, because it will not dye, but retains its natural colour. And this fly is taken, in a warm sun, this whole month through.

2. There is also a very little BRIGHT-DUN GNAT, as little as can possibly be made, so little as never to be fished with, with above one hair next the hook; and this is to be made of a mixt dubbing of marten's fur, and the white of a hare's scut, with a very white and small wing; and it is no great matter how fine you fish, for nothing will rise in this month but a Grayling; and of them I never, at this season, saw any taken with a fly, of above a foot long, in my life: but of little ones about the bigness of a smelt, in a warm day, and a glowing sun, you may take enough with these two flies; and they are both taken the whole month through.

FEBRUARY.

1. Where the RED-BROWN of the last month ends, another, almost of the same colour, begins with this; saving that the dubbing of this must be of something a blacker colour, and both of them warpt-on with red silk. The dubbing that should make this fly, and that is the truest colour, is to be got off the black spot of a hog's ear: not that a black spot in any part of the hog will not afford the same colour, but that the hair in that place is, by many degrees, softer, and more fit for the purpose. His wing must be as the other; and this kills all this month, and is called the LESSER RED-BROWN.

2. This month, also, a PLAIN-HACKLE, or palmer-fly, made with a rough black body, either of black spaniel's fur, or the whirl of an ostrich feather, and the red hackle of a capon over all, will kill, and, if the weather be right, make very good sport.

3. Also a LESSER-HACKLE, with a black body, also silver twist over that, and a red feather over all, will fill your pannier, if the month be open, and not bound up in ice and snow, with very good fish; but in case of a frost and snow, you are to angle only with the smallest gnats, browns, and duns you can make; and with those are only to expect Graylings no bigger than sprats.

4. In this month, upon a whirling-round water, we have a GREAT-HACKLE, the body black, and wrapped with a red feather of a capon untrimmed; that is, the whole length of the

hackle staring out; (for we sometimes barb the hackle-feather short all over; sometimes barb it only a little, and sometimes barb it close underneath,) leaving the whole length of the feather on the top or back of the fly, which makes it swim better, and, as occasion serves, kills very great fish.

5. We make use also, in this month, of another GREAT HACKLE, the body black, and ribbed over with gold-twist, and a red feather over all; which also does great execution.

6. Also a GREAT DUN, made with dun bear's hair and the wings, of the grey feather of a mallard near unto his tail; which is absolutely the best fly can be thrown upon a river this month, and with which an angler shall have admirable sport.

7. We have also this month the GREAT BLUE DUN, the dubbing of the bottom of bear's hair next to the roots, mixt with a little blue camlet; the wings, of the dark grey feather of a mallard.

8. We have also this month a DARK BROWN, the dubbing, of the brown hair off the flank of a brended cow; and the wings, of the grey drake's feather.

And note, that these several hackles, or palmer-flies, are some for one water and one sky, and some for another; and according to the change of those, we alter their size and colour. And note also, that both in this and all other months of the year, when you do not certainly know what fly is taken, or cannot see any fish to rise, you are then to put on a small hackle, if the water be clear, or a bigger, if something dark, until you have taken one; and then thrusting your finger through his gills, to pull out his gorge, which being opened with your knife, you will then discover what fly is taken, and may fit yourself accordingly.[1]

For the making of a Hackle, or a Palmer-fly, my father Walton has already given you sufficient direction.

MARCH.

For this month you are to use all the same hackles and flies with the other; but you are to make them less.

1. We have, besides, for this month a little Dun, called a

NOTE.] [1] This is a very questionable guide, as fish will frequently rise at an artificial fly of quite a different colour to those playing on the water, and on which they have been previously feeding. Venables and other writers on the subject of angling give directions to beat the bushes by the side of a stream, for the purpose of seeing what kind of flies are abroad, a piece of information which is of no practical utility.

WHIRLING DUN, though it is not the Whirling Dun, indeed, which is one of the best flies we have; and for this, the dubbing must be of the bottom fur of a squirrel's tail; and the wing of the grey feather of a drake.

2. Also a BRIGHT BROWN; the dubbing either of the brown of a spaniel, or that of a cow's flank, with a grey wing.

3. Also a WHITISH DUN; made of the roots of camel's hair; and the wings, of the grey feather of a mallard.

4. There is also for this month a fly called the THORN-TREE FLY; the dubbing an absolute black, mixt with eight or ten hairs of Isabella-coloured[2] mohair; the body as little as can be made, and the wings of a bright mallard's feather. An admirable fly, and in great repute amongst us for a killer.

5. There is, besides this, another BLUE DUN; the dubbing, of which it is made, being thus to be got. Take a small tooth-comb, and with it comb the neck of a black greyhound, and the down that sticks in the teeth will be the finest blue that ever you saw. The wings of this fly can hardly be too white; and he is taken about the tenth of this month, and lasteth till the four and twentieth.

6. From the tenth of this month also, till towards the end, is taken a little BLACK GNAT. The dubbing, either of the fur of a black water-dog, or the down of a young black water-coot; the wings, of the male of a mallard as white as may be; the body as little as you can possibly make it, and the wings as short as his body.

7. From the sixteenth of this month also, to the end of it, we use a BRIGHT BROWN; the dubbing for which is to be had out of a skinner's lime-pits, and of the hair of an abortive calf, which the lime will turn to be so bright, as to shine like gold; for the wings of this fly, the feather of a brown hen is best. Which fly is also taken till the tenth of April.

NOTE.] [2] ISABELLA, Spezie di colore che partecipa del bianco e del giallo.—*Altieri's Dictionary*. A kind of whitish yellow, or, as some say, buff-colour a little soiled.

How it came by this name will appear from the following anecdote, for which I am obliged to a very ingenious and learned lady. The Archduke Albertus, who had married the Infanta Isabella, daughter of Philip the Second, king of Spain, with whom he had the Low Countries in dowry, in the year 1602, having determined to lay siege to Ostend, then in the possession of the heretics, his pious princess, who attended him in that expedition, made a vow, that till it was taken she would never change her clothes. Contrary to expectation, as the story says, it was three years before the place was reduced; in which time her Highness's linen had acquired the above-mentioned hue. H.

APRIL.

All the same hackles and flies that were taken in March will be taken in this month also, with this distinction only concerning the flies, that all the browns be lapt with red silk, and the duns with yellow.

1. To these a SMALL BRIGHT BROWN, made of spaniel's fur, with a light-grey wing, in a bright day, and a clear water, is very well taken.

2. We have, too, a little DARK BROWN; the dubbing of that colour, and some violet camlet mixt; and the wing of a grey feather of a mallard.

3. From the sixth of this month to the tenth we have also a fly called the VIOLET-FLY; made of a dark violet stuff; with the wings, of the grey feather of a mallard.

4. About the twelfth of this month comes in the fly called the WHIRLING-DUN, which is taken every day, about the mid-time of day, all this month through, and, by fits, from thence to the end of June;[1] and is commonly made of the down of a fox-cub, which is of an ash colour at the roots next the skin, and ribbed about with yellow silk; the wings, of the pale grey feather of a mallard.

NOTE.] [1] The inutility of laying down precise rules for the colour of the flies to be used on particular days or hours of the day, must be obvious. Walton himself has humorously observed, "that whereas it is said by many, that in fly-fishing for a Trout, the angler must observe his twelve several flies for the twelve months of the year; I say, he that follows that rule shall be as sure to catch fish, and be as wise as he that makes hay by the fair days in an almanack, and no surer." The directions contained in the following rhime, respecting the colour of flies adapted to a certain time of the day, are at least as useful as the others which have been published.

A brown red fly at morning grey,
A darker dun in clearer day;
When summer rains have swelled the flood,
The hackle red and worm are good;
At eve when twylight shades prevail,
Try the hackle white and snail:
Be mindful aye your fly to throw
Light as falls the flakey snow.

"To make a fly is so essential, that he hardly deserves the name of an angler who cannot do it. There are many who will go to a tackle-shop, and tell the master of it, as Dapper does Subtle in the *Alchemist*, that they *want a fly*: for which they have a thing put into their hands that would pose a naturalist to find a resemblance for: though, when particular directions have been given, I have known them excellently made by the persons employed by the fishing-tackle makers in London. But do thou, my honest friend, learn to make thy own flies: and be assured, that in collecting and arranging the materials, and imitating the various shapes and colours of these admirable creatures, there is little less pleasure than even in catching fish." H.

5. There is also a YELLOW DUN, the dubbing of camel's hair, and yellow camlet or wool, mixt, and a white grey wing.

6. There is also this month another LITTLE BROWN, besides that mentioned before, made with a very slender body; the dubbing of dark brown and violet camlet, mixt, and a grey wing; which, though the direction for the making be near the other, is yet another fly, and will take when the other will not, especially in a bright day and a clear water.

7. About the twentieth of this month comes in a fly called the HORSE-FLESH FLY; the dubbing of which is a blue mohair, with pink-coloured and red tammy mixt, a light coloured wing, and a dark brown head. This fly is taken best in an evening, and kills from two hours before sun-set till twilight, and is taken the month through.

MAY.

And now, Sir, that we are entering into the month of May, I think it requisite to beg not only your attention, but also your best patience, for I must now be a little tedious with you, and dwell upon this month longer than ordinary; which that you may the better endure, I must tell you, this month deserves and requires to be insisted on, forasmuch as it alone, and the next following, afford more pleasure to the fly-angler than all the rest: and here it is that you are to expect an account of the Green-drake and Stone-fly, promised you so long ago, and some others that are peculiar to this month and part of the month following, and that, though not so great either in bulk or name, do yet stand in competition with the two before-named, and so that it is yet undecided amongst the anglers to which of the pretenders to the title of the May-fly it does properly and duly belong. Neither dare I, where so many of the learned in this art of angling are got in dispute about the controversy, take upon me to determine; but I think I ought to have a vote amongst them, and according to that privilege shall give you my free opinion, and peradventure when I have told you all, you may incline to think me in the right.

VIATOR. I have so great a deference to your judgment

in these matters, that I must always be of your opinion; and the more you speak, the faster I grow to my attention, for I can never be weary of hearing you upon this subject.

PISCATOR. Why that's encouragement enough; and now prepare yourself for a tedious lecture; but I will first begin with the flies of less esteem, though almost any thing will take a Trout in May, that I may afterwards insist the longer upon those of greater note and reputation. Know therefore, that the first fly we take notice of in this month, is called

1. The TURKEY-FLY; the dubbing ravelled out of some blue stuff, and lapt about with yellow silk; the wings of a grey mallard's feather.

2. Next, a GREAT HACKLE, or PALMER-FLY, with a yellow body, ribbed with gold-twist, and large wings of a mallard's feather dyed yellow, with a red capon's hackle over all.

3. Then a BLACK FLY; the dubbing of a black spaniel's fur, and the wings, of a grey mallard's feather.

4. After that, a LIGHT BROWN, with a slender body, the dubbing twirled upon small red silk, and raised with the point of a needle, that the ribs or rows of silk may appear through the wings of the grey feather of a mallard.

5. Next a LITTLE DUN; the dubbing of a bear's dun whirled upon yellow silk; the wings of the grey feather of a mallard.

6. Then a WHITE GNAT, with a pale wing, and a black head.

7. There is also in this month a fly called the PEACOCK-FLY; the body made of a whirl of a peacock's feather, with a red head, and wings of a mallard's feather.

8. We have then another very killing fly, known by the name of the DUN-CUT; the dubbing of which is a bear's dun, with a little blue and yellow mixt with it, a large dun wing, and two horns at the head, made of the hairs of a squirrel's tail.

9. The next is a COW-LADY, a little fly; the body of a peacock's feather, the wing of a red feather, or strips of the red hackle of a cock.

10. We have then the COW-DUNG fly; the dubbing light brown and yellow mixt; the wing, the dark grey feather of a mallard. And note, that besides these above-mentioned, all the same hackles and flies, the hackles only brighter, and the flies smaller, that are taken in April, will also be taken this month,

as all Browns and Duns. And now I come to my Stone-fly and Green-drake, which are the matadores for Trout and Grayling, and in their season kill more fish in our Derbyshire rivers, than all the rest, past and to come, in the whole year besides.

But first I am to tell you, that we have four several flies which contend for the title of the May-fly, namely, the GREEN-DRAKE; the STONE-FLY; the BLACK-FLY; and the LITTLE YELLOW MAY-FLY. And all these have their champions and advocates to dispute and plead their priority; though I do not understand why the two last named should; the first two having so manifestly the advantage, both in their beauty, and the wonderful execution they do in their season.

11. Of these the GREEN-DRAKE comes in about the twentieth of this month, or betwixt that and the latter end, for they are sometimes sooner, and sometimes later, according to the quality of the year, but never well taken till towards the end of this month, and the beginning of June. The STONE-FLY comes much sooner, so early as the middle of April, but is never well taken till towards the middle of May, and continues to kill much longer than the green-drake stays with us, so long as to the end almost of June; and, indeed, so long as there are any of them to be seen upon the water; and sometimes in an artificial fly, and late at night, or before sunrise in a morning, longer.

Now both these flies, and I believe many others, though I think not all, are certainly and demonstratively bred in the very rivers where they are taken; our caddis or cod-bait, which lie under stones in the bottom of the water, most of them turning into those two flies, and being gathered in the husk, or crust, near the time of their maturity, are very easily known and distinguished, and are of all other the most remarkable, both for their size, as being of all other the biggest, the shortest of them being a full inch long or more, and for the execution they do, the Trout and Grayling being much more greedy of them than of any others; and indeed the Trout never feeds fat, nor comes into his perfect season, till these flies come in.

Of these the GREEN-DRAKE never discloses from his husk, till he be first there grown to full maturity, body, wings, and all; and then he creeps out of his cell, but with his wings so crimpt and ruffled, by being prest together in that narrow room, that they are for some hours totally useless to him; by which means he is compelled either to creep upon the flags, sedges, and blades of grass, if his first rising from the bottom of the water

be near the banks of the river, till the air and sun stiffen and smooth them: or if his first appearance above water happen to be in the middle, he then lies upon the surface of the water, like a ship at hull, for his feet are totally useless to him there, and he cannot creep upon the water as the stone-fly can, until his wings have got stiffness to fly with, if by some Trout or Grayling he be not taken in the interim, which ten to one he is, and then his wings stand high, and clos'd exact upon his back, like the butterfly, and his motion in flying is the same. His body is in some, of a paler, in others of a darker yellow, for they are not all exactly of a colour, ribbed with rows of green, long, slender, and growing sharp towards the tail, at the end of which he has three long small whisks of a very dark colour, almost black, and his taïl turns up towards his back like a mallard, from whence, questionless, he has his name of the Green-drake. These as I think I told you before we commonly dape, or dibble with; and having gather'd great store of them into a long draw box, with holes in the cover to give them air, where also they will continue fresh and vigorous a night or more, we take them out thence by the wings, and bait them thus upon the hook. We first take one, for we commonly fish with two of them at a time, and putting the point of the hook into the thickest part of his body, under one of his wings, run it directly through, and out at the other side, leaving him spitted cross upon the hook; and then taking the other, put him on after the same manner, but with his head the contrary way; in which posture they will live upon the hook, and play with their wings for a quarter of an hour or more: but you must have a care to keep their wings dry, both from the water, and also that your fingers be not wet when you take them out to bait them, for then your bait is spoiled.

Having now told you how to angle with this fly alive, I am now to tell you next how to make an artificial fly, that will so perfectly resemble him, as to be taken in a rough windy day, when no flies can lie upon the water, nor are to be found about the banks and sides of the river, to a wonder; and with which you shall certainly kill the best Trout and Grayling in the river.

The artificial Green-drake then is made upon a large hook, the dubbing camel's hair, bright bear's hair, the soft down that is combed from a hog's bristles, and yellow camlet, well mixt together; the body long, and ribbed about with green silk, or rather yellow, waxed with green wax, the whisks of the tail of

the long hairs of sables, or fitchet, and the wings of the white-grey feather of a mallard, dyed yellow, which also is to be dyed thus:

Take the root of a barbary tree, and shave it, and put to it woody viss, with as much alum as a walnut, and boil your feathers in it with rain water; and they will be of a very fine yellow.

I have now done with the Green-drake, excepting to tell you, that he is taken at all hours, during his season, whilst there is any day upon the sky; and with a made-fly I once took, ten days after he was absolutely gone, in a cloudy day, after a shower, and in a whistling wind, five and thirty very great Trouts and Graylings, betwixt five and eight of the clock in the evening, and had no less than five or six flies, with three good hairs apiece, taken from me in despite of my heart, besides.

12. I should now come next to the Stone-fly, but there is another gentleman in my way, that must of necessity come in between, and that is the GREY-DRAKE, which in all shapes and dimensions is perfectly the same with the other, but quite almost of another colour, being of a paler, and more livid yellow, and green, and ribb'd with black quite down his body, with black shining wings, and so diaphanous and tender, cobweb-like, that they are of no manner of use for daping, but come in, and are taken after the green-drake, and in an artificial fly kill very well; which fly is thus made: the dubbing of the down of a hog's bristles and black spaniel's fur mixt, and ribb'd down the body with black silk, the whisks of the hairs of the beard of a black cat, and the wings of the black grey feather of a mallard.

And now I come to the STONE-FLY; but am afraid I have already wearied your patience; which if I have, I beseech you, freely tell me so, and I will defer the remaining instructions for fly-angling till some other time.

VIATOR. No, truly, Sir, I can never be weary of hearing you. But if you think fit, because I am afraid I am too troublesome, to refresh yourself with a glass and a pipe, you may afterwards proceed, and I shall be exceedingly pleased to hear you.

PISCATOR. I thank you, Sir, for that motion; for,

believe me, I am dry with talking: here, boy! give us here a bottle and a glass; and, Sir, my service to you, and to all our friends in the South.

VIATOR. Your servant, Sir; and I'll pledge you as heartily; for the good powdered-beef I eat at dinner, or something else, has made me thirsty.

VIATOR. So, Sir, I am now ready for another lesson, so soon as you please to give it me.

Chap. VIII.

PISCATOR. And I, Sir, as ready to give you the best I can. Having told you the time of the Stone-fly's coming in, and that he is bred of a cadis in the very river where he is taken, I am next to tell you, that,

13. This same STONE-FLY has not the patience to continue in his crust, or husk, till his wings be full grown; but so soon as ever they begin to put out, that he feels himself strong, at which time we call him a Jack, squeezes himself out of prison, and crawls to the top of some stone, where if he can find a chink that will receive him, or can creep betwixt two stones, the one lying hollow upon the other, which, by the way, we also lay so purposely to find them, he there lurks till his wings be full grown; and there is your only place to find him; and from thence doubtless he derives his name; though, for want of such convenience, he will make shift with the hollow of a bank, or any other place where the wind cannot come to fetch him off. His body is long, and pretty thick, and as broad at the tail, almost, as in the middle: his colour a very fine brown, ribbed with yellow, and much yellower on the belly than the back: he has two or three whisks also at the tag of his tail, and two little horns upon his head: his wings, when full grown, are double, and flat down his back, of the same colour, but rather darker than his body, and longer than it, though he makes but little use of them; for you shall rarely see him flying, though often swimming and paddling with several feet he has under his belly, upon the water, without stirring a wing. But the Drake will mount steeple-height into the air; though he is to be found upon flags and grass too, and indeed everywhere, high and low, near the river; there being so many of them in their season as, were they not a very inoffensive insect, would look like a plague: and these drakes, since I forgot to tell you before, I will tell you here, are taken by the fish to that incredible degree, that

upon a calm day you shall see the still deeps, continually, all over circles by the fishes rising, who will gorge themselves with those flies till they purge again out of their gills: and the Trouts are at that time so lusty and strong, that one of eight or ten inches long will then more struggle and tug, and more endanger your tackle, than one twice as big in winter. But pardon this digression.

This Stone-fly then we dape or dibble with as with the Drake, but with this difference, that whereas the Green-Drake is common both to stream and still, and to all hours of the day, we seldom dape with this but in the streams, for in a whistling wind, a made-fly, in the deep, is better, and rarely, but early and late, it not being so proper for the mid-time of the day; though a great Grayling will then take it very well in a sharp stream, and here and there, a Trout too, but much better toward eight, nine, ten, or eleven of the clock at night, at which time also the best fish rise, and the later the better, provided you can see your fly; and when you cannot, a made-fly will murder, which is to be made thus: the dubbing, of bear's dun with a little brown and yellow camlet very well mixt, but so placed that your fly may be more yellow on the belly and towards the tail, underneath, than in any other part; and you are to place two or three hairs of a black cat's beard on the top of the hook, in your arming, so as to be turn'd up when you warp on your dubbing, and to stand almost upright, and staring one from another; and note, that your fly is to be ribb'd with yellow silk; and the wings long, and very large, of the dark grey feather of a mallard.

14. The next May-fly is the BLACK-FLY; made with a black body, of the whirl of an ostrich-feather, ribb'd with silver-twist, and the black hackle of a cock over all; and is a killing fly, but not to be named with either of the other.

15. The last May-fly, that is of the four pretenders, is the LITTLE YELLOW MAY-FLY; in shape exactly the same with the Green-drake, but a very little one, and of as bright a yellow as can be seen: which is made of a bright yellow camlet, and the wings of a white-grey feather dyed yellow.

16. The last fly for this month, and which continues all June, though it comes in the middle of May, is the fly called the CAMLET-FLY, in shape like a moth, with fine diapered or water wings, and with which, as I told you before, I sometimes used to dibble; and Grayling will rise mightily at it. But the

artificial fly, which is only in use amongst our anglers, is made of a dark-brown shining camlet, ribb'd over with a very small light green silk; the wings, of the double-grey feather of a mallard; and 'tis a killing fly for small fish. And so much for May.

JUNE.

From the first to the four and twentieth, the Green-drake and Stone-fly are taken, as I told you before.

1. From the twelfth to the four and twentieth, late at night, is taken a fly called the OWL-FLY: the dubbing of a white weasel's tail; and a white-grey wing.

2. We have then another dun, called the BARM-FLY, from its yeasty colour. The dubbing of the fur of a yellow dun cat, and a grey wing of a mallard's feather.

3. We have also a HACKLE with a purple body, whipt about with a red capon's feather.

4. As also a GOLD-TWIST HACKLE with a purple body, whipt about with a red capon's feather.

5. To these we have, this month, a FLESH-FLY. The dubbing of a black spaniel's fur and blue wool mixed, and a grey wing.

6. Also another little FLESH-FLY, the body made of the whirl of a peacock's feather, and the wings of the grey feather of a drake.

7. We have, then, the PEACOCK-FLY, the body and wing, both made of the feather of that bird.

8. There is also the flying-ant, or ANT-FLY, the dubbing of brown and red camlet mixt, with a light-grey wing.

9. We have likewise a BROWN GNAT, with a very slender body of brown and violet camlet well mixt, and a light grey wing.

10. And another little BLACK-GNAT, the dubbing of black mohair, and a white grey wing.

11. As also a GREEN GRASSHOPPER, the dubbing of green and yellow wool mixt, ribb'd over with green silk, and a red capon's feather over all.

12. And, lastly, a little DUN GRASSHOPPER, the body slender, made of a dun camlet and a dun hackle at the top.

JULY.

First, all the small flies that were taken in June are also taken in this month.

1. We have then the ORANGE FLY, the dubbing of orange wool, and the wing of a black feather.

2. Also a little WHITE DUN, the body made of white mohair, and the wings, blue, of a heron's feather.

3. We have likewise this month a WASP-FLY, made either of a dark brown dubbing, or else the fur of a black cat's tail, ribbed about with yellow silk, and the wing of the grey feather of a mallard.

4. Another fly taken this month is a BLACK HACKLE, the body made of the whirl of a peacock's feather, and a black hackle-feather on the top.

5. We have also another, made of a peacock's whirl without wings.

6. Another fly also is taken this month, called the SHELL-FLY, the dubbing of yellow-green Jersey wool, and a little white hog's hair mixt, which I call the palm-fly, and do believe it is taken for a palm, that drops off the willows into the water; for this fly I have seen Trouts take little pieces of moss, as they have swam down the river; by which I conclude that the best way to hit the right colour is to compare your dubbing with the moss, and mix the colours as near as you can.

7. There is also taken, this month, a BLACK BLUE DUN, the dubbing of the fur of a black rabbit mixt with a little yellow, the wings of the feather of a blue pigeon's wing.

AUGUST.

The same flies with July.

1. Then another ANT-FLY, the dubbing of the black brown hair of a cow, some red warpt in for the tag of his tail, and a dark wing. A killing fly.

2. Next, a fly called the FERN-FLY, the dubbing of the fur of a hare's neck, that is of the colour of fern or bracken, with a darkish grey wing of a mallard's feather. A killer too.

3. Besides these we have a WHITE HACKLE, the body of white mohair, and warped about with a white hackle-feather; and this is, assuredly, taken for thistle-down.

4. We have also, this month, a HARRY-LONG-LEGS; the body made of bear's dun and blue wool mixt, and a brown hackle-feather over all.

Lastly, in this month, all the same browns and duns are taken that were taken in May.

SEPTEMBER.

This month the same flies are taken that are taken in April.

1. To which I shall only add a CAMEL-BROWN fly, the dubbing pull'd out of the lime of a wall, whipt about with red silk; and a darkish grey mallard's feather for the wing.

2. And one other for which we have no name; but it is made of the black hair of a badger's skin, mixt with the yellow softest down of a sanded hog.

OCTOBER.

The same flies are taken this month that were taken in March.

NOVEMBER.

The same flies that were taken in February are taken this month also.

DECEMBER.

Few men angle with the fly this month, no more than they do in January: but yet, if the weather be warm, as I have known it sometimes in my life to be, even in this cold country, where it is least expected, then a brown, that looks red in the hand, and yellowish betwixt your eye and the sun, will both raise and kill in a clear water and free from snow-broth: but, at the best, it is hardly worth a man's labour.

And now, Sir, I have done with Fly-fishing, or Angling at the top, excepting, once more, to tell you, that of all these, and I have named you a great many very killing flies, none are fit to be compared with the Drake and Stone-fly, both for many and very great fish; and yet there are some Days that are by no means proper for the sport. And in a calm you shall not have near so much sport, even with daping, as in a whistling gale of wind, for two reasons, both because you are not then so easily discovered by the fish, and also because there are then but few flies that can lie upon the water; for where they have so much choice, you may easily imagine they will not be so eager and forward to rise at a bait, that both

the shadow of your body, and that of your rod, nay of your very line, in a hot calm day, will, in spite of your best caution, render suspected to them: but even then, in swift streams, or by sitting down patiently behind a willow bush, you shall do more execution than at almost any other time of the year with any other fly: though one may sometimes hit of a day when he shall come home very well satisfied with sport with several other flies. But with these two, the Green-Drake and the Stone-fly, I do verily believe I could, some days in my life, had I not been weary of slaughter, have loaden a lusty boy; and have sometimes, I do honestly assure you, given over upon the mere account of satiety of sport; which will be no hard matter to believe, when I likewise assure you, that with this very fly, I have, in this very river that runs by us, in three or four hours, taken thirty, five and thirty, and forty of the best Trouts in the river. What shame and pity is it then, that such a river should be destroyed by the basest sort of people, by those unlawful ways of fire and netting in the night, and of damming, groping, spearing, hanging, and hooking by day; which are now grown so common, that though we have very good laws to punish such offenders, every rascal does it, for aught I see, impunè.

To conclude, I cannot now, in honesty, but frankly tell you, that many of these flies I have named, at least so made as we make them here, will peradventure do you no great service in your southern rivers; and will not conceal from you, but that I have sent flies to several friends in London, that, for aught I could ever hear, never did any great feats with them; and therefore if you intend to profit by my instructions, you must come to angle with me here in the Peak: and so, if you please, let us walk up to supper; and to-morrow, if the day be windy, as our days here commonly are, 'tis ten to one but we shall take a good dish of fish for dinner.

The Third Day.

CHAP. IX.

PISCATOR. A GOOD day to you, Sir; I see you will always be stirring before me.

VIATOR. Why, to tell you the truth, I am so allured with the sport I had yesterday, that I long to be at the river again; and when I heard the wind sing in my chamber window, could forbear no longer, but leapt out of bed, and had just made an end of dressing myself as you came in.

PISCATOR. Well, I am both glad you are so ready for the day, and that the day is so fit for you. And look you, I have made you three or four flies this morning; this silver-twist hackle, this bear's dun, this light brown, and this dark brown, any of which I dare say will do; but you may try them all, and see which does best: only I must ask your pardon that I cannot wait upon you this morning, a little business being fallen out, that for two or three hours will deprive me of your company; but I'll come and call you home to dinner, and my man shall attend you.

VIATOR. Oh, Sir, mind your affairs by all means. Do but lend me a little of your skill to these fine flies, and,

unless it have forsaken me since yesterday, I shall find luck of my own, I hope, to do something.

PISCATOR. The best instruction I can give you, is, that seeing the wind curls the water, and blows the right way, you would now angle up the still deep to-day; for betwixt the rocks where the streams are, you would find it now too brisk; and besides, I would have you take fish in both waters.

VIATOR. I'll obey your direction, and so a good morning to you. Come, young man, let you and I walk together. But hark you, Sir, I have not done with you yet; I expect another lesson for angling at the bottom, in the afternoon.

PISCATOR. Well, Sir, I'll be ready for you.

Chap. X.

PISCATOR. OH, Sir, are you return'd? you have but just prevented me. I was coming to call you.

VIATOR. I am glad then I have sav'd you the labour.

PISCATOR. And how have you sped?

VIATOR. You shall see that, Sir, presently; look you, Sir, here are three[1] brace of Trouts, one of them the biggest but one that ever I kill'd with a fly in my life; and yet I lost a bigger than that, with my fly to boot; and here are three Graylings, and one of them longer by some inches than that I took yesterday, and yet I thought that a good one too.

PISCATOR. Why, you have made a pretty good morning's work on't; and now, Sir, what think you of our river Dove?

VIATOR. I think it to be the best Trout-river in England; and am so far in love with it, that if it were mine, and that I could keep it to myself, I would not exchange that water for all the land it runs over, to be totally debarred from't.

PISCATOR. That compliment to the river, speaks you a

NOTE] [1] Spoke like a South countryman.

true lover of the art of angling. And now, Sir, to make part of amends for sending you so uncivilly out alone this morning, I will myself dress you this dish of fish for your dinner: walk but into the parlour, you will find one book or other, in the window, to entertain you the while: and you shall have it presently.

VIATOR. Well, Sir, I obey you.

PISCATOR. Look you, Sir, have I not made haste?

VIATOR. Believe me, Sir, that you have; and it looks so well, I long to be at it.

PISCATOR. Fall to then: now, Sir, what say you, am I a tolerable Cook or no?

VIATOR. So good a one, that I did never eat so good fish in my life. This fish is infinitely better than any I ever tasted of the kind in my life. 'Tis quite another thing than our Trouts about London.

PISCATOR. You would say so, if that Trout you eat of were in right season: but pray eat of the Grayling, which, upon my word, at this time, is by much the better fish.

VIATOR. In earnest, and so it is. And I have one request to make to you, which is, that as you have taught me to catch Trout and Grayling, you will now teach me how to dress them as these are drest, which, questionless, is of all other the best way.

PISCATOR. That I will, Sir, with all my heart; and am glad you like them so well as to make that request. And they are drest thus:

Take your Trout, wash, and dry him with a clean napkin; then open him, and having taken out his guts, and all the blood, wipe him very clean within, but wash him not; and give him three scotches with a knife to the bone, on one side only. After which take a clean kettle, and put in as much hard stale beer, (but it must not be dead,) vinegar, and a little white wine, and water, as will cover the fish you intend to boil: then throw into the liquor a good quantity of salt, the rind of a lemon, a

handful of sliced horse-radish-root, with a handsome little fagot of rosemary, thyme, and winter-savory. Then set your kettle upon a quick fire of wood : and let your liquor boil up to the height before you put in your fish : and then, if there be many, put them in one by one, that they may not so cool the liquor as to make it fall. And whilst your fish is boiling, beat up the butter for your sauce with a ladle-full or two of the liquor it is boiling in. And being boiled enough, immediately pour the liquor from the fish : and being laid in a dish, pour your butter upon it; and strewing it plentifully over with shaved horse-radish, and a little pounded ginger, garnish your sides of your dish, and the fish itself, with a sliced lemon or two, and serve it up.

A Grayling is also to be drest exactly after the same manner, saving that he is to be scaled, which a Trout never is : and that must be done either with one's nails, or very lightly and carefully with a knife, for fear of bruising the fish. And note, that these kinds of fish, a Trout especially, if he is not eaten within four or five hours after he be taken, is worth nothing.

But come, Sir, I see you have din'd ; and therefore if you please, we will walk down again to the little House, and there I will read you a lecture of Angling at the bottom.

Chap. XI.

VIATOR. So, Sir, now we are here, and set, let me have my instructions for angling for Trout and Grayling at the bottom; which though not so easy, so cleanly, nor, as 'tis said, so genteel a way of fishing as with a fly, is yet, (if I mistake not,) a good holding way, and takes fish when nothing else will.

PISCATOR. You are in the right, it does so : and a worm is so sure a bait at all times, that, excepting in a flood, I would I had laid thousand pounds that I kill'd fish, more or less, with it, winter or summer, every day throughout the year; those days always excepted, that upon a more serious account always ought so to be.

But not longer to delay you, I will begin, and tell you, that Angling at the bottom is also, commonly, of two sorts, (and yet there is a third way of angling with a ground-bait, and to very great effect too, as shall be said hereafter;) namely, by hand; or with a cork or float.

That we call Angling by hand, is of three sorts.

The first with a line about half the length of the rod, a good weighty plumb, and three hairs next the hook, which we call a running-line, and with one large brandling, or a dew worm of a moderate size, or two small ones of the first, or any other sort, proper for a Trout, of which my father Walton has already given you the names, and saved me a labour; or indeed, almost any worm whatever; for if a Trout be in the humour to bite, it must be such a worm as I never yet saw, that he will refuse; and if you fish with two, you are then to bait your hook thus: You are, first, to run the point of your hook in at the very head of your first worm, and so down through his body till it be past the knot, and then let it out, and strip the worm above the arming, (that you may not bruise it with your fingers,) till you have put on the other, by running the point of the hook in below the knot, and upwards through his body towards his head, till it be but just cover'd with the head, which being done, you are then to slip the first worm down over the arming again, till the knots of both worms meet together.

The second way of angling by hand, and with a running line, is with a line something longer than the former, and with tackle made after this same manner. At the utmost extremity of your line, where the hook is always placed in all other ways of angling, you are to have a large pistol or carabine bullet, into which the end of your line is to be fastened with a peg or pin, even and close with the bullet; and, about half a foot above that, a branch of line, of two or three handfuls long, or more for a swift stream, with a hook at the end thereof, baited with some of the fore-named worms, and, another

half a foot above that, another arm'd and baited after the same manner, but with another sort of worm, without any lead at all above: by which means you will always certainly find the true bottom in all depths; which with the plumbs upon your line above, you can never do, but that your bait must always drag whilst you are sounding, (which in this way of angling must be continually;) by which means you are like to have more trouble, and peradventure worse success. And both these ways of angling at the bottom are most proper for a dark and muddy water, by reason, that in such a condition of the stream, a man may stand as near as he will, and neither his own shadow nor the roundness of his tackle will hinder his sport.

The third way of angling by hand with a ground-bait, and by much the best of all other, is, with a line full as long, or a yard and a half longer than your rod; with no more than one hair next the hook, and for two or three lengths above it; and no more than one small pellet of shot for your plumb; your hook, little; your worms, of the smaller brandlings, very well scoured; and only one upon your hook at a time, which is thus to be baited: the point of your hook is to be put in at the very tag of his tail, and run up his body quite over all the arming, and still stript on an inch at least upon the hair; the head and remaining part hanging downward. And with this line and hook, thus baited, you are evermore to angle in the streams, always in a clear, rather than in a troubled water, and always up the river, still casting out your worm before you with a light one-handed rod, like an artificial fly, where it will be taken, sometimes at the top, or within a very little of the superficies of the water, and almost always before that light plumb can sink it to the bottom; both by reason of the stream, and also that you must always keep your worm in motion by drawing still back towards you, as if you were angling with a fly. And believe me, whoever will try it, shall find this

the best way of all other to angle with a worm, in a bright water especially. But then his rod must be very light and pliant, and very true and finely made, which, with a skilful hand, will do wonders, and in a clear stream is undoubtedly the best way of angling for a Trout or Grayling with a worm, by many degrees, that any man can make choice of, and of most ease and delight to the angler. To which let me add, that if the angler be of a constitution that will suffer him to wade, and will slip into the tail of a shallow stream, to the calf of the leg or the knee, and so keep off the bank, he shall almost take what fish he pleases.

The second way of Angling at the bottom is with a Cork or Float. And that is also of two sorts; with a worm, or with a grub or cadis.

With a Worm, you are to have your line within a foot, or a foot and a half, as long as your rod; in a dark water with two, or if you will with three, but in a clear water never with above one hair next the hook, and two or three for four or five lengths above it; and a worm of what size you please: your plumbs fitted to your cork, your cork to the condition of the river, (that is, to the swiftness or slowness of it,) and both, when the water is very clear, as fine as you can; and then you are never to bait with above one of the lesser sort of brandlings; or if they are very little ones indeed, you may then bait with two, after the manner before directed.

When you angle for a Trout, you are to do it as deep, that is, as near the bottom as you can, provided your bait do not drag, or if it do, a Trout will sometimes take it in that posture. If for a Grayling, you are then to fish further from the bottom; he being a fish that usually swims nearer to the middle of the water, and lies always loose; or, however, is more apt to rise than a Trout, and more inclin'd to rise than to descend even to a ground-bait.

With a Grub or Cadis, you are to angle with the same

length of line, or if it be all out as long as your rod 'tis not the worse, with never above one hair, for two or three lengths next the hook, and with the smallest cork or float, and the least weight of plumb you can that will but sink, and that the swiftness of your stream will allow; which also you may help, and avoid the violence of the current, by angling in the returns of a stream, or the eddies betwixt two streams, which also are the most likely places wherein to kill a fish in a stream, either at the top or bottom.

Of Grubs for a Grayling, the ash-grub, which is plump, milk-white, bent round from head to tail, and exceeding tender, with a red head, or the dock-worm, or grub of a pale yellow, longer, lanker, and tougher than the other, with rows of feet all down his belly, and a red head also, are the best; I say for a Grayling, because although a Trout will take both these, (the ash-grub especially,) yet he does not do it so freely as the other, and I have usually taken ten Graylings for one Trout with that bait; though if a Trout come, I have observed that he is commonly a very good one.

These baits we usually keep in bran, in which an ash-grub commonly grows tougher, and will better endure baiting; though he is yet so tender, that it will be necessary to warp in a piece of a stiff hair with your arming, leaving it standing out about a straw-breadth at the head of your hook, so as to keep the grub either from slipping totally off when baited, or at least down to the point of the hook, by which means your arming will be left wholly naked and bare, which is neither so sightly, nor so likely to be taken; though to help that, (which will however very oft fall out,) I always arm the hook I design for this bait with the whitest horse-hair I can choose; which, itself, will resemble and shine like that bait, and consequently will do more good, or less harm, than an arming of any other colour. These grubs are to be baited thus: the hook is to be put in under the head or chaps

of the bait, and guided down the middle of the belly, without suffering it to peep out by the way, (for then (the ash-grub especially) will issue out water and milk till nothing but the skin shall remain, and the bend of the hook will appear black through it,) till the point of your hook come so low, that the head of your bait may rest, and stick upon the hair that stands out to hold it, by which means it can neither slip of itself, neither will the force of the stream nor quick pulling out, upon any mistake, strip it off.

Now the cadis or cod-bait, (which is a sure killing bait, and for the most part by much surer than either of the other,) may be put upon the hook, two or three together; and is sometimes, (to very great effect,) joined to a worm, and sometimes to an artificial fly, to cover the point of the hook; but is always to be angled with at the bottom, (when by itself especially,) with the finest tackle; and is, for all times of the year, the most holding bait of all other whatever, both for Trout and Grayling.

There are several other baits, besides these few I have named you, which also do very great execution at the bottom; and some that are peculiar to certain countries and rivers, of which every angler may in his own place make his own observation; and some others that I do not think fit to put you in mind of, because I would not corrupt you, and would have you, as in all things else I observe you to be a very honest gentleman, a fair angler. And so much for the second sort of Angling for a Trout at the bottom.

Viator. But, Sir, I beseech you give me leave to ask you one question. Is there no art to be used to worms, to make them allure the fish, and in a manner compel them to bite at the bait?

Piscator. Not that I know of; or did I know any such secret, I would not use it myself, and therefore would not teach it you. Though I will not deny to you, that in my younger days I have made trial of oil of ospray, oil of

ivy, camphire, asa-fœtida, juice of nettles, and several other devices that I was taught by several anglers I met with, but could never find any advantage by them; and can scarce believe there is any thing to be done that way: though I must tell you, I have seen some men who I thought went to work no more artificially than I, and have yet, with the same kind of worms I had, in my own sight taken five, and sometimes ten for one. But we'll let that business alone, if you please; and because we have time enough, and that I would deliver you from the trouble of any more lectures, I will, if you please, proceed to the last way of Angling for a Trout or Grayling, which is in the middle; after which I shall have no more to trouble you with.

VIATOR. 'Tis no trouble, Sir, but the greatest satisfaction that can be; and I attend you.

Chap. XII.

PISCATOR. ANGLING in the middle, then, for a Trout or Grayling is of two sorts; with a Pink or Minnow for a Trout; or with a Worm, Grub, or Cadis, for a Grayling.

For the first. It is with a minnow, half a foot or a foot within the superficies of the water. And as to the rest that concerns this sort of Angling, I shall wholly refer you to Mr. Walton's directions, who is undoubtedly the best Angler with a minnow in England; only, in plain truth, I do not approve of those baits he keeps in salt,[1] unless where the living ones are not possibly to be had, (though I know he frequently kills with them, and peradventure, more than with any other; nay, I have seen him refuse a living one for one of them,) and much less of his artificial one;[2] for though we do it with a counterfeit fly, methinks it should hardly be expected that a man should deceive a fish with a counterfeit fish. Which having said, I shall only add, and that out of my own experience, that I do believe a Bull-head, with his gill-fins cut off, (at some times of the year especially,) to be a much

NOTE] [1] See p. 136. [2] See p. 137.

better bait for a Trout than a minnow, and a Loach much better than that: to prove which I shall only tell you, that I have much oftener taken Trouts with a bull-head or a loach in their throats, (for there a Trout has questionless his first digestion,) than a minnow; and that one day especially, having angled a good part of the day with a minnow, and that in as hopeful a day, and as fit a water, as could be wished for that purpose, without raising any one fish, I at last fell to it with a worm, and with that took fourteen in a very short space; amongst all which there was not, to my remembrance, so much as one that had not a loach or two, and some of them three, four, five, and six loaches in his throat and stomach; from whence I concluded, that had I angled with that bait, I had made a notable day's work of 't.

But after all, there is a better way of angling with a minnow than perhaps is fit either to teach or to practise; to which I shall only add, that a Grayling will certainly rise at, and sometimes take a minnow, though it will be hard to be believed by any one who shall consider the littleness of that fish's mouth, very unfit to take so great a bait; but is affirmed by many that he will sometimes do it, and I myself know it to be true; for though I never took a Grayling so, yet a man of mine once did, and within so few paces of me, that I am as certain of it as I can be of any thing I did not see, and, (which made it appear the more strange,) the Grayling was not above eleven inches long.

I must here also beg leave of your master, and mine, not to controvert, but to tell him, that I cannot consent to his way of throwing in his rod to an overgrown Trout, and afterwards recovering his fish with his tackle: for though I am satisfied he has sometimes done it, because he says so, yet I have found it quite otherwise: and though I have taken with the angle, I may safely say, some thousands of Trouts in my life, my top never snapt, though my line still continued fast to the remaining part

of my rod, (by some lengths of line curled round about my top, and there fastened, with waxt silk, against such an accident,) nor my hand never slackt, or slipt by any other chance, but I almost always infallibly lost my fish, whether great or little, though my hook came home again. And I have often wondered how a Trout should so suddenly disengage himself from so great a hook as that we bait with a minnow, and so deep bearded as those hooks commonly are, when I have seen by the fore-named accidents, or the slipping of a knot in the upper part of the line, by sudden and hard striking, that though the line has immediately been recovered, almost before it could be all drawn into the water, the fish cleared, and gone in a moment. And yet, to justify what he says, I have sometimes known a Trout, having carried away a whole line, found dead three or four days after, with the hook fast sticking in him; but then it is to be supposed he had gorged it, which a Trout will do, if you be not too quick with him when he comes at a minnow, as sure and much sooner than a Pike: and I myself have also, once or twice in my life, taken the same fish, with my own fly sticking in his chaps, that he had taken from me the day before, by the slipping of a hook in the arming. But I am very confident a Trout will not be troubled two hours with any hook that has so much as one handful of line left behind with it, or that is not struck through a bone, if it be in any part of his mouth only: nay, I do certainly know that a Trout, so soon as ever he feels himself prickt, if he carries away the hook, goes immediately to the bottom, and will there root, like a hog upon the gravel, till he either rub out or break the hook in the middle. And so much for this first sort of angling in the middle for a Trout.

The second way of Angling in the middle is with a worm, grub, cadis, or any other ground-bait, for a Grayling; and that is with a cork, and a foot from the bottom, a Grayling taking it much better there than at

the bottom, as has been said before; and this always in a clear water, and with the finest tackle.

To which we may also, and with very good reason, add the third way of angling by hand with a ground-bait, as a third way of fishing in the middle, which is common to both Trout and Grayling; and, (as I said before,) the best way of angling with a worm of all other I ever tried whatever.

And now, Sir, I have said all I can at present think of concerning Angling for a Trout and Grayling, and I doubt not have tired you sufficiently: but I will give you no more trouble of this kind whilst you stay, which I hope will be a good while longer.

VIATOR. That will not be above a day longer; but if I live till May come twelvemonth, you are sure of me again, either with my Master Walton or without him; and in the mean time shall acquaint him how much you have made of me for his sake, and I hope he loves me well enough to thank you for it.

PISCATOR. I shall be glad, Sir, of your good company at the time you speak of, and shall be loath to part with you now; but when you tell me you must go, I will then wait upon you more miles on your way than I have tempted you out of it, and heartily wish you a good journey.

FINIS.

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND APPENDIX TO THE COMPLETE ANGLER.

P. 1. The first edition of Walton's Angler appears, from the original advertisements, to have been published at eighteen pence. It was thus advertised in "*The Perfect Diurnall: from Monday, May 9th, to Monday, May 16th, 1653,*" p. 2716. London, 4to.

"The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation, being a discourse of Fish and Fishing, not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers, of 18 pence price. Written by Iz. Wa. Also the known Play of the Spanish Gipsee, never till now published: Both printed for Richard Marriot, to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet street." In the *Mercurius Politicus: from Thursday, May* 12, *to Thursday, May* 19, 1653, *p.* 2470. *London, 4to.* the Complete Angler is thus noticed: "There is newly extant, a Book of 18*d.* price, called the Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation, being a discourse of Fish and Fishing, not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers. Printed for Richard Marriot, to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet street."

P. 24. Alexander Brome also edited Fletcher's comedy of "Monsieur Thomas" in 1639, which he dedicated to Charles Cotton, Esq. the father of the author of the second part of "The Complete Angler."

P. 28. The following translation of Dr. Duport's verses to Walton is from the pen of the Venerable Archdeacon Wrangham, and was first printed in his edition of Dr. Zouch's works, vol. ii. p. 441:

Hail, Walton, with that *fisher*-skill,
Which whilom Peter's tribute paid;
And cheer'd Augustus earlier still
'Mid empire's toils in Tibur's shade!

Thee, friend, next Cæsar now we deem
Of fishing-rod and race the boast;
Reading, on no inglorious theme,
Deep lectures to a listening host.

And master thou, and scholar I,
A dread associate may record
(For I, too, watch the mimic fly)
—A fisher was great nature's Lord.

Among more recent verses in praise of Walton, the following which occur in a Poem edited by N. Tate, entitled "The Innocent Epicure, or Angling," published in 1697, the author of which is not known, merit insertion from their commemorating Walton, Cotton, and Venables:

HAIL, great Triumvirate* of Angling! hail
Ye who best taught, and here did best excel!
Play here the Gods, play here the Hero's part,
Your selves the Proto-Poets of the Art;
My humble Breast with pow'rful flames inspire,
To teach the World what justly we admire:
Joys fraught with Innocence, of Danger free;
Raptures which none enjoy so full as we.
But tell me first, for you or none can tell,
What God the mighty Science did reveal?
For sure a God he was; less than Divine
Could Blessings richer than the raciest Wine
Enlarge our Hearts, or strengthen his Design?
A God he was then, or at least to me;
And, my Associates, such he ought to be.
He taught us first the Grandeur of the Court;
Contemn'd and scorn'd for this, to chuse a Sport
Full of Content, and crown'd with healthful Ease,
Where Nature frets not, while our selves we please.

P. 51. In a Poem by W. Vallans, entitled "A Tale of Two Swannes," printed in 1590, are these verses descriptive of Theobalds.

* Thebalds.

Now see these Swannes, the new and worthie seate*
Of famous Cicill, tresorer of the land,
Whose wisedome, counsell, skill of princes state,
The world admires; then Swannes may doe the same:
The house it selfe doth shewe the owners wit,
And may for bewtie, state, and every thing,
Compared be with most within the land.

It may here be remarked, that the view of the exterior of Theobalds, which will be found at page 269 of this work, from a picture by Vinkenboom, now in the Fitzwilliam Collection at Cambridge, was engraved in the second volume of the Vetusta Monumenta, where it is called a View of Richmond Palace. The following statement on the subject occurs in the Gentleman's Magazine for September, 1836: "There is a folio plate of it, engraved at the expense of the Society of Antiquaries in the year 1765, but under the *misnomer* of *Richmond Palace*, a very extraordinary instance of carelessness and want of research, as there are two old views in existence of Richmond Palace, shewing that its architecture was totally different in style to that of Theobalds. The original painting was then 'in the possession of Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam *at Richmond*,' a circumstance which naturally led to the misnomer with inconsiderate persons." As the Vetusta Monumenta is published by the Society of Antiquaries of London, the blunder, however striking, surely cannot be considered *extraordinary*.

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* Walton, Cotton, and Venables.

P. 63. Tradescant's House is now the residence of William Heseltine, Esq.

P. 78. The following verses, ascribed to Sir Henry Wotton, which occur in Clifford's "Tixall Poetry," p. 297, bear so much resemblance, in beauty and simplicity, to many of the pieces alluded to by Walton, that their insertion needs no apology:

RUSTICATIO RELIGIOSI IN VACANTIIS.

QUIVERING feares, heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighes, untimely teares,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to find worldly harts;
Where strain'd sardonick smiles are glossing still,
And griefe is forc'd to laugh against his will;
Where mirth is but mummery,
And sorrows only reall be.

Fly from our country pastime, fly,
Sad troopes of humane misery.
Come, serened lookes,
Cleare as these cristall brookes,
Or the pure azure heaven, that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty;
Peace, and a secure mind,
Which all men seeke, we only find.

Abused mortals, did you know
Where joy, hart's ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorne proud towers,
And seeke them in those bowers,
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering Care can never tempest make;
Nor murmurs ere come nigh us,
Saving of fountains which glide by us.

Here's no fantastike maske, or dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance,
Nor wars are seene,
Unless upon the greene
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating run each to his mother;
Nor wounds are ever found,
Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

Here are no false entrapping baites
To hasten too, too hasty fates,
Unless it be
The fond credulity
Of silly fish, which, worldlings like, still look
Upon the baite, and never on the hooke;
Nor envy, unles among
The birds, for praise of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seeke
For gemmes in some forlorne creeke;
We pearles do scorne,
Save what the dewy morne
Congeals upon each spire of grass,
Which careles sheapheards beat downe as they passe:
And gold nere here appeares
But what the yellow Ceres beares.

Sweet silent groves, O may you be
For ever mirth's best nursery.
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these meads, these downs, these rocks, these mountains;
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains;
Which we may every yeare
Find when we come to sojourne here.

P. 79. There are strong reasons for believing that the "Secrets of Angling" was not written by John Davers, but by *John Dennys*, Esq. who was lord of Oldbury-sur-Montem, in the county of Gloucester, between 1572 and 1608. He was a younger son of Sir Walter Dennis, of Pucklechurch, in that county, by Agnes, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Robert Davers, or Danvers. It has been observed by Mr. James Williamson, that the author of the Secrets of Angling speaks of the river Boyd, 'washing the cliffs of Deighton and Week, and through their rocks, with winding way, seeking the Avon, in whose fair streams are found trout, roaches, dace, gudgeon, and bleak.' Mention is also made of the many pleasant banks of that river, and of parties of anglers from Bath and Bristol passing along the meadows near the sides of that beautiful stream. The author likewise speaks of the rivers Usk, Severn, and Wye, which flow not very far distant from that neighbourhood. It appears that there is a beautiful rivulet called Boyd, which is formed by four distinct streams, rising in the parishes of Codrington, Pucklechurch, Dyrham, and Toghill, in the southern part of the county of Gloucester, between Bath and Bristol, which join in Wyke or Week Street, in the parish of Alston and Wyck, near a bridge of three large arches, and thence by the name of Boyd down to Avon, at Kynsham Bridge, and which river passes through the village of Pucklechurch, and thence flows on to Bitton, where stands a stone bridge. At Alston and Wyke there are many high cliffes, or rocks, whose quarries afford most excellent lime, and in the north aisle of the ancient Church of Pucklechurch is the burial place of the family of Dennys. John Dennys, Esq. was resident in that neighbourhood in the year 1572, and so continued till 1608, during which interval he was lord of the manor of Oldbury-sur-Montem, and of other places in the county of Gloucester.

The poet who commends "the Secrets of Angling" in the copy of verses under the signature of "Jo. Daves," was probably the author's relation; and this seems to have been the old way of spelling the name of Davers or Danvers, as may be collected from Leland's Itinerarium, ed. 1769, vol. iii. p. 115.

P. 114. The following are the Songs mentioned by Walton:

COME, SHEPHERDS, DECK YOUR HEADS.*

(From a MS. in the collection of the late Mr. Heber, communicated by Mr. T. Rodd.)

COME, Shepheards, deck your heads
No more with bayes but willowes,
Forsake your downie beds
And make the downes your pillowes,
And mourne with me, since crost
As never yet was no man,
For shepheard neaver lost
So plain a dealing woman.

All yee forsaken wooers
That ever were distressed,
And all you lusty doers
That ever wenches pressed,
That losses can condole,
And altogeather summon
To mourne for the poor soule
Of my plaine dealinge woman.

Faire Venus made her chast,
And Ceres beauty gave her,
Pan wept when shee was lost,
The Satyrs strove to have her;
Yet seem'd she to theire view
So coy, so nice, that no man
Could judge but he that knew
Shee was plaine dealinge woman.

At all her pretty parts
I nere enough can wonder;
She overcame all hearts,
Yet shee all hearts came under;
Her inward parts were sweete,
Yet not so sweete as common,
Shepheard shall neaver meet
So plaine a dealinge woman.

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* In the third, fourth, and fifth, as well as in the present edition of "The Complete Angler," this word is erroneously printed "*herds.*"

"AS AT NOON DULCINA RESTED."

(Printed in Ellis's Specimens of Early English Poetry, 2nd ed. p. 189.)

As at noon Dulcina rested
In her sweet and shady bower,
Came a shepherd, and requested
In her lap to sleep an hour.
But from her look
A wound he took
So deep, that for a further boon
The nymph he prays,
Whereto she says,
Forego me now, come to me soon.

But in vain she did conjure him
To depart her presence so,
Having a thousand tongues t' allure him,
And but one to bid him go.
When lips invite,
And eyes delight,
And cheeks as fresh as rose in June,
Persuade delay—
What boots to say,
Forego me now, come to me soon?

He demands, what time for pleasure
Can there be more fit than now?
She says, night gives love that leisure
Which the day doth not allow.
He says, the sight
Improves delight;
Which she denies: night's murky noon,
In Venus' plays,
Makes bold (she says);
Forego me now, come to me soon.

But what promise or profession
From his hands could purchase scope?
Who would sell the sweet possession
Of such beauty for a hope?
Or for the sight
Of lingering night
Forego the present joys of noon?
Tho' ne'er so fair
Her speeches were,
Forego me now, come to me soon.

How at last agreed these lovers?
She was fair and he was young;
The tongue may tell what th' eye discovers,
Joys unseen are never sung.

Did she consent
Or he relent,
Accepts he night, or grants she noon,
Left he her a maid
Or not, she said,
Forego me now, come to me soon.

"PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME."

(Printed in Ritson's "Ancient Songs," ed. 1790, p. 236, from the "Theatre of Compliments" in 1689.)

OH! what a plague is love,
I cannot bear it;
She will inconstant prove,
I greatly fear it;
It so torments my mind,
That my heart faileth;
She wavers with the wind,
As a ship saileth:
Please her the best I may,
She loves still to gainsay,
Alack, and well a day!
Phillida flouts me.

At the fair t'other day,
As she pass'd by me,
She look'd another way,
And would not spy me.
I woo'd her for to dine,
But could not get her;
Dick had her to the Vine,
He might entreat her.
With Daniel she did dance,
On me she wou'd not glance,
Oh! thrice unhappy chance,
Phillida flouts me.

Fair maid, be not so coy,
Do not disdain me;
I am my mother's joy,
Sweet, entertain me.
I shall have, when she dies,
All things that's fitting,
Her poultry and her bees,
And her goose sitting;
A pair of mattress beds,
A barrel full of shreds:
And yet for all these goods,
Phillida flouts me.

I often heard her say,
  That she lov'd posies;
In the last month of May
  I gave her roses;
Cowslips and gilly-flowers,
  And the sweet lilly,
I got to deck the bowers
  Of my dear Philly:
She did them all disdain,
And threw them back again;
Therefore 'tis flat and plain,
  Phillida flouts me.

Thou shalt eat curds and cream
  All the year lasting,
And drink the crystal stream,
  Pleasant in tasting;
Swigg whey until you burst,
  Eat bramble-berries,
Pye-lid and pastry crust,
  Pears, plumbs, and cherries;
Thy garments shall be thin,
Made of a wether's skin,
Yet all's not worth a pin,
  Phillida flouts me.

Which way soe'er I go,
  She still torments me;
And whatsoe'er I do,
  Nothing contents me;
I fade and pine away
  With grief and sorrow;
I fall quite to decay,
  Like any shadow;
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within a thousand year,
And all because my dear
  Phillida flouts me.

Fair maiden, have a care,
  And in time take me;
I can have those as fair,
  If you forsake me:
There's Doll the dairy-maid
  Smil'd on me lately,
And wanton Winnifred
  Favours me greatly;
One throws milk on my cloaths,
T'other plays with my nose;
What pretty toys are those?
  Phillida flouts me.

She hath a cloth of mine,
  Wrought with blue Coventry

Which she keeps as a sign
  Of my fidelity;
But if she frowns on me,
  She ne'er shall wear it;
I'll give it my maid Joan,
  And she shall tear it.
Since 'twill no better be,
I'll bear it patiently;
Yet all the world may see
  Phillida flouts me.

CHEVY CHASE.

The length of this well known ballad prevents its being reprinted here. It will be found in "Percy's Reliques," as well as in several other collections.

JOHNNY ARMSTRONG.

(From Ritson's Ancient Songs and Ballads, ed. 1829, vol. ii. p. 215, where it is entitled "John Armstrong's Last Good Night.")

Is there never a man in all Scotlànd,
  From the highest estate to the lowest degree,
That can shew himself now before the king,
  Scotlànd is so full of treachery?

Yes, there is a man in Westmorelànd,
  And John Armstrong they do him call,
He has no lands nor rents coming in,
  Yet he keeps eight score men within his hall.

He has horses and harness for them all,
  And goodly steeds that be milk-white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
  With hats and feathers all alike.

The king he writes a loving lettèr,
  And with his own hand so tenderly,
And hath sent it unto Johnny Armstròng,
  To come and speak with him speedily.

When John he look'd this letter upon,
  Good lord, he look'd as blithe as a bird in a tree:
"I was never before a king in my life,
  My father, my grandfather, nor none of us three.

"But seeing we must go before the king,
Lord, we will go most gallantly;
Ye shall every one have a velvet coat,
Laid down with golden laces three:

"And you shall every one have a scarlet cloak,
Laid down with silver laces five;
With your golden belts about your necks,
With hats and feathers all alike."

But when John he went from Giltnock-hall,
The wind it blew hard, and full fast it did rain:
"Now fare thee well, thou Giltnock-hall,
I fear I shall never see thee again."

Now John is to Edinburgh gone,
With his eight score men so gallantly,
And every one of them on a milk-white steed,
With their bucklers and swords hanging to their knee.

But when John came the king before,
With his eight score men so gallant to see,
The king he moved his bonnet to him,
He thought he had been a king as well as he.

O pardon, pardon, my sovereign liege,
Pardon for my eight score men and me;
For my name it is John Armstròng,
And a subject of yours, my liege, said he.

"Away with thee, thou false traitòr,
No pardon will I grant to thee,
But, to-morrow 'morn' by eight of the clock,
I will hang up thy eight score men and thee."

Then John look'd over his left shouldèr,
And to his merry men thus said he,
I have ask'd grace of a graceless face,
No pardon there is for you or me.

Then John pull'd out his nut-brown sword,
And it was made of metal so free,
Had not the king mov'd his foot as he did,
John had taken his head from his fair bodỳ.

"Come, follow me, my merry men all,
We will scorn one foot for to fly,
It shall ne'er be said we were hung like dogs,
We will fight it out most manfully."

Then they fought on like champions bold,
For their hearts were sturdy, stout, and free,
Till they had kill'd all the king's good guard,
There was none left alive but two or three.

But then rose up all Edinburgh,
  They rose up by thousands three,
A cowardly Scot came John behind,
  And run him through the fair body.

Said John, "Fight on, my merry men all,
  I am a little wounded, but am not slain;
I will lay me down for to bleed a while,
  Then I'll rise and fight with you again."

Then they fought on like madmen all,
  Till many a man lay dead upon the plain,
For they were resolved, before they would yield,
  That every man would there be slain.

So there they fought courageously,
  Till most of them lay dead there and slain;
But little Musgrave that was his foot-page,
  With his bonny Grissel got away unta'en.

But when he came to Giltnock-hall,
  The lady spied him presently;
"What news, what news, thou little foot-page,
  What news from thy master, and his company?"

My news is bad, ladỳ, he said,
  Which I do bring as you may see;
My master Johnny Armstròng is slain,
  And all his gallant company.

"Yet thou art welcome home, my bonny Grissèl,
  Full oft thou hast been fed with corn and hay,
But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,
  And thy sides shall be spurr'd no more, I say."

O then bespake his little son,
  As he sat on his nurse's knee,
If ever I live to be a man,
  My father's death revenged shall be.

TROY TOWN.

(From Ritson's Ancient Songs and Ballads, ed. 1829, vol. ii. p. 101, where it is entitled "The Wandering Prince of Troy." Ritson observes, that "The old printed copies, being palpably corrupt, have been judiciously corrected by the ingenious Dr. Percy, whose emendations are here adopted, though not without proper marks of distinction."

When Troy towne had, for ten years 'past,'
  Withstood the Greeks in manful wise,

Then did their foes encrease so fast,
That to resist none could suffice:
Waste lie those walls that were so good,
And corn now grows where Troy town stood.

Æneas, wandering Prince of Troy,
When he for land long time had sought,
At length, 'arriving' with great joy,
To mighty Carthage walls was brought;
Where Dido queen, with sumptuous feast,
Did entertain this wandering guest.

And, as in hall at meat they sat,
The queen, desirous news to hear,
'Says, "of thy Troy's unhappy fate,'
Declare to me, thou Trojan dear:
The heavy hap, and chance so bad,
Which thou, poor wandering prince, hast had."

And then, anon, this comely knight,
With words demure, as he could well,
Of 'their' unhappy ten years' 'fight'
So true a tale began to tell,
With words so sweet, and sighs so deep,
That oft he made them all to weep.

And then a thousand sighs he fetch'd,
And every sigh brought tears amain;
That where he sate the place was wet,
As he had seen those wars again;
So that the queen, with ruth therefore,
Said, worthy prince, enough, no more.

The darksome night apace grew on,
And twinkling stars in skies were spread;
And he his doleful tale had 'done,'
And every one was laid in bed;
Where they full sweetly took their rest,
Save only Dido's boiling breast.

This silly woman never slept,
But in her chamber, all alone,
As one unhappy, always wept,
And to the walls she made her moan;
That she should still desire in vain
The thing that she could not obtain.

And thus in grief she spent the night,
Till twinkling stars from sky were fled,
And Phœbus, with his glittering 'light,'
Through misty clouds appeared red;
Then tidings came to her anon,
That all the Trojan ships were gone.

And then the queen, with bloody knife,
  Did arm her heart as hard as stone,
Yet, somewhat loth to lose her life,
  In woeful wise she made her moan;
And, rolling on her careful bed,
With sighs and sobs, these words she said:

O wretched Dido queen! quoth she,
  I see thy end approacheth near;
For he is gone away from thee,
  Whom thou didst love, and 'hold' so dear:
Is he then gone, and passed by?
O heart, prepare thyself to die.

Though Reason would thou shouldst forbear,
  And stay thy hand from bloody stroke;
Yet Fancy says thou shouldst not fear,
  Who fettereth thee in Cupid's yoke.
Come, Death, quoth she, resolve my smart:—
And with these words, she pierced her heart.

When Death had pierc'd the tender heart
  Of Dido, Carthaginian queen;
And bloody knife did end the smart,
  Which she sustain'd in woeful teen,—
Æneas being shipp'd and gone,
Whose flattery caused all her moan.—

Her funeral most costly made,
  And all things furnish'd mournfully;
Her body fine in mould was laid,
  Where it consumed speedily:
Her sister's tears her tomb bestrew'd;
Her subjects' grief their kindness shew'd.

Then was Æneas in an isle,
  In Grecia, where he liv'd long space,
Whereas her sister, in short while,
  Writ to him to his vile disgrace;
In phrase of letters to her mind,
She told him plain he was unkind.

False-hearted wretch, quoth she, thou art;
  And treacherously thou hast betray'd
Unto thy lure a gentle heart,
  Which unto thee such welcome made;
My sister dear, and Carthage joy,
Whose folly wrought her dire annoy.

Yet, on her death-bed when she lay,
  She pray'd for thy prosperity,
Beseeching Heaven, that every day
  Might breed thy great felicity:
Thus, by thy means I lost a friend;
Heaven send thee such untimely end!

When he these lines, full fraught with gall,
  Perused had, and weigh'd them right,
His lofty courage then did fall,
  And straight appeared in his sight
Queen Dido's ghost, both grim and pale;
Which made this gallant soldier quail.

Æneas, quoth this grisly ghost,
  My whole delight while I did live,
Thee of all men I loved most;
  My fancy and my will did give:
For entertainment I thee gave,
Unthankfully thou 'dug'st' my grave.

Therefore prepare thy fleeting soul
  To wander with me in the air;
Where deadly grief shall make it howl,
  Because of me thou took'st no care:
Delay no time, thy glass is run,
Thy day is pass'd, thy death is come.

O stay a while, thou lovely sprite;
  Be not so hasty to convey
My soul into eternal night,
  Where it shall ne'er behold bright day.
O do not frown,—thy angry look
Hath 'all my soul with horror shook.'

But, woe to me! it is in vain,
  And bootless is my dismal cry;
Time will not be recall'd again,
  Nor thou surcease before I die:
O let me live, to make amends
Unto some of thy dearest friends.

But, seeing thou obdurate art,
  And wilt no pity to me show,
Because from thee I did depart,
  And left unpaid what I did owe,
I must content myself to take
What lot thou wilt with me partake.

And, like one being in a trance,
  A multitude of ugly fiends
About this woeful prince did dance,
  No help he had of any friends;
His body then they took away,
And no man knew his dying day.

P. 123. Commendation of Ale. The following old ballad, which is printed in "A ryght pithy, pleasaunt, and merie comedie: Intytuled Gammer Gurton's Nedle," (London, 1575,) by Bishop Still, was probably well known to Walton:

I CANNOT eate but lytle meate,
My stomacke is not good;
But sure I thinke that I can drynke
With him that weares a hood.
Though I go bare take ye no care,
I am nothinge a colde;
I stuff my skyn so full within,
Of joly good ale and olde.
Backe and side go bare, go bare,
Booth foote and hande go colde:
But belly, God sende thee good ale inoughe,
Whether it be new or olde.

I loue no rost, but a nut-browne toste,
And a crab* laid in the fyre;
A little breade shall do me stead,
Much breade I not desyre.
No frost nor snow, nor winde I trowe,
Can hurte mee if I wolde,
I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt,
Of joly good ale and olde.
Backe and side, &c.

And Tyb my wyfe, that as her lyfe,
Loueth well good ale to seeke,
Full oft drynkes shee, tyll ye may see
The teares run downe her cheeke:
Then doth she trowle to me the bowle,
Euen as a mault-worm shuld;
And sayth, sweete hart, I tooke my part
Of this joly good ale and olde.
Backe and side, &c.

Now let them drynke tyll they nod and winke,
Even as good felowes shoulde doe:
They shall not mysse to have the blisse,
Good ale doth bringe men to.
And all poore soules that have scowred boules
Or have them lustely trolde,
God saue the lyues of them and their wyues,
Whether they be yonge or olde.
Backe and side, &c.

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* Apple.

P. 124. The following are the Songs mentioned by Walton as having been composed by Mr. William Basse:

THE HUNTER IN HIS CAREER.

(From a Collection of Old Ballads, ed. 1725, vol. iii. p. 196.)

Long e're the morn
Expects the return
Of Apollo from th' Ocean Queen;
Before the creak
Of the crow, and the break
Of the day in the welkin seen;
Mounted he'd hallow,
And cheerfully follow,
To the chace with his bugle clear;
Echo doth he make,
And the mountains shake,
With the thunder of his career.

Now bonny Bay
In his foine waxeth gray,
Dapple-grey waxeth bay in his blood;
White Lilly stops,
With the scent in her chaps,
And Black Lady makes it good;
Poor silly Wat,
In this wretched state,
Forgets these delights for to hear;
Nimbly she bounds
From the cry of the hounds,
And the musick of their career.

Hills with the heat
Of the gallopers sweat,
Reviving their frozen tops;
The dale's purple flowers,
That drop from the showers,
That down from the rowels drops:
Swains their repast
And strangers their haste
Neglect, when the horns they do hear;
To see a fleet
Pack of hounds in a sheet,
And the hunter in his career.

Thus he careers
Over heaths, over meers,
Over deeps, over downs, over clay;
Till he hath won
The noon from the morn,
And the evening from the day:
His sport then he ends,
And joyfully wends

Home again to his cottage, where
Frankly he feasts
Himself and his guests,
And carouses in his career.

TOM OF BEDLAM.

(From Percy's Reliques, vol. ii. p. 357.)

FORTH from my sad and darksome cell,
Or from the deepe abysse of hell,
Mad Tom is come into the world againe
To see if he can cure his distempered braine.

Feares and cares oppresse my soule;
Harke, how the angrye Fureys houle!
Pluto laughes, and Proserpine is gladd
To see poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

Through the world I wander night and day
To seeke my straggling senses:
In an angrye moode I mett old Time,
With his pentarchye* of tenses:

When me he spyed,
Away he hyed,
For Time will stay for no man:
In vain with cryes
I rent the skyes,
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lye:
Helpe, oh helpe, or else I dye!

Harke! I heare Apollo's teame,
The carman 'gins to whistle;
Chast Diana bends her bowe,
The boare begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles,
To knocke off my troublesome shackles;
Bid Charles make ready his waine
To fetch me my senses againe.

Last night I heard the dog-star bark;
Mars met Venus in the darke;
Limping Vulcan het an iron barr,
And furiouslye made at the god of warr:

---

* Pentateuch.

Mars with his weapon laid about,
And Vulcan's temples had the gout,
For his broad horns did so hang in his light,
He could not see to aim his blowes aright:

Mercurye the nimble post of heaven,
  Stood still to see the quarrell;
Gorrel-bellyed Bacchus, gyant-like,
  Bestryd a strong-beere barrell.

To me he dranke,
  I did him thanke,
But I could get no cyder;
  He dranke whole butts,
  Till he burst his gutts,
But mine were ne'er the wyder.

Poore naked Tom is very drye,
A little drinke for charitye!

Harke, I hear Acteon's horne!
  The huntsmen whoop and hallowe;
Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler,
  All the chase do followe.

The man in the moone drinkes clarret,
Eates powder'd beef, turnip, and carret,
But a cup of old Malaga sack
Will fire the bushe at his backe.

P. 129. Besides the above songs, William Basse was the author of verses "On William Shakespeare, who died in April 1616," which are printed in Malone's edition of Shakespeare, Vol. I. p. 470; and another poem by him will be found in the "Annalia Dubrensia, upon the yearely celebration of Mr. Robert Dover's Olympick Games upon Cotswold Hills," 4to. 1636. He was also the author of a poem called the Sword and Buckler, printed in 8vo. in 1602, which is supposed to be in Malone's Collection in the Bodleian Library; and of a poem on the Death of Prince Henry, printed in 12mo. in 1613, of which a fragment only is known to exist, which is in the possession of J. Payne Collier, Esq. A quarto volume, in manuscript, entitled "Polyhymnia," a poem by William Basse, was in Mr. Heber's collection. Vide "Bibliotheca Heberiana," Part XI. No. 70. Anthony Wood (Athen. Oxon. edit. Bliss, IV. 222.) states that Basse was of Moreton near Thame, in Oxfordshire, and was some time a retainer of Lord Wenman, of Thame Park, *i. e.* Richard Viscount Wenman in the Peerage of Ireland.

P. 126. Since the Memoir of Walton was printed, a presentation copy of Walton's Lives, ed. 1670, has been discovered in the possession of the Rev. W. Cotton, of Newgate Street, in which Walton wrote "For my brother Chalkhill, Iz. Wa." but the connection between them has not been ascertained. See, however, the Memoir of Walton,

p. xcvi. and the Pedigree of Chalkhill in the Appendix. It ought also to be observed, that in the parish register of St. Dunstan's in the West, the following entry occurs: "Jany. 2, 1628 [1628-9], Ann, the daughter of Roger Chalkhill, baptized;" and that John Ken (the half-brother of Walton's second wife) bequeathed £5, by his will dated 26th April, 1651, to his kinsman Roger Chalkhill. This Roger Chalkhill may have been the person of that name who lived at Kingston-upon-Thames, the administration of whose effects was granted in 1669 to his widow Susannah.

P. 139. The caterpillar here described is that of the Privet Hawk, of which an engraving will be found in Harris's Aurelian, ed. 1766, plate 2; and of the Puss Moth, in the same work, plate 38.

P. 146. Mr. Thomas Barker. The first line of the note to this page ought to be deleted. The passage referred to in the Complete Angler, and a few particulars which occur in the two editions of the Art of Angling published by Barker, contain nearly every thing which is now known concerning that singular character. In "the Epistle to the Reader," prefixed to his "Art of Angling," Lond. 1651, 12mo. are related some circumstances of his life, which are amplified in the Dedication to "Barker's Delight," Lond. 1659, 12mo. which is the second and best edition of the foregoing work. The volume is inscribed "To the Right Honorable Edvvard Lord Montague, Generall of the Navy, and one of the Lord Commissioners of the Treasury;" and in the course of the Author's Epistle, he writes as follows. "I am now grown old, and am willing to enlarge my little book. I have written no more but my own experience and practise, and have set forth the true ground of Angling; which I have been gathering these threescore yeares, having spent many pounds in the gaining of it, as is well known in the place where I was born and educated, which is Bracemeale in the liberty of Salop, being a freeman and burgesse of the same city. If any noble or gentle angler, of what degree soever he be, have a mind to discourse of any of these wayes and experiments, I live in Henry the 7th's Gifts, the next doore to the Gatehouse in Westm. My name is Barker, where I shall be ready, as long as please God, to satisfie them, and maintain my art, during life, which is not like to be long."

The following quaint lines occur in the commendatory verses prefixed to the edition of the Art of Angling, printed in 1657 or 1659:

"Perhaps some Rustick currishly will bark
At thee, brave *Barker*: but if in the dark
And silent night thou canst the knave espie,
With the captive Trout he soon shall make a die.
Then rogues thy name wil dread, and from thee gallop
As from the Devil, when 'tis *Tom* of *Salop*.
But thou, ingenuous spirit, follow him
To christall streames, where nimble fish do swim
With fins display'd, and skipping up the streams:
Then (without help of *Phœbus*' glorious beams)
The Trout shall gorge thy bait with pleasure store;
Sweet *Philomel* shall eccho on the shore.
What now remains? thou hast ensnar'd the fish,
And *Barker's* Art will make a princely dish.

Edward Hopton, *Gen.* Hamtoniensis."

P. 151. *To buy a good wind of one of the honest witches.* Mr. Richard Thomson observes on this passage, "Walton in this place most probably alludes to a passage in a superstitious and legendary book entitled "A Compendious History of the Goths, Svvedes, and Vandals, and other Northern Nations. Written by Olaus Magnus, Arch-Bishop of Upsall, and Metropolitan of Svveden." Lond. 1658, folio. This was a translation from the Latin by J. S., and the particulars mentioned in the text occur on page 47, in Book III. Chap. XV. 'Of the Conjurers and Witches in Finland. Also, I shall shew very briefly what force conjurers and witches have in constraining the elements, enchanted by them or others, that they may exceed or fall short of their naturall order: premising this, that the extream land of the North Finland and Lapland, was so taught by witchcraft formerly in heathenish times, as if they had learned this cursed art from Zoroastres the Persian; though other inhabitants by the sea-coasts are reported to be bewitched with the same madness; for they exercise this divellish art, of all arts of the world, to admiration; and in this, and other such like mischief, they commonly agree. The Finlanders were wont formerly, amongst their other errors of Gentilisme, to sell winds to merchants, that were stopt on their coast by contrary weather; and when they had their price, they knit three magical knots, not like to the laws of Cassius, bound up with a thong, and they gave them to the merchants; observing that rule, that where they unloosed the first, they should have a good gale of wind; when the second, a stronger wind; but when they untied the third, they should have such cruel tempests, that they should not be able to look out of the forecastle to avoid the rocks, nor move a foot to pull down the sails, nor stand at the helm to govern the ship; and they made an unhappy truth of it, who denied that there was any such power in those knots.'

"Olaus Magnus, the author of the above, was brother and successor to John, Archbishop of Upsal; and, like him, he suffered much from his attachment to the Roman Catholic religion when Gustavus Erickson introduced Protestantism into Sweden. He distinguished himself at the Council of Trent, and he died at Rome in 1555."

P. 170. In Evelyn's Memoirs (II. 80, ed. 1827,) under 22nd July, 1654, it is said, "We departed and dined at a farme of my uncle Hungerford's, called Darneford Magna, situate in a valley under the plaine, most sweetly watered, abounding in trouts *catch'd by speare in the night*, when they come attracted by a light set in the sterne of a boat." Pepys, in his Diary, March 18, 1667, says, "This day Mr. Cæsar told me a pretty experiment of his, of angling with a minikin, a gutt-string varnished over, which keeps it from swelling, and is beyond any hair for strength and smallness. The secret I like mightily." Vol. III. p. 171, ed. 1828.

P. 187. The conjecture in the note to this page that "R. R." may have been the R. Roe mentioned in the preface to Walton's Angler, is rendered improbable by the fact that in the *first* edition of the "Secrets of Angling" the initials are "R. B."

Since the Memoir of Walton was written, wherein it is said (p. lxiii) that nothing had been discovered respecting his friends Nat. and R. Roe, the following entries have been found in the register of St. Dunstan's in the West:

1622. August 12. John, the sonne of Edward Roe, buried.
1624. August 5. Susanna and Elizabeth, daughters of Edward Roe and Barbara his wife, christened.
1636. January 3. Mary, daughter of Nathaniel Roe, was buried.
1652. March 22. Alexander Roe, infant, buryed, churchyard; out of the Friers.
1653. Nov. 17. Barbara, wife of Edward Roe, buryed.
1654. May 26. Edward Roe was buryed, churchyard; coffined, out of the Friars.

P. 241. It was then usual to exhibit curiosities of any kind at coffee-houses, and the custom is alluded to in the Spectator.

P. 245. By an error of the press, the note which refers to the Guiniad is made to apply to the Barbel.

P. 264. Cowper has beautifully expressed the same idea in the following lines:

He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and, though poor perhaps compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—"My Father made them all!"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?

THE TASK. *Book V.*

P. 268. It was intended to insert a Poem, preserved in a MS. in the Library of the Royal Society, which is attributed to Walton, and is supposed to be unpublished, entitled "On a Lady fishing with an Angle," commencing,

"See where the fair Clorinda sits, and seeing,"

On applying to the librarian of the Royal Society, with a letter from one of the Fellows, it appeared, however, that an extract was not allowed to be made from any manuscript belonging to that learned body, *without a special order of the Council.* As the Council would not meet for some weeks, it was not thought worth while to delay the publication of this work until all the necessary forms could be observed. Any remarks on the absurdity of a regulation which tends to render the library of a society, incorporated for the advancement of knowledge, comparatively useless, even to its own Fellows, must be unnecessary; but the hope may be expressed, that it will not much longer be allowed to cast discredit on a body which claims the first place among the learned associations of Europe.

It would seem from the following verses, which were written by the witty Lord Rochester, that King Charles the Second was an angler. They are printed in a Collection of Poems on Affairs of State, 8vo. 1703, Vol. I. Continuation, p. 43:

WINDSOR. BY THE LORD R——R.

Methinks I see our mighty Monarch stand,
His pliant Angle trembling in his hand;
Pleas'd with the sport, good man, nor does he know,
His easy sceptre bends and trembles so.
Fine representative, indeed, of God,
Whose sceptre's dwindled to a fishing-rod.
Such was Domitian in his Romans' eyes,
When his great Godship stoop'd to catching flies;
Bless us! what pretty sport have Deities!
But see, he now does up from Dochet come,
Laden with spoils of slaughter'd Gudgeons home;
Nor is he warn'd by their unhappy fate,
But greedily he swallows every bait,
A prey to every King-fisher of state;
For how he Gudgeons takes, you have been taught;
Then listen now how he himself is caught.
So well, alas! the fatal bait is known,
Which R—— does so greedily take down;
And, howe'er weak and slender be the string,
Bait it with whore, and it will hold a King.
Almighty power of women, &c.

P. 294. Dr. Wharton. The portrait of this learned physician has been recently engraved for the first time, and published by Mr. Major.

P. 353. Cotton again notices his favourite river Dove in the "Wonders of the Peake:"

'Twixt these twin-Provinces of Britain's shame,
The silver Dove (how pleasant is that name)
Runs through a Vale high crested Cliffs o'er shade,
(By her fair progress only pleasant made:)
But with so swift a Torrent in her course,
As shows the Nymph flies from her native source,
To seek what there's deny'd, the sun's warm beams,
And to embrace Trent's prouder swelling streams;
In this so craggy, ill-contriv'd a Nook
Of this our little world, this pretty Brook,
Alas! is all the recompence I share,
For all the intemperances of the Air,
Perpetual Winter, endless Solitude,
Or the society of men so rude,
That it is ten times worse. Thy murmurs (Dove*)

---

* The River Dove.

Or humour of Lovers; or Men fall in love
With thy bright Beauties, and thy fair blue Eyes
Wound like a Parthian, whilst the shooter flies.
Of all fair Thetis' Daughters none so bright,
So pleasant none to taste, none to the sight,
None yields the gentle Angler such delight.
To which the Bounty of her Stream is such,
As only with a swift and transient Touch,
T' enrich her steril Borders as she glides,
And force sweet Flowers from their marble sides.

EXTRACTS FROM SHAKESPEARE, QUARLES, BUNYAN, POPE, GAY, AND THOMSON, IN REFERENCE TO ANGLING.

SHAKESPEARE.

Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river, there,
My musick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws.

Ant. and Cleop. act ii. sc. 4.

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.

Much Ado, act iii. sc. 1.

If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him.

Henry IV. Pt. II. act iii. sc. 2.

Bait the hook well and the fish will bite.

Much Ado, act ii. sc. 3.

QUARLES.

——— the broad-side bream,
The wary trout that thrives against the stream;
The well-grown carp, full laden with her spawn;

——— the surest way
To take the fish, is give her leave to play,
And yield her line.

Shepheard's Eglogues.

BUNYAN.

You see the ways the fisherman doth take
To catch the fish; what engines doth he make?
Behold! how he engageth all his wits;
Also his snares, lines, angles, hooks, and nets:
Yet fish there be, that neither hook nor line,
Nor snare, nor net, nor engine, can make thine:
They must be grop'd for, and be tickled too,
Or they will not be catch'd, whate'er you do.

POPE.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
When cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye;
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd;
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold;
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains;
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

Windsor Forest.

GAY.

When genial Spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But crystal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake;
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams:
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with every watry snare:
His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
Increase his tackle, and his rod retie.
When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain,
And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide,
Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid burden through the skies,
The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds,

Whose rapid surface purls, unknown to weeds;
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught;
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.
Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murm'ring current gently flows;
When if or chance or hunger's pow'rful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
Now, happy Fisherman! now twitch the line!
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!
Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.
You must not every worm promiscuous use;
Judgment will tell thee proper bait to choose;
The worm that draws a long immod'rate size
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;
And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
Cherish the sullied reptile race with moss;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.
But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day:
You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.
To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride:
Let Nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings:
Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.
So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air;
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing displays,
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.
Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect race appear;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
Oft have I seen a skilful angler try

The various colours of the treach'rous fly;
When he with fruitless pain hath skimm'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw,
When if an insect fall (his certain guide),
He gently takes him from the whirling tide,
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size;
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds;
So just the colours shine through every part,
That Nature seems to live again in Art.
Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a single hair;
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With nat'ral motion from thy hand supplied,
Against the stream now let it gently play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away:
The scaly shoals float by, and, seized with fear,
Behold their fellows tost in thinner air;
But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.
When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the watry plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous salmon chance to spy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food,
Then downward plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away:
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake;
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreaths his shining body round;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide:
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands;
Till tired at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,

And lifts his nostrils in the sick'ning air:
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.
  Would you preserve a num'rous finny race?
Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chase:
Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts through the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores:
Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.
  I never wander where the bord'ring reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
Perplex the fisher; I nor choose to bear
The thievish nightly net nor barbed spear;
Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,
Nor trowle for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line:
Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

Rural Sports.

THOMSON.

Now, when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctured stream
Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender watry stores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortured worm,
Convulsive twist in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the trembling hand.
  When, with his lively ray, the potent sun
Has pierced the streams and roused the finny-race,
Then issuing cheerful to thy sport repair,
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank

Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw nice-judging the delusive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch the barbed hook:
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceived,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod;
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Spring.

Burton in his Anatomy of Melancholy makes the following observations upon Angling:

"Fishing is a kind of hunting by water, be it by nets, weeles, boats, angling, or otherwise, and yields all out as much pleasure to some men, as dogs, hawkes. When they draw their fish upon the bank, saith Nic. Henselius, Silesiographia, cap. 3, speaking of that extraordinary delight his countrymen took in fishing and making of pooles. James Dubravius, that Moravian, in his book de Piscibus, telleth, how travelling by the highways side in Silesia, he found a nobleman booted up to the groins, and wading himself, pulling the nets, and labouring as much as any fisherman of them all; and when some belike objected to him the baseness of his office, he excused himself, that if other men might hunt hares, why should not he hunt carps? Many gentlemen in like sort with us, will wade up to the arm-holes upon such occasions, and voluntarily undertake that to satisfy their pleasure, which a poor man for a good stipend would scarce be hired to undergo.—But he that shall

but consider the variety of baits, and pretty devices which our anglers have invented, peculiar lines, false flies, several sleights, &c. will say that it deserves as much commendation, requires as much study, and perspicacy as the rest, and much to be preferred before many of them.—But this is still and quiet; and if so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the brook's side, pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams, he hath fresh air, and sweet smells of fine fresh meadow flowers, he hears the melodious harmony of birds, he sees the swans, herons, ducks, water-hens, cootes, &c. and many other fowl, with their brood, which he thinketh better than the noise of hounds or blast of horns, and all the sport that they can make."

Part 2, *sec.* 2, *m.* 4, *edit. Oxf.* 1621.

For the reasons stated in the following extract from the advertisement prefixed to a reprint of the "Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle," ascribed to Juliana Berners, in 1827, it is desirable that the most striking passages of that treatise should be inserted among these notes:

It is not, however, merely as a literary curiosity that this treatise is of interest, for independently of the information which it contains of the state of Angling at the period in which it was written, there are some grounds for presuming that it suggested to Walton the idea of his 'Complete Angler,' for the most superficial reader cannot fail to be struck with the general resemblance between them. 'The Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle,' commences with some observations, which are remarkable for their truth and simplicity; and after comparing the pursuits of Hunting, Hawking, and Fowling, with that of Angling, the preference is of course given to the latter. Then follow instructions for making tackle, rods, baits, &c. and a description of the most skilful manner of using them, together with an account of the various kinds of river fish, and their respective merits as food; and the treatise is concluded by some admirable rules for the conduct of Anglers towards each other, and towards those whose lands they frequent, an observance of which, it is emphatically added, would secure 'the blessing of God and Saint Peter which he them grant that with his precious blood us bought.'

Thus it is manifest, that in the most important features, Walton has closely followed the treatise, and although he has much enlarged upon it, and introduced his remarks in a dialogue, there is so great a similarity between them, as to justify the opinion, that if the original idea of his work was not derived from this tract, he was indebted to it in an eminent degree. In piety and virtue, in the inculcation of morality, in an ardent love for their art, and still more, in that placid and Christian spirit, for which the amiable Walton was so conspicuous, the early writer was scarcely inferior to his more celebrated successor. Nor ought the suggestion to offend the admirers of the latter, that judging from their writings upon the same subject, and making a proper allowance for the different state of manners in the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries, it would be difficult to find two more kindred spirits than the authors of 'The Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle,' and of 'The Complete Angler,'

"Here beginneth the Treatise of Fishing with an Angle.—Solomon in his parables saith that a good spirit maketh a flowering age, that is, a fair age and a long. And, sith it is so: I ask this question, which

be the means and the causes that induce a man into a merry spirit? Truly, to my best discretion, it seemeth good disports and honest games in whom a man joyeth without any repentance after. Then followeth it that good disports and honest games be cause of man's fair age and long life. And, therefore, now will I choose of four good disports and honest games, that is to wit: of hunting, hawking, fishing, and fowling. The best to my simple discretion which is fishing; called angling with a rod, and a line and a hook. And thereof to treat as my simple wit may suffice; both for the said reason of Solomon, and also for the reason that physic maketh in this wise. Si tibi deficiant medici, medici tibi fiant: hec tria mens læta labor et moderata dieta. Ye shall understand that this is for to say, if a man lack leech or medicine he shall make three things his leech and medicine, and he shall need never no more. The first of them is a merry thought; the second is labour not outrageous; the third is diet measurable. First, that if a man will evermore be in merry thoughts and have a glad spirit, he must eschew all contrarious company, and all places of debate, where he might have any occasions of melancholy; and if he will have a labour not outrageous, he must then ordain him, to his heart's ease and pleasance, without study, pensiveness, or travail, a merry occupation which may rejoice his heart, and in which his spirits may have a merry delight; and if he will be dieted measurably, he must eschew all places of riot, which is cause of surfeit and of sickness; and he must draw him to places of sweet air and hunger, and eat nourishable meats and defiable also.

"Now then will I describe the said disports and games, to find the best of them, as verily as I can, albeit that the right noble and full worthy prince, the Duke of York, late called master of game, hath described the mirths of hunting, like as I think to describe of it and of all the other. For hunting as to my intent is too laborious, for the hunter must always run and follow his hounds, travelling and sweating full sore; he bloweth till his lips blister; and when he weneth it be a hare, full oft it is a hedgehog. Thus he chaseth and wots not what. He cometh home at even, rain-beaten, pricked, and his clothes torn, wet shod, all miry, some hound lost, some surbat. Such griefs and many other happeneth unto the hunter, which for displeasance of them that love it I dare not report. Thus truly me seemeth that this is not the best disport and game of the said four. The disport and game of hawking is laborious and noisome also as me seemeth; for often the falconer looseth his hawks, as the hunter his hounds, then is his game and his disport gone; full often crieth he and whistleth till that he be right evil athirst. His hawk taketh a bow and list not once on him reward; when he would have her for to flee, then will she bathe; with misfeeding she shall have the fronce, the rye, the cray, and many other sicknesses that bring them to the souse. Thus by proof this is not the best disport and game of the said four. The disport and game of fowling me seemeth most simple, for in the winter season the fowler speedeth not, but in the most hardest and coldest weather, which is grievous; for when he would go to his gins he may not for cold. Many a gin and many a snare he maketh: yet sorrily doth he fare; at morn tide in the dew he is wet shod unto his tail. Many other such I could tell, but dread of meagre maketh me for to leave. Thus me seemeth that hunting and hawking and also fowling be so laborious and grievous, that none of them may perform nor be very mean that induce a man to a merry spirit: which is cause of his long life according unto the said parable of Solomon.

Doubtless then followeth it that it must needs be the disport of fishing with an angle; for all other manner of fishing is also laborious and grievous: often making folks full wet and cold, which many times hath been seen cause of great infirmities. But the angler may have no cold nor no disease nor anger, but if he be causer himself. For he may not loose at the most but a line or a hook: of which he may have store plenty of his own making, as this simple treatise shall teach him. So then his loss is not grievous, and other griefs may he not have, saving but if any fish break away after that he is taken on the hook, or else that he catch nought: which be not grievous. For if he fail of one he may not fail of another, if he doth as this treatise teacheth; but if there be nought in the water. And yet at the least he hath his wholesome walk and merry at his ease, a sweet air of the sweet savour of the mead flowers: that maketh him hungry. He heareth the melodious harmony of fowls. He seeth the young swans, herons, ducks, coots, and many other fowls with their broods; which me seemeth better than all the noise of hounds, the blasts of horns, and the cry of fowls that hunters, falconers, and fowlers can make. And if the angler take fish, surely then is there no man merrier than he is in his spirit. Also whoso will use the game of angling, he must rise early, which thing is profitable to man in this wise, that is to wit, most to the heal of his soul. For it shall cause him to be holy, and to the heal of his body, for it shall cause him to be whole. Also to the increase of his goods, for it shall make him rich. As the old English proverb saith in this wise, whoso will rise early shall be holy, healthy, and zealous. Thus have I proved in my intent that the disport and game of angling is the very mean and cause that induceth a man into a merry spirit: which after the said parable of Solomon, and the said doctrine of physic, maketh a flowering age and a long. And, therefore, to all you that be virtuous, gentle, and free born, I write and make this simple treatise following, by which ye may have the full craft of angling to disport you at your lust, to the intent that your age may the more flower and the more longer to endure.

"Ye that can angle and take fish to your pleasures, as this foresaid treatise teacheth and showeth you, I charge and require you in the name of all noble men that ye fish not in no poor man's several water, as his pond, stew, or other necessary things to keep fish in, without his license and good will. Nor that ye use not to break no man's gins lying in their wiers and in other places due unto them; nor to take the fish away that is taken in them. For after a fish is taken in a man's gin, if the gin be laid in the common waters, or else in such waters as he hireth, it is his own proper goods: and if ye take it away ye rob him, which is a right shameful deed to any noble man to do that that thieves and bribers do: which are punished for their evil deeds by the neck and otherwise, when they may be espied and taken. And also if ye do in like manner as this treatise showeth you, ye shall have no need to take of other men's: while ye shall have enough of your own taking if ye list to labour therefore, which shall be to you a very pleasure to see the fair bright shining scaled fishes deceived by your crafty means and drawn upon land. Also that ye break no man's hedges in going about your disports: nor open no man's gates but that ye shut them again. Also ye shall not use this foresaid crafty disport for no covetousness, to the increasing and sparing of your money only, but principally for your solace, and to cause the health of your body, and

specially of your soul. For when ye purpose to go on your disports in fishing, ye will not desire greatly many persons with you, which might let you of your game; and then ye may serve God devoutly in saying affectuously your customable prayer. And thus doing ye shall eschew and avoid many vices, as idleness, which is principal cause to induce man to many other vices, as it is right well known. Also ye shall not be too ravenous in taking of your said game, as too much at one time, which ye may lightly do if ye do in every point as this present treatise showeth you in every point, which lightly be occasion to destroy your own disports and other men's also. As when ye have a sufficient mess ye should covet no more as at that time. Also ye shall busy yourself to nourish the game in all that ye may, and to destroy all such things as be devourers of it. And all those that do after this rule shall have the blessing of God and Saint Peter, which he them grant that with his precious blood us bought."

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old friend, and appears to have lived on terms of intimacy with many of the most distinguished literary men of his age, v; their acquaintance sufficient proof of the esteem in which he was held, v; errors of his biographers respecting his wives; is stated by Sir John Hawkins and Dr. Zouch, to have been only once married, and is described by the latter to have derived an hereditary attachment to the Protestant religion from his mother having been the daughter of Edmund Cranmer, Archdeacon of Canterbury, and niece of Archdeacon Cranmer: proof of the name of his first wife contained in every edition of "The Complete Angler," except the first, v; not improbable that his acquaintance with Dr. King was the cause of his introduction to the family of Floud of Canterbury, vi; married, in 1626, Rachel, the daughter of Robert Floud, by his wife Susannah, daughter of Thomas Cranmer of Canterbury, vi; his wife's mother appears to have removed to London, and to have resided with them until her death, vi; 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Christopher Harvie, lxii; death of his second wife on the 17th April, 1662, at Worcester, lxiv; epitaph to her memory, supposed to have been composed by him, lxiv; remarks on the alterations in a manuscript copy thereof, in his Prayer Book, lxiv; is conjectured to have been on a visit to his friend Dr. Morley, Bishop of Worcester, at the time of his wife's death, lxiv; became the permanent guest of Dr. Morley, soon after his translation to the see of Winchester, in 1662, lxvi; had a bequest from Dr. Donne the younger, who died in the winter of 1662, "of all my writings under my father's hand, which may be of some use to his son if he makes him a scholar, lxvii; obtained a lease in December, 1662, of a building adjoining a house called the Cross Keys, in Paternoster-row, lxvii; the first two years of his residence with Bishop Morley occupied in writing the life of Richard Hooker, which appeared in January, 1665, lxvii; letter to him from Dr. King, Bishop of Chichester, congratulating him on that undertaking, lxviii; the inference which has been drawn from a passage in Dr. King's letter, that Walton intended to write the

life of Sir Henry Savile, apparently without foundation, lxix; his motives for writing the life of Hooker, as stated in the introduction to that memoir, wherein he also alludes to many of his early friends, lxx; is said to have written a letter to a kinsman at Coventry, on the rejection of the Bill of Comprehension, in 1668, which, with another letter on the same subject, was printed in 1680, lxxi; the authenticity of these letters not established, lxxii; published a fourth edition of "The Complete Angler," in 1668, which is stated in the title page to have been "much corrected and enlarged," lxxii; still the guest of Bishop Morley, and appears to have been engaged upon the life of Mr. George Herbert, and in revising the Memoirs of Donne, Wotton, and Hooker, for publication in one volume, the former of which works was published about May, 1670, lxxii; was indebted for some of the facts respecting Herbert, to Dr. Henchman, Bishop of London, and to Mr. Oley's preface to Herbert's "Country Parson," lxxiii; complimentary verses addressed to him "upon his excellent life of Mr. George Herbert," by Samuel Woodford, afterwards prebendary of Chichester, on the 3rd of April, 1670, lxxiii; Walton's account of his biographical labours, as given in the address to the reader, prefixed to the lives of Herbert, Donne, Wotton, and Hooker, which were printed in one volume, soon after the time when the life of Herbert was published, lxxiv; complimentary verses also written to Walton upon the life of Hooker, by Dr. Woodford, dated 10th March, 1670, from a line of which it appears likely that the life of Hooker, and possibly also that of Herbert, were written in Bishop Morley's house, at Chelsea, lxxvi; a copy of the "Lives" presented by Walton to Walter, Lord Aston, preserved in the library at Tixall, lxxvi; presented a petition on the 1st of July, 1670, to the Court of Judicature for the determination of differences touching houses burnt in London, offering to rebuild the premises which he held by lease from the Bishop of London, in Paternoster-row, provided he might have an extension of the term of his lease, and an abatement of rent, lxxvii; dedicated the third edition of the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," to Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, in February, 1673, lxxvii; copy of his letter of dedication, lxxviii; letter from him to his publisher Marriott, dated at Winchester, 21st August, 1673, from which it appears that he was employed in collecting particulars of the life of the celebrated John Hales, of Eton, and purposed visiting London in the ensuing October, lxxix; the tenth edition of Herbert's poem, "The Temple," published in 1674, with Walton's "Life of Herbert," for the first time prefixed to it, lxxx; poem addressed to Walton, by Charles Cotton, on the republication of the lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert, in 1675, lxxxi—lxxxiv, no allusion made by Walton to his only surviving son and daughter during their childhood, lxxxiv; his son destined for holy orders, lxxxiv; marriage of his daughter Anne with Dr. William Hawkins, one of the prebendaries of Winchester, before the year 1678, lxxxiv; published the fifth edition of the "Complete Angler," in 1676, lxxxv; observations upon the additions made by him in that edition, lxxxv; Cotton's treatise on fly-fishing, written in consequence of Walton's application to him, lxxxv; his letter to Walton which accompanied the MS., dated at Beresford, 10th March, 1676; a printed copy of the treatise, with an answer, dated at London, returned to him on the 29th of the following month, lxxxvi; supposed that Walton spent some weeks at Beresford, in May and June, 1676, lxxxvi; the intimacy between Walton and Cotton, well known to the readers of the Complete Angler, lxxxvi; their initials joined in a cypher on a stone placed over the door of a fishing-house, which the latter erected on the banks of the Dove, between Walton's last visit to Beresford, and that which he is supposed to have paid in 1676, lxxxvii; Walton's description of the scenery near the fishing-house, lxxxvii; eulogiums upon his character, introduced into Cotton's treatise, lxxxviii; his allusions thereto in a letter to Cotton, lxxxix; complimentary verses to Walton, on the publication of the fifth edition of the Complete Angler, in a Latin Ode, by Dr. James Duport, translated by the Rev. James Tate, canon residentiary of St. Paul's, lxxxix; verses addressed to him by Cotton, inviting him to renew their piscatory sports in the ensuing May, xci; published his last work, the Life of Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, about May, 1678, xcii; dedication to Bishop Morley, xciii; his reasons for writing the life, as stated in his preface, xciii; requested information relative to Sanderson, from Dr. Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, with which request he replied in a letter to "my worthy friend, Mr. Walton," dated 10th May, 1678, xciv; whilst writing the account of Bishop Sanderson's death, appears to have been deeply impressed with the close approach of his own, xcv; the life of Sanderson, with a corrected edition of his sermons, reprinted in 1678, xciv; determined in 1678 on publishing a poem, entitled Thealma and Clearchus,

a pastoral history, which had been written many years before, by John Chalkhill, Esq.: the authorship thereof erroneously attributed to himself, xcvi; his preface thereto, xcvii; verses addressed to him by the poet Flatman, on the publication of this poem, xcviii; copy of the "Complete Angler," presented by him to Mrs. Wallop, at Farnham Castle, in December, 1678; account of that lady, xcix; two letters on political subjects, in 1678 and 1679, ascribed to him; inquiry into their authenticity, c—cii; had the satisfaction of seeing his son presented to the living of Polshot, in Wiltshire, in 1681; wrote to Anthony Wood, in reply to an inquiry respecting the death of Doctor Aylmer; made his will 9th August, 1693, ciii; copy thereof, ciii—cvii; observations thereupon, and biographical notices of the persons mentioned therein, cviii—cxi; died at Winchester, on the 15th December, 1683; buried in Prior Silkstead's Chapel, in Winchester cathedral, cxii; his character and education, cxiii; his opinion of ancestry and honors, cxiv; his political and religious opinions as displayed in his writings, cxv—cxix; appears to have been fond of poetry and music, cxx; had some knowledge of the art of design, cxxi; his contempt for riches, cxxii; account of his surviving issue and representatives, cxxiii, cxxxi; tributes paid to his memory by some of the most distinguished writers of the present age, cxxxii, cxxxvii; copy of entries of the births and deaths of his family, made by him in his book of common prayer, cxlviii; copy of his memoranda respecting John Hales, cl—clv; list of books formerly belonging to him, now in the Cathedral Library of Salisbury, clv; account of his charities to the town of Stafford, clvi; list of portraits of his family, in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Hawes, clix; extracts from the parish books of St. Dunstan's in the West, and from the registers of that parish, relative to parochial offices filled by him, clix; additional reasons for supposing that he was apprenticed to Henry Walton, of Whitechapel, clxii

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